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ALABAMA
BIRD DAY BOOK

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

1913

BROWN PRINTING CO., MONTGOMERY

Alabama Bird Day Book

May the Fourth

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

ISSUED BY
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH
JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., *Commissioner*

BROWN PRINTING CO. MONTGOMERY.

FOREWORD.

To the Teachers of Alabama:

It is made the duty of the State Superintendent of Education to designate some particular date each year which shall be observed in the public schools of the state as Bird Day. In recognition of John James Audubon, the greatest ornithologist, the anniversary of whose birth is the 4th of May, which this year comes on Sunday, I have selected the school day nearest to it, Monday, May 5th, as a suitable day to be observed in the study of birds and their helpful relationship to mankind.

Public interest in this subject, and a due appreciation by our people for birds, with a corresponding desire to give them protection, has been fostered by the annual publication of a Bird Book, of which this is the sixth in the series.

For the preparation of this pamphlet all the credit belongs to the Department of Game and Fish, of which Hon. John H. Wallace, Jr., is Commissioner. The valuable services which he has thus rendered to the public schools of Alabama are deeply appreciated.

Very respectfully,

Henry J. Willingham,

Superintendent of Education.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

(This Program may be varied by the Teachers to suit conditions and surroundings.)

Opening song.

Reading: The Bird.

Talk by teacher, superintendent, or some prominent game protectionists on the subject of the conservation of birds, animals and fish.

Recitation: The Wail of the Quail. The Bluebird. Song.

Reading: John James Audubon's life.

Paper on the Lyre-Bird, Goldfinch, the Great Horned Owl, or Loggerhead Shrike. By pupil.

Recitation: Spring Courage, Music on the Mountain-Tops, or the Summer Woods. By pupil.

Reading: Good Results. Alabama Bird and Game Laws.

Paper on the slaughter of birds for food.

Recitation: Tiny Things, Golden Rod, June, The July Hills, or the Voice of the Clover Wind.

Paper on Fur-bearing Animals. The Deer.

Recitation: The Chase. Extract.

Reading: Angling. The Fish. Catfish.

Recitation: The Sunfish, the Catfish.

Closing song, recitation or paper.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1780-1851.

THOUGH of French parentage, and during his early years educated in France, Audubon was born in Louisiana, and always called the United States of America "his own beloved country," and returned to it when about eighteen. He married in 1808, Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of an English neighbor. He took his wife to Louisville, Ky., where he opened a store "which went on prosperously when I attended to it," he writes later, "but birds were birds then as now, and my thoughts were turning toward them as the objects of my greatest delight. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only; my days were happy beyond human conception, and beyond this I really cared not."

Leaving Louisville and many kind friends behind them they went to Henderson, Ky. "Like my family the village was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses; the former of my wife, myself and a small child. Few as the houses were we fortunately found one empty. It was a log cabin. * * * The woods were amply stocked with game, the rivers with fish, and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our table."

In spite of strenuous endeavor to keep his wandering tendencies under control and to earn support for his family, his various undertakings failed, partly through his own lack of business capacity, but still more through the dishonesty of those in whom he implicitly trusted. At last "I parted with every particle of property I had to my creditors, keeping only the clothes I wore on that day, my original drawings and my gun." "Nothing was left to me but my humble talents. Were those talents to remain dormant under such exigencies? Was I to see my beloved Lucy and children suffer and want bread? Was I to repine because I had acted like an honest man? Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No! I had talents, and to them I instantly

resorted." For a time he found successful occupation in drawing portraits in black chalk, but never lost an opportunity to add to his collection of drawings of birds, which he now began to think of publishing.

In 1821 he took a position as tutor in a family near New Orleans. His wife also taught, and by their united exertions their boys, Victor and John, were put to school and a happy home life secured for a few years. In 1826 the proceeds of a successful dancing class, $2,000, with his own and his wife's savings, enabled him to sail with his beloved drawings for England, the goal of his hopes for many years. Letters from friends in America brought him new friends in England and Scotland "who praised *my Birds,* and I felt the praise to be honest." All praise for his drawings delighted him, but the social attentions showered on him and the demands for papers on many subjects, Birds, Quadrupeds, Indians, tried him not a little. "A man who never looked into an English grammar and who has forgotten most of what he learned in French and Spanish ones—a man who has always felt awkward and shy in the presence of a stranger—a man habituated to ramble alone, with his thoughts usually bent on the beauties of nature herself—this man, *me,* to be seated opposite Dr. Brewster in Edinburgh reading one of my puny efforts at describing habits of birds that none but an Almighty Creater can ever know, was ridicuously absurd." He naively writes: "The Captain (Basil Hall) wishes to write a book, and he spoke of it with as little concern as I should say, 'I will draw a duck;' is it not surprising?" His pictures were exhibited, he was made a member of the leading scientific societies, and, best of all his plans for publication took definite shape; the methods and cost of printing were agreed upon, and subscribers began to enroll themselves. He returned to America, and to procure further material for his great undertaking he journeyed from Labrador to the Florida Keys. "In all climates and all weathers, scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest colds; now diving fearlessly into the densest forest, now wandering alone over the most savage regions; in perils, in difficulties, in doubts, with no companions to cheer his way—listening only to the sweet music of birds or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he faithfully kept his path. The records of man's life contains few nobler examples of strength of purpose and indefatigable energy."

The great work was completed in 1838 and, when bound, consisted of four elephant folios containing 1,065 life-size portraits of birds in their natural surroundings. "The text was published separately under the title, "Ornithological Biography." Later (in 1844) the original plates, reduced by the *camera lucida,* were published with a part of the text in seven octavo volumes as "The Birds of America."

After a futile attempt at city life in New York, the family home was established in a beautiful woodland region on the banks of the Hudson, now Audubon Park and included within the city limits.

There, after many short journeys and one long and difficult one up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone, surrounded by children and grandchildren, with his beloved wife by his side, the long, active life ended peacefully.

EXTRACT.

A LIGHT broke in up my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And songs that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—

I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me,
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within the shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

—*Prisoner of Chillon.*

THE BIRD.

By John Ruskin.

THE BIRD is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it—is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air; on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, the vermillion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea sand;—even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

PARAPHRASE OF MATTHEW VI.

BEHOLD the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.—*Matthew vi.* 26.

See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores, nor granaries belong,
Naght but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends His eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky;
To Him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain.
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

—*Thomson.*

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
O! be my friend, and teach me to be thine.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

THE AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.

THE GOLDFINCH, which is also known as the Yellow Bird, Wild Canary, Lettuce Bird and Thistle Bird, has been selected as the first of the series of birds to be shown in natural colors. Presentation in this way renders unnecessary a detailed description of its plumage. The English name of the Goldfinch is well chosen, as the bright yellow of the male when in breeding plumage is like burnished gold. The Latin generic name of the Goldfinch has reference to prickly plants, while its specific name, *tristic,* sad, refers to its rather plaintive flight note. The female Goldfinch is more modestly dressed than her mate.

The changes in plumage of the male are very interesting and, to the novice, somewhat puzzling. Until the student becomes acquainted with this bird he may wonder why he sees no males during the winter. The truth is at this season the flocks of supposed Goldfinches are really of both sexes, the male bird having assumed in the previous fall, usually by the end of October, a plumage closely resembling that of the female and young bird of the year.

The male retains this inconspicuous dress until late in February, when one can notice a gradual change taking place in some of the birds. This molt, or renewal of feathers is actively continued through March and April, and by the first of May our resplendent bird is with us again. The change from yellow to brownish and back again to yellow can be noted by the student in the field, who with a good opera-glass will find that the variations in plumage between the two extremes are without number.

The song period with the male Goldfinch continues as long as he wears his gold and black livery, for its commences as early as the middle of March and ends late in August.

Goldfinches are wee birds, some four and one-half inches in length, but what they lack in size they make up in admirable qualities, one of the chief of which is their gregarious mode of life. Except during the short season devoted to domestic duties, they

associate in flocks and live a happy, nomadic existence. Their undulating mode of flight seems to express joy and exaltation, and when they add song, it is the very abandon of happiness. Even in winter, when the fields are brown and the trees are bare, a flock of Goldfinches adds the charm of life to an otherwise dead outlook.

The Goldfinch migrates, but not to the extent that the truly migratory species do. The Warblers, for instance, desert their summer homes and, after making long journeys southward, spend the winter beyond the limits of the United States; the Goldfinches, on the contrary, gradually move southward as far as the Gulf States and in winter are found from the Gulf coast as far north as the latitude of central New York. Their breeding range is from the Carolinas westward to the Rocy Mountains and northward to the British Provinces and southern Labrador; consequently they are permanent residents in a large part of the United States where their migratory and breeding ranges overlap. There are several closely related forms or sub-species of the Goldfinch found in the West and on the Mexican border which are so much like the American Goldfinch that it may be said Goldfinches are found in a large part of North America.

Goldfinches are very cleanly in their habits and indulge in frequent baths; indeed, the border of a shallow pool is an excellent place to study this species; as it is not an uncommon sight to see a number of the brightly colored males gathered there. During the breeding season the parent birds seem to have a well-defined route from the nest to a common watering place.

The nesting site may be in an evergreen or deciduous bush or tree, and the nest may be built only a few feet from the ground or at considerable height, where it is saddled on or attached to a forked twig. The nest itself is an exquisite piece of bird architecture, compactly built of dried grasses, leaves and shreds of bark, the outside being embellished with lichens, which Audubon says are attached by saliva. The inside of the nest is lined with the softest plant-down. The mother-bird is the builder of this tasteful home, her handsome consort, during the nest-building time, devoting most of his efforts to singing to cheer his industrious mate. After the four to six bluish white eggs have been laid the singing partner has more work to do, for he has to feed his

brooding wife. His frequent visits are always announced with a sweet conversational song, which he seems able to give even though his bill is filled with seeds.

These leaflets are published to induce the boys and girls of the country to keep their eyes wide open and see things out of doors. One of the things we want to know about the Goldfinch is why he begins to nest so late in the season, often long after most birds are through with domestic duties for the year. August is the time he chooses. Surely it seems a strange month for nest-building and the care of young. Does he select it because before that date nature has not provided food suited to the needs of the young Goldfinches?

The Goldfinch belongs to the thick-billed, seed-eating class of birds and is extremely fond of the seeds of thistles, a most noxious weed. Does he postpone housekeeping until the thistle seeds are ripe enough to eat?

The agriculturist should be interested in this bird. Every thistle along the highway is a prolific source of future trouble, but when you see it ornamented with an animated bit of gold and black, you may know that Nature is interposing one of her potent checks to the too rapid increase of weed pests. Every Goldfinch saves the farmer much hard work by destroying weed seeds, which form the bulk of its food supply, although during the breeding season it gives its young considerable animal food, consisting of insects of various kinds.

Note: See picture on cover.

SONG.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings always;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE LYRE-BIRDS.

THREE species are known, all belonging to the genus Menura and all confined to South Australia. They are large birds, about two and a half or three feet long, with rather long neck and large head, the bill being elongated, conical, and sharp-pointed. The wings are rather short and rounded and contain twenty-one quills, while the legs and feet are very strong, with long and nearly straight claws. In the female and immature male the tail, although long, presents no very familiar features, but in the adult male of two of the species it has an extraordinary development and shape. It consists of sixteen feathers, the two outer feathers being slightly curved outward, then inward, and again outward abruptly near the tips, thus producing a lyre-like form, and further each of these feathers has the outer web very narrow and the inner web very broad. The inner pair of feathers is nearly as peculiar, being without a web on the outside and with a very narrow one on the inside, while they cross each other near the base and bend forward near the tips. The remaining tail feathers are beset with long, flowing, hair-like barbs about a fourth of an inch apart, these being without barbules. In the other species, known as Prince Albert's Lyre-bird, the tail is very different, not being lyreform, in fact has the outer feathers shorter than the others. The plumage of all is sooty brown above and brownish-ash-color below, with more or less rufous on the chin, wings and throat.

The systematic position of the Lyre-Bird has been much discussed. It was first regarded as a Pheasant, later as a Bird-of-Paradise, and finally has come to be considered as without any very close affinities, although in the same respect showing characters intermediate between the Woodpeckers and other passerine groups. The first and best known species is the Lyre-Bird par excellence of New South Wales and southern Queensland. It is found alike in the "scrub" along the coast and along the mountain sides in the interior, usually being exceedingly shy at all times and under all conditions. On this point Gould says: "While among the brushes I have been surrounded by these birds, pouring forth their loud and liquid calls, for days together, without being able

to get a sight of them, this being rendered the more difficult by their often frequenting the most inaccessible and precipitous side of gullies and ravines, covered with tangled masses of creepers and umbrageous trees; the crackling of a stick, the rolling of a small stone, or any other noise, however slight, is sufficient to alarm them." They are solitary in their habits, rarely more than a pair being seen together, and are constantly wandering through the brush. Among the many curious habits is that of forming small round hillocks, which are constantly visited during the day and upon which the male is continually trampling, at the same time erecting and spreading out his tail in the most graceful manner. When alarmed they run through the brush with the greatest rapidity, carrying the tail horizontally. The male is a singer of no mean attainments, having a variety of calls and notes of his own, as well as being an expert imitator of the notes of other birds and even the howling of the Dingo. The early morning and evening are the periods when they are most animated and active. The nest, which is artfully concealed, is placed on the ledge of a projecting rock, on the top of a stump or the base of a tree. It is of large size, formed outwardly of large sticks and lined with the inner bark of trees and fibrous roots, and is more or less completely roofed over. The single egg is large and very dark colored, appearing as though smeared with ink. The young bird, which is clothed with down for a month, remains in the nest for six weeks or more.

COMFORTERS ARE YE ALL.

THE blue, blue sky above me,
Without a drifting cloud;
While whispering voices murmur
As if a gentle crowd
Of comforters, most blessed,
To me had been allowed.

The ripple of the waters
Of lakelet nearer by,
And sweet breath of the clover
And song of wild bird shy;
While tender, restful shadows
Upon the greensward lie.

The buttercup is bending
Its loving cup of gold;
No flowret of the wildwood
Its sweetness doth withhold,
And humming bird or hornet
Are equal robbers bold.

O earth most fair and gracious
In giving gifts to me,
O hours of blessed loving,
Given back in memory,
And unknown compensations
In God's eternity.

—*Alice Hamilton Rich.*

THE JULY HILLS.

THE July hills wear garments green
Against the skies of blue,
And noonday sun in splendor rare
Lends them a burnished hue.

The leafage stirs upon the oak
At touch of fairy's breath,
And when subsides the gentle force,
It symbolizes death.

Anon, by zephyr's magic touch,
The hills are flecked in white;
Myriad spots upon the green—
A transformation quite.

But yet, no miracle's been wrought,
For, says the gentle swain,
It is a token—nature's flag—
Of eftsoons coming rain.

The straggling fences along the base
The common's extent bar,
And twinkling bells within the pale
May sound the hills afar.

The matin songs from woodland depths
Sound clear from many a spray;
There's joy within the minstrel's breast
That welcomes forth the day.

And when at night the timid stars
Bedight the hills in gray,
I think me then that beauty all
Does not belong to day.

And so, a song for July hills
I sing in glad refrain;
They lend glad speech to this slow tongue,
Whether in shine or rain.

—*Frank Monroe Beverly.*

LINCOLN AND THE BIRDS.

ONE of the most interesting and pathetic incidents of which I have ever read or heard is connected with the memory of one of the greatest and noblest men of all times—Abraham Lincoln. In company with some other candidates who were out on a political campaign over a half century ago in the wild West, he saw, in the woods near the close of the day some baby birds that had been blown out of their nest. Asking to be allowed to get down from the carriage, which passed on ahead, Mr. Lincoln picked up the tiny creatures and restored them to their little home. On reaching the inn, he was asked the cause of his delay, and astonished his hearers by telling them of his humane act, declaring that had he not returned the birdies to their mother's care, he could not sleep at night. What a tender, loving heart!

—*H. P. S. Perry, Oklahoma.*

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TURKEY-TAIL FAN.

IT OWNED not a color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without break,
'T was built on a generous plan;
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant;
In a chest between two silken cloths
'T was kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.
'T was famed far and wide through the whole country side,
From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 't was eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
In psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 't was to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:
'T was limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

WILD TURKEY.

THE Wild Turkey once inhabited nearly one-half of the United States; and, considering the great size of the bird, the earnestness of our efforts to exterminate it, and the very little that has been done toward its protection, its survival today is cause for wonder. It is yet found in a few heavily timbered regions in the East and South—such as Florida, Alabama, the Virginias, Pennsylvania, and a few of the Southern states. It is doubtful if even one flock exists in the North anywhere west of Pennsylvania. In Oklahoma and Texas it still lives, but the gunners of the cattle-ranches are fast killing off the few flocks that remain.

The Wild Turkey is the king of upland game-birds. It has been given to but a few hunters to seek this bird in its native forests, witness its splendid flight, and afterward shoulder a giant gobbler weighing from twenty-five to thirty-pounds for a ten-mile carry. He who has done this, however, will thereafter rank this bird as second to none on earth. In the United States only one species exists, but three geographic races have been described. The wild bird so closely resembles the domestic turkey that almost the only difference observable is the white upper tail coverts of the tame bird.

WILD TURKEY GOBBLER.
THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE FOREST.

THE BELLS.

'Tis Sabbath morn,
And clang of bells awake the countryside,
The seventh day hath dawned—the toiling world
Rests peaceful with the soothing tide.
The wings of morn resound with melody,
Borne o'er the rural scene in tuneful murmur,
Some pride-filled urchin grasps the hempen strand
That swings the copper bell in some rude belfry tower.

Arise ye now,
Partake of humble fare, gift of thy tilling,
Ye rustic folks now gather round the spread—
Tranquility doth reign while souls are filling.
Fruitful the day in calm content.
E'en Nature seems attuned to solemn chord,
Rest now your limbs, O modest swain,
That on the morrow thou may heap the golden hoard.

Clang on, O bells,
Send forth thy anthems through the land,
Peal on and on unceasingly—
That all may join the lowly band.

—*Robert Page Lincoln.*

THE LURE OF BOLENCAMP.

ADOWN the woodland pathway still,
Where wayside flowers grow,
Beyond the wastes to laughing brooks
In summer time I go;
The bird-songs there awaken thoughts
That thro' long years have slept,
For Father Time with watchful care
These sleeping thoughts has kept—
In summer time I often tramp,
For 'tis the lure of Bolencamp.

In boyhood's days among these scenes,
With gladful heart I played,
And when the days were warm and bright
O'er far-off hills I strayed;
For fairy tales from books I'd learned
Led me on 'venture's quest,
And oft my day-dreams pictured me
As some good fairy's guest—
So oft I take a summer tramp,
For 'tis lure of Bolencamp.

The orchard trees once fair to see
Are gnarled and olden now,
Their sapless trunks preach of decay,
With ne'er a fruitful bough,
But still they hold some mem'ry dear,
Some thoughts of other days,
Ere Innocence was made to tread
The path of wicked ways—
And so I sometimes gladly tramp
To sate the lure of Bolencamp.

The forest trees upon the hills,
In beauty as of yore,
Are still untouched by ruthless hands,
While Commerce calls for more;

Their many leaves they gladly wave,
For greetings they extend,
And each fair tree looks good to me,
A brother and a friend—
This is the reason why I tramp,
For 'tis the lure of Bolencamp.

The jangling bells upon the hills,
Sound far o'er dale and glade;
'Tis just the same we used to hear,
As o'er these grounds we played;
The cattle tread the hillside ways,
As in the long ago,
Thoughts much the same, tho' on my head
Are growing locks of snow—
When summer comes I often tramp,
It is the lure of Bolencamp.

The log schoolhouse long since decayed—
No vestige there is seen,
Except the half-sunk chimney pile,
With growing things between;
There oft I think of quondam mates,
And hear their joyful shout;
I see them leap into the yard
The moment school turns out—
And so I often take a tramp,
When comes the lure of Bolencamp.

There bees cull sweets from every flower
That strews the wayside fair,
And where the briers thickest grow
Oft starts the timid hare;
From hill to hill the cawing crows
Are passing to and fro—
'Twas just the same when life was young,
In days of long ago—
And so I hope that many a tramp
May sate the lure of Bolencamp.

—*Frank Monroe Beverly.*

ALABAMA BIRD AND GAME LAW.

PROHIBITS the killing of wild birds other than the game birds enumerated below, except English sparrows, hawks, owls and crows.

The open season on game birds is as follows: Wild turkey gobblers, from Dec. 1st to April 1st; quail, Nov. 1st to March 1st; doves, Aug. 1st to March 1st; swan, geese, brant, ducks, rails, coots, mud hens, sand pipers, woodcocks and curlews, Sept. 1st to March 1st; snipe and plover, Nov. 1st to May 1st.

The killing of wild turkey hens is at all times prohibited.

Prohibits any pitfall, deadfall, scaffold, cage, snare, trap, net, salt lick, baited hook or baited field, or any other similar device, or any drug, poisonous chemicals or explosives, for the purpose of injuring, capturing or killing any protected bird or animal; also prohibits hunting protected birds or animals between dark and daylight. Unlawful to kill or capture any song or insect destroying bird at any time.

Open season on deer, Nov. 1st to Jan. 1st, and prohibits killing of doe, or female deer, at all times.

Open season on squirrels from Oct. 1st to the following March 1st.

Fixes the following limits for each person in one day: One deer, two turkeys, and twenty-five game birds.

Prohibits the sale or offering for sale of protected game birds or animals.

Prohibits the shipping or carrying of game except openly and in the possession of those who have hunter's license, as required by law. Prohibits carriers from accepting game to be carried in any other way, either within the State or without the State. Prohibits absolutely the carrying or shipping of live game.

Makes it unlawful to hunt on the land of another without written permission.

AMERICAN WOODCOCK.
⅔ Life-size.

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THE AMERICAN WOODCOCK.

THE American Woodcock is the oddest looking land-bird in North America. Its legs are too short for so large a body, its tail is only half as long as it should be, its neck too short and thick, and its head is entirely out of drawing. The eyes are placed too far back, and the bill is too long and too straight. In appearance, the Woodcock looks like an avian caricature.

But, odd or not, this bird is very dear to the heart of the great American sportsman, and its plump brown body is a genuine delicacy. It has a long array of local names, some of which are so uncouth that the less said concerning them the better.

The long, sensitive beak of this bird is really a probe and a pair of forceps combined, for probing in soft earth or mud for earth worms, and dragging them out when found. In order to feed, the Woodcock has no option but to frequent the moist banks of wooded streams, or wet grounds in the shelter of bushes or timber, where it can work unobserved. During the day, it lies low to escape observation, and does most of its feeding at night. It is seldom found in open ground, and Woodcock shooting is much like shooting quail among brush—quick and difficult.

This bird ranges throughout the United States from the Atlantic coast to the edge of the Great Plains. Recently, in this State, near Montgomery, many flocks have been seen, one in particular containing thirty or more of these birds.

THE FOOLISH FARMER, THE SMART TOAD, AND THE BUSY BIRD.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who lived alone upon a plantation where he might have raised good crops if it had not been for the myriads of insects which destroyed his fruit and grain. One day, when he was looking in despair at his ruined fields, a bird and a toad said to him:

"Let us come and bring our friends to live with you and we will save your harvest."

So the man said, "Come."

For a long time all went well. More birds came and sang in the tree-tops. Tiny toads hopped about the fields in the refreshing summer showers. But the man forgot how his friends had saved him, and he grew careless of their comfort. He allowed gunners to shoot the birds for their beautiful feathers, and the toads could find no place where it was safe for them to stay. Then the birds and toads said, "We will go away and leave you because you have been unkind to us. Others may come to take our places. If you drive them away as you have driven us away, you will die. Listen, before it is too late."

But the man laughed to think that his life could depend upon such insignificant creatures, and he paid no heed to their words. The years went on and the fields lay bare and desolate under the summer sun. In the deserted cabin was no sound or sign of life.

—*Human Calendar, 1912.*

A BIRD LOVE SCENE.

A MALE humming-bird had taken possession of the coral honeysuckle vine and sat there most of the morning, even though I moved about on the porch and went within a few feet of him. After a while he went away, and a female appeared and busily gathered nectar. Some of the time she fed on the wing, but not infrequently alighted on a twig and bent over to the blossom. She was much more timid than he had been. Finally, he returned and they dashed upward some ten feet as if quarreling, but came back together; and then she perched in the vine and he flew about in a most threatening manner. He darted back and forth past her—going about four feet in each direction. As he flew there was a sound audible which was very different from his squeak or from the ordinary sound of his buzzing wings. It was higher in pitch than the buzz, and was produced each time he passed her. Her head moved back and forth, watching him intently. This was continued for three or four minutes, and then they flew away together.

—*Katherine E. Dolbear in the Atlantic.*

THE CHIMNEY SWIFT.

THIS curious bird, resembling the swallows in so many ways, differs essentially from them in structure and is classed by naturalists in another family. Before the construction of chimneys the Swift built in hollow trees; in remote parts of the country some still retain this habit. The nest is built of dead twigs which the bird seizes while flying, and glues together by means of its saliva. On this platform are laid from four to five pure white eggs. The twittering of the young and their unfortunate appearance at the wrong end of the chimney, are recollections of most country-bred children. After leaving the nests, the Swifts spend the greater part of their life on the wing, but unlike the swallows, they are

not seen to rest on wires or fences; at night they support themselves in chimneys or hollow trees, while by day they are continually in the air, where they pursue with astonishing dexterity the insects which constitute their food. The tail feathers of the Swift end in spiny points, and assist it in climbing, while the feet are so small and weak that the Swift is almost incapable of perching or walking. The sexes are alike. The note is an emphatic *chip,* either slowly or rapidly repeated. The Swifts may be distinguished from any swallow by their peculiar flight, and from the absence of the forked tail. This when closed appears cigar-shaped, but when the bird turns it is spread like a fan. The Swift winters outside the United States, returning to New England early in May.

SWALLOWS.

IT WAS only a schoolboy's gray old barn,
Where catnip and smartweed throve—
Where a strawstack stood on the back of a tarn,
And cattle we called a drove
Lowed and browsed, or wandered about the yard
As milking time drew near;
Where gates were closed and the fence was barred,
But that wide-cracked barn was dear,
For the urchin who stole away from school
To lie on the haymow high,
And, free from the thralldom of teacher's rule,
We watched the swallows fly
And perch by their nests on the purline plates,
To bow and twitter and sing,
Or snuggle together as happy mates.
How memories cluster and cling
As, here in the sunshine, swallows glide
O'er the river's quiet flow!
A swallow's blithe notes have opened wide
The gates of the long ago.

THE BLUEBIRD.

ERE yet the frost has ceased to spread
Its sheets upon the grass,
Or rim at night the little pools
With brittle looking-glass,
Upon the ancient orchard fence
He rests his roving wing,
And every morning, rain or shine.
He whistles to the spring.

His plumage makes the sapphire pale,
And shames the turquoise, too,
Each satin feather is so deep
And beautiful a blue,
For flying northward once, he shaped
His airy course so high,
His waving pinions brushed against
The azure of the sky.

—*Minna Irving.*

TINY THINGS.

THE murmur of a waterfall a mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights upon the spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream on dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill of a cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass at evening fall;
Too subtle are these harmonies for pen or rule,
Such music is not understood by any school,
But when the brain is overwrought, it hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power to make it well.

The memory of a kindly word far long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower sent lovingly,
The gleam of a sudden smile or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer,
That hush that means: I cannot speak but I have heard
The note that bears only a verse from God's own Word.
Such tiny things we hardly count as ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown scant sympathy,
But when the heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things to make it well.

—*Scranton Truth.*

INDIGO BUNTING.
(Passerina cyanea, Linn).
About Life-size.

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THE INDIGO BUNTING.

RICH color is the chief attribute that sets the Indigo Bunting apart from its kin of the tribe of Sparrows and Finches. Blue that is decided in tone, and not a bluish gray, is one of the rarest hues among the birds of temperate zones; for one may count the really blue birds of the eastern United States upon the fingers of one hand.

This Bunting belongs to the tree-loving and tree-nesting part of his tribe, in company with the Grosbeaks and the brilliant yellow American Goldfinch, whose black cap, wings and tail feathers only enhance his beauty. The Sparrows, of sober stripes, nest on or near the ground, and their plumage blends with brown grass, twigs and the general earth coloring, illustrating very directly the theory of color-protection, while the birds of brilliant plumage invariably keep more closely to the trees.

In size, the Indigo Bunting ranks with the small Sparrows, coming in grade between the Field- and Song-Sparrows, and being only slightly larger than the Chippie. The female wears a modification of the Sparrow garb, the upper parts being ashy brown without strikes, the under parts grayish white washed and very faintly streaked with dull brown, the wings and tail feathers having some darker edges and markings.

When it comes to painting the plumage of the male in words, the task becomes difficult; for to use simply the term indigo-blue is as inadequate as to say that a bit of water that looks blue while in shadow is of the same color when it ripples out into full sunlight, and catches a dozen reflections from foliage and sky. A merely technical description would read: Front of head and chin indigo-blue, growing lighter and greener on back and underparts; wings dusky brown, with blue edges to coverts; tail feathers also blue-

edged; bill and feet dark; general shape rounded and canary-like, resembling the Goldfinch.

The nest, in no wise typical, is a loose and rather careless structure of grass, twigs, horse-hairs, roots or bits of bark placed in a low, scrubby tree or brush at no great distance from the ground, and the eggs are a very pale blue or bluish white, and only three or four in number.

Being a seed-eater, it is undoubtedly this Bunting's love of warmth that gives him so short a season with us; for he does not come to the New England states until the first week in May, and, after the August molt, when he dons the sober clothing of his mate, he begins to work southward by middle of September,—those from the most northerly portions of the breeding range, which extends northward to Minnesota and Nova Scotia, having passed by the tenth of October. It winters in Central America and Southward.

Although of the insect-eating fraternity of the conical beak, the Indigo Bunting consumes many noxious insects in the nesting season, when the rapid growth of the young demands animal food, no matter to what race they belong. Being an inhabitant of the overgrown edges of old pastures, or the brushy fences of clearings and pent-roads, he is in a position where he can do a great deal of good. Mr. Forbush, in his valuable book on Useful Birds and Their Protection, credits the Indigo Bunting with being a consumer of the larvæ of the mischievous brown-tail moth; but, whatever service it may do as an insect destroyer, its service the year through as a consumer of weed seeds, in common with the rest of its tribe, is beyond dispute.

The voice of the Indigo Bunting is pretty rather than impressive, and varies much in individuals. It consists of a series of hurried canary-like notes repeated constantly and rising in key, but, to my mind, never reaching the dignity of being called an impres-

sive song. Yet on this point opinions differ, and Wilson calls it "a vigorous and pretty good songster. It mounts to the highest top of a tree, and chants for half an hour at a time. Its song is not one continuous strain, but a repetition of short notes, commencing loud and rapid and falling by almost imperceptible gradations, for six or eight seconds, until they seem hardly articulate, as if the little minstrel were quite exhausted; and, after a pause of half a minute or less, commences as before. Then, too, the Indigo bird sings with as much animation in the month of July as in the month of May, and not infrequently continues his song until the last of August."

Nuttall writes that though usually shy the Indigo bird during the nesting season is more frequently seen near habitations than in remote thickets: "Their favorite resort is the garden, where, from the topmost branch of some tall tree that commands the whole wide landscape, the male regularly pours out his lively chant, and continues it for a considerable length of time. Nor is this song confined to the cool and animating dawn of morning, but it is renewed and still more vigorous during the noon-day heat of summer. This lively strain is composed of a repetition of short notes, which, commencing loud and rapid, and then slowly falling, descend almost to a whisper, succeeded by a silence of almost half a minute, when the song is again continued as before."

THE WAIL OF THE QUAIL.

THE turkey's flown,
The deer has gone,
The wild bear is no more;
And I and mine
Must fall in line
Like those now gone before.

No man, I know,
Counts me his foe,
Yet every man I see
With dog and gun,
For sport and gun;
Is enemy to me.

My kind do harm
To no man's farm,
But when we're let alone
We kill more worms
And insect germs
Then he has ever known.

Cloudy or clear,
Twelve months a year,
We fight his crop's worst foes,
Yet have no friend
That will defend
Us in our times of woes.

Crack-shots from town
Just shut us down
And bag us by the score,
But he who could
Save if he would
Is coward to the core.

Our owner fears
The taunting jeers
Of sporting friends from town.
He hates—but sits,
And still submits
To let them shoot us down.

The snakes molest
Full many a nest,
And hawks catch half our young,
And bad boys still
Attempt to kill
Whene'er "Bob-white" is sung.

Prolific, we
Would grow to be
As countless as the sands—
If we were freed
From cruel greed
Of heartless hunters' hands.

Ah! thoughtless State—
When it's too late
You'll long for what you've lost?
But then, ah! then
You can't again
Redeem at any cost.

The turkey's gone,
The deer has flown,
The wild bear is no more;
And shortly we
Extinct shall be,
Like those now gone before.

—*H. C. C.*

THE SLAUGHTER OF BIRDS FOR FOOD.

THE craze for the destruction of bird-life is almost beyond belief. No matter how much the bird-protectors may say about the destruction of our birds, and their impending extermination, far more than the half will remain untold. As our game-birds become fewer and fewer, the market-shooters begin to slaughter birds of song and beauty, which twenty years ago were safe because they were not considered "game." Even ten years ago, no self-respecting American would have lowered himself to the level of the hawk and buzzard by killing and eating the poor little sand-piper and snow-bunting.

To the public it was a profound surprise to find that snow-buntings and sand-pipers were being slaughtered by thousands for food. At least half a dozen species of song-birds are served on bills of fare under the name of reed-bird. This fact is equivalent to a notice that hereafter no bird is safe from the deadly "market-shooter," and only the strictest watch and the severest measures will save any considerable portion of our birds.

Protect the Birds.—Young reader, learn today that the birds are the natural protectors of man and his crops from the hordes of insects which without them ravage leaf, flower and fruit. But for the hawks and owls, the wild mice and rats soon would multiply into an intolerable pest. But for the insectivorous birds, destroying grubs and perfect insects by the million, the life of the farmer, fruit grower and forester would be one long battle against the pests of the insect-world.

Learn that it is wise to encourage birds, as well as to protect them from slaughter. A little food intelligently bestowed is always accepted as a token of friendship and hospitality. And county dweller can draw birds around him, if he will. Why grudge a

few simple shelter-boxes, a few handfuls of grain, and a few pounds of fat pork when in exchange for them you may have, even in winter's dearines, the woodpeckers, chickadees, crows, and many other winter "residents" and "visitants?" Surely, no right hearted man or boy can prefer solitude to the company of cheerful and beautiful feathered friends.

Don't Make Bird or Egg "Collections."—Learn to take broad views—bird's eye views, if you please—of the bird-world. Consider how you can promote its enjoyment, its betterment, and its perpetuation. Think not that in order to take an interest in birds it is necessary to buy a gun and a bushel of cartridges. Don't think that a badly made bird-skin in a smelly drawer is as pleasing an object in the sight of God or man as the living bird would be. Do not, I beg you, make a "collection of bird-skins"; for the "bird-skin habit," when given free rein, becomes a scourge to the bird world.

Do not think that ornithology is the science of dead birds, named in a dead language; or that an attic room is the best field for the study of birds. Study bird-life, not merely the mummied remains of dead birds. And, finally, don't collect eggs! They teach no useful lesson. The majority of them have no beauty, and are as meaningless as marbles. The pursuit of them is interesting, I grant, but the possession nearly always palls. The collector of eggs destroys life, fearfully, and has nothing for all his labors and pains.

If you think enough of birds to mount, or have mounted, every fine specimen that you kill—aside from legitimate game—then you will be justified in forming a collection. There is some excuse for collections of well-mounted birds, especially those that are presented to schools, where thousands of young people may study them; but wild life is now becoming so scarce that the making of large private collections, for the benefit of one man, is a sin against nature.

Don't Be Narrow.—In studying birds, do not be narrow! Use the field-glass, the camera and pencil, rather than the shot-gun and the microscope. Any fool with a gun can kill a bird; but it takes intelligence and skill to photograph one.

The time was when the analysis and classification of our American birds were important work, because the bird fauna was only partially discovered and written up. In their days, Audubon, Wilson Baird and Coues did grand work, because so many birds were strange, and needed introducing. The time was when analyzing, naming, and working up geographical distribution was desirable and necessary. But in North America that period has gone by. There is no longer any real need for new technical books on the birds of this continent north of Mexico. The describing, and re-describing, the naming, re-naming and tre-naming of microscopic varieties, has been done enough, and in places overdone.

What to Do.—Henceforth, these are the things to be done with and for our American birds:

1. Join actively in protecting the few birds that remain, and help to save them from complete extermination.

2. Aid in teaching the millions how to know and enjoy the beautiful and useful birds without destroying them.

It is not at all necessary that people generally should be able to name correctly every bird that the forest and field may disclose. Many species of wablers, and sparrows, and larger birds also, are so much alike that it is difficult for anyone save a trained ornithologist to analyze them correctly. The general public is not interested in differences that are not nearly microscopic. When birds and mammals cannot be recognized without killing them, and removing their skulls, it is quite time for some of us to draw the line.

It is entirely possible for any intelligent person to become well acquainted with at least one hundred and twenty-five of our birds without killing one; and any person who can at sight recognize

and claim acquaintance with that number of birds-speeies may justly claim to be well informed on our birds. Because birds are more common than quadrupeds, bird-books are also more common, and now the most of them are beautifully illustrated. The road to ornithology is now strewn with flowers, and the rough places have been made smooth.

The Vastness of the Bird-World.—Go where you will upon this earth—save in the great deserts—some members of the bird world will either bear you company, or greet you as you advance. Some will sing to cheer you, others will interest and amuse you by the oddities of their forms and ways. On the mountain back-bone of the continent, you will meet the spruce-grouse, the raven, and the mountain-jay. In the foothills and on the great sage-brush plains, the stately sage-grouse and the garrulous magpie still break the monotony.

In the fertile regions of abundant rain, bird-life is—or rather was once—bewildering in its variety. In the tropics, the gorgeous colors and harsh voices of the birds remind you that you are fairly within another world. In mid-ocean, the stormy petrel causes you to wonder how it survives the storms. On the bald mountains of Alaska, or the barren shores of the Arctic Ocean, the snow-white ptarmigan may be the means of saving you from death by starvation, and when you discover new lands in the mysterious and forbidding waters of the Antarctic, the huge and helpless emperor penguin will be there to greet you.

The greatest wonders of bird-life are the immense variety of its forms, and the manner in which the members of the various groups have been equipped to perform so many functions in the economy of life. It seems as if Nature has undertaken to furnish birds for every portion of the globe, and provide food and shelter for each in its own place. This is why different birds fly, wade, swim, dive, scratch, run and climb.

—*Dr. Wm. T. Hornady.*

MUSIC ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS.

A Pantheon Pæan, by Fra Enrico.

LET the spirit glow with joy-gleams,
And the blossoms bloom from clod
Where the soil is soaked with sunbeams
And the fields are filled with God.
Smiling skies and laughing waters
Lapping ripple-graven rocks;
Gambolling lambs, and Pandean daughters
Tending folds of fleecy flocks.
Flowering wild-woods sing with song-birds
Madly carrolling mating lays;
Browsing kine and Orphean cow-herds
Dream through calm, Arcadian days.
O'er the breeze-blown, fragrant clover,
In the soft, sweet-scented sod,
Breathe the breath of joy's Jehovah
Flaunting plumes of goldenrod;
Oh, to be a Royal rover
On those happy hills of God!

Wanton winds and gales of gladness,
Mountain, meadow, glade, and glen—
All break forth in merry madness,
Singing to the sons of men.
Sylvan dells, and forest choirs
Chanting litanies of love;
Gothic-groined, primeval spires,
Bowered in the blue above.
Sunset flame, and night stars shining;
Brains that burn and breasts that throb.
Love's sweet heaven half divining—
Self means Soul; and Beauty, God.
Lonely hearts that ache with longing,
Heavy hearts that toil and plod,
Watch ye for Life's Daybreak, dawning
Through Death's mist and Vale of fog;
Sing, ye Angels, Mighty Morning!—
Sunrise gilds those hills of God.

LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE.
(Lanius ludovicianus).
About ½ Life-size.

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THE LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE.

THE Great Northern Shrike, or Butcher-Bird, is a bird of very striking personality. In appearance he is a high-headed, well-dressed dandy. In disposition, he is today a fierce little bird of prey, feeding solely upon flesh good; but tomorrow he will change into a modest insect-eater. It seems very odd to find a bird of prey among the Perching-Birds.

The Butcher-Bird is a bird of the North, breeding from Labrador to Alaska and visiting the United States only in winter, when it is almost impossible to obtain food at home. The species which we find in the United States in summer is the Loggerhead Shrike, which closely resembles its northern relative, both in form and habits.

In the field, you can easily recognize a Shrike by its bluish-gray back, and large head. His strong, hooked beak has a notch, or tooth, near the end of the upper mandible. He is deliberate and dignified in movements, and like the true sportsman that he is, he is happiest when hunting. He catches and feeds upon small frogs, mice, small snakes and even birds (so it is said), and has the odd trick of hanging up, impaled upon a thorn, dead game which he cannot eat as soon as caught. Once I saw a Butcher-Bird seize a large field-mouse out of a freshly up-turned furrow, and fly away with it, struggling vigorously. The mammal was so large and heavy it was surprising to see the bird bear it away. Many times I have seen dried frogs hanging upon thorns, where they had been placed while fresh, by Shrikes.

Every Shrike is a feathered Jekyll and Hyde. In summer and autumn, the harvest of insects is everything that could be expected.

In Dr. Judd's Bulletin No. 9, Biographical Survey, Department of Agriculture, the list of groups of insects destroyed by the Loggerhead Shrike fills a page, and includes such pests as caterpillars, cut-worms, canker-worms, grasshoppers, crickets and weevils.

But mark the winter and early spring record. Thirteen species of small birds are numbered among the Loggerhead's victims, of which five are sparrows, and the others are the ground-dove, chimney-swift, Bell's vireo and snow-bunting. The Butcher-Bird is known to kill twenty-eight species of birds, some of them valuable insect-destroyers, and none of them to be spared without loss except the English sparrow. On the other hand, this bird is a great destroyer of wild mice, which in cold weather formed one-fourth of its entire food. The Loggerhead also feeds freely upon lizards, snakes, frogs and fish, when they are obtainable. The Butcher-Bird is a deadly enemy of the English sparrow, and kills and eats them so industriously that in Boston certain city officials once felt called upon to order the Shrikes to be shot.

The great Northern Shrike is able to sing, but seldom does so; and many of his friends think he sings not at all. In the summer it ranges all the way to Cook Inlet, Alaska, and in winter it migrates as far south as Virginia. In the Southern states it meets the Loggerhead Shrike, and the two species so strongly resemble each other they are like two feathered Dromios.

JUNE.

SWEET balmy June: the summer rests
On hill and dale so fair;
The leafage and the flowers wild
Are scatter'd everywhere.

The little airs that softly beat
Against the petal's fold,
A flow'ry fragrance carry far,
O'er sea, o'er field and wold.

The breezes stir among the trees,
That whisper softly sweet;
Two lovers strolling down the land
These airy greetings meet.

By day the sunshine on the grass
Lies, seas of yellow light;
The timid stars far in the dome
Bedeck the stilly night.

The droning bees, the humming birds,
Are flitting round the rose;
To them it yields its nectar sweet,
As on the stem it glows.

The brooklet wanders thro' the mead,
Beneath the grasses fair;
The clouds drop benedictions down,
And man is freed from care.

And when I seek the woodland dells,
Soft-flecked by yellow beams,
Methinks the sweetest month of all
Is June, the Month of Dreams.

—*Frank Monroe Beverly.*

SPRING COURAGE.

LORD love ye, joyful heralds true
Of spring's new life, swift swallows' crew,
Fond doves, cuckoos, and soaring larks;
Ye thrushes brown and songsters coy
That dart from bush in nesting joy
To fill with life the greenwood parks!

Lord love ye, Easter daisies fine,
Narcissus, nodding columbine,
Sweet jessamine and lilies tall,
The hawthorn pale, and flow'ring lime;
Ye anis, fragrant balm, and thyme,
Right hearty welcome to ye all!

Lord love ye, parti-colored sea
Of butterflies, that on the lea
Light flutter over heath and broom;
And ye, new swarm of velvet bees,
Impartial sucking honeyed fees
From coral bud and amber bloom!

A thousand times I hail again
Your lovely, joyous, tender train!
I love this pulsing season rare
When streamlets flow with rippling purl,
Rememb'ring winter's stormy swirl,
When thus abroad I may not fare!

—Translated by Helen F. Page.

GOLDEN PHEASANT.
$\frac{11}{28}$ Life-size.
Tail somewhat shortened.

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THE PHEASANT.

THE Pheasant family was originally represented on this continent only by the wild turkeys; but during recent years certain foreign species have been successfully introduced, and are now becoming so numerous as to require notice.

The Ring-Necked Pheasant has been introduced from China, and acclimatized in Washington, Oregon, California, British Columbia, and elsewhere with pronounced success. In many localities it has become so abundant that now it is shot by sportsmen as upland game-birds once were killed in New York state. From Portland, Oregon, to Vancouver the taxidermists are annually called upon to mount scores of these birds, because they are so beautiful that many of the sportsmen who shoot them cannot consent to see their skins destroyed.

Following the examples of the Pacific states, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and several other states both east and west have entered seriously upon the business of breeding, rearing and introducing this valuable bird at state expense.

The Silver Pheasant, and the very beautiful Golden Pheasant, both natives of China, have also been acclimatized in Washington and Oregon. In view of the strong and hardy natures of both these birds, there should be little difficulty in introducing them in any well-wooded farming region east of the Mississippi, and south of the fortieth parallel.

THE VOICE OF THE CLOVER-WIND.

WHEN the wind comes over the clover fields,
All sweet with the breath of June
When the world is white
With the magic light
Of the stars and the half-blown moon,
Then it seems to me that his melody
Brings a message from you, my own,
When the wind comes over
Far fields of clover,
And meadows newly mown.

When the wind comes over the clover fields,
All dank with the midnight dew,
When the tree-tops croon their ancient rune
He sings to my soul of you,
And the heart from my breast
To share his quest
Out into the night has flown,
When the wind comes over
Far fields of clover,
A Voice from the vast Unknown.

—*Mary Madison Lee.*

THE OPEN ROAD.

O THE winding road shall take me
Out into the fields unhampered,
And the glorious day shall make me
Free of heart and free of mind.
There shall be no sun-ways pampered
By the mock illusion born us,
And the song of birds shall ease me
When upon the sod reclined.
I shall hear the breezes whisper
Tender notes among the flowers,
Feel the soft requiem of vesper
Fall upon the twilight hills.
I shall wander to the sunset,
Where the gold is hoarded lavish,
Far into the land of dreaming
On the quiet shores of peace.
There no more to bend in slavish
Toil throughout the weary hour,
Only that which is and seeming
Stirring with the stately trees.
Then for me the brooks will murmur
And the night will find me quiet,
Where the stars look down upon me
In between the boughs of fir,
And the evening hour from riot
Of pure gold make labor free.

—*Robert Page Lincoln.*

YESTERDAY.

* * * Above the world as evening fell
I made my heart into a sky,
And through a twilight like a shell
I saw the shining sea-gulls fly.
I found between the sea and land
And lost again, unwrit, unheard,
A song that fluttered in my hand
And vanished like a silver bird.

—*Nora May French.*

THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

THE Great Horned Owl is a splendid bird between eighteen and twenty-five inches in length, with the plumage moderately dark-colored, the dusky markings extensive or more numerous, while the face is usually more or less rusty. It is found throughout eastern North America, ranging south to eastern Mexico. It frequents especially the heavily timbered districts, and so long as these conditions prevail it is a fairly common species, but with the leveling of the forests, the usual accompaniment of civilization, it has become rarer. It is an unsociable and solitary bird, except during breeding season, and rarely allows another of the same species to remain in the vicinity of its range. It is so savage and seemingly so devoid of the confidence usually shown by birds of prey kept in confinement that it is with the greatest difficulty that it can be tamed even when taken young from the nest. Its food is of great variety, consisting of birds, mammals, reptiles, fish, insects, etc.

The Great Horned Owl is a resident wherever found and is one of the earliest breeders among the birds, the mating season beginning in midwinter while the ground is frozen. Whenever possible a hollow tree is selected for the nesting site, but when this is unavailable the old nest of a Hawk or Crow may be taken, and in exceptional instances, they may construct their own nest, or place the eggs on a ledge of rock or the ground.

THE SEED.

THE sower sows a little seed;
The hands of God attend it,
The tears of heaven befriend it,
The harvest fills a need.

The poet hears a little word;
Into his heart he takes it,
Into a song he wakes it,
And kindred hearts are stirred.

With seed and word the world is rife;
If loving hands will plant them,
A Sovereign Love will grant them
Life, and the joy of life.

—*Henry Dumont.*

UNDER WOODLAND MISLETOE.

A STRETCH of timbered land, by running stream,
A happy couple stroll, as in a dream—
A silence golden down the woodland path—
Then a protesting cry and smothered laugh.

For in the stately elm that skirts their way,
Where last summer's birds' nests softly sway—
Upon a branch, with berries white as snow,
Grows a thick clumb of yuletide mistletoe!

—*Dick Wiltse.*

IN THE SUMMER WOODS.

I LEAN to every breeze that plays,
Tossing the leaves along the ways.
And every pine branch breathes to me
And every floweret wreathes for me
Dear memories of other days.

I hear the rush of mountain streams
And deep in tousled green it seems,
White blossoming bells ring to me,
Golden chalices fling to me
"Now is the time for dreams."

I see the sweep of summer rain
And dazzling sun breaks forth again
And every bird throat sings to me,
And every Pan note brings to me
A surcease from all pain

I'm tender grown beneath such spell;
I hear life's undersong and swell,
And all that's good appeals to me.
And all God's peace reveals to me
Secrets the woodlands tell.

—Mittie Owen McDavid.

WOOD DUCK.
½ Life-size.

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SPRING WINDS.

WHEN winds of March like silvery trumpets blow,
The whole dead world awakens with new birth;
The sun smiles forth, and verdant grasses grow
Green mantling the earth.

When winds of April flute like pipes of Pan,
The brooks and rills awake to dance and sing;
The birds across the continent's wide span
Come back on eager wing.
But when the winds of May all laugh in glee,
Ah, then, like Orpheus from heaven's bowers,
The spring leads back to earth with melody
The thronging, thronging flowers!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

THE WOOD-DUCK.

THE beauty of the Wood-Duck, or Summer-Duck, depends almost wholly upon its brilliantly colored plumage; for its form is quite commonplace. It may be wrong to make a cold-blooded analysis of its points, but for beauty of form, and the neck of this bird is too small and too short, its head is too large, and its body is very ordinary. Its plumage, however, presents a color-scheme of brilliant reds, greens, blacks, browns, yellows and whites which is quite bewildering. Even its weak little bill is colored scarlet and white, and its iris is bright red.

In my opinion the claims of the two duck species which are rivals for the prize for web-footed beauty may fairly be expressed by the following proportion:

The Pintail is to the Wood-Duck as a well gowned American woman is to a Chinese Mandarin.

The Wood-Duck needs no description. Among ducks it is equalled in gorgeous colors only by its nearest relative, the man-

darin duck of China—a painted harlequin. Our species is a tree-duck, and not only perches on trees, but also makes its nests in them, and rears its young at an elevation of from ten to thirty or forty feet. The nesting-site is always above water, in order that as the ducklings finally scramble out of the nest and fall, they will alight in the water without injury, and quickly learn to swim.

In captivity the best nesting arrangement for this bird consists of a long, narrow box set on end on a stout post, well out in the pond, roofed over to keep out the rain. There must be a hole in one side, near the top, and a slanting board with cross slats reaching up to it from the water, for use as a ladder. The Wood-Duck will sometimes nest on the ground, either in captivity or out. This species is being bred in captivity in England in large numbers, and also with some success in this country. Duck fanciers find no difficulty in purchasing live specimens of this interesting bird at $15 per pair.

During the summer of 1902, a pair of wild Wood-Ducks made daily visits to the Ducks' Aviary in the New York Zoological Park, and in the autumn of that year a small flock settled with the Wood-Ducks, mallards and pintails on the Aquatic Mammals' Pond, and remained there permanently. In the spring of 1903, a fine drake manifested a fixed determination to break into the Flying Cage, and become a member of the happy family within. After he had flown around the cage two or three times, Keeper Gannon opened wide the wire gates at the north end, drove him in, and he is there now, serene and happy.

The Wood-Duck is a bird of great discernment.

Although this bird is called the Summer-Duck, and migrates far in advance of winter, it winters very comfortably in the northern states if it is fed and continuously provided with open water to keep its feet from freezing. The natural range of this species is from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, chiefly on fresh water; but often is found on brackish sounds and channels along the Atlantic coast where food is plentiful.

Like all other wild ducks that are imperatively needed to keep the American people from starving, there remains today about one Wood-Duck where formerly there were from thirty to fifty. Apparently, the only winged creatures that are too beautiful or too good to be shot and eaten are angels; but I doubt if even a white-winged seraph with webbed feet would be safe for half an hour anywhere between Cape Cod and Charleston.

GOLDENROD.

"HOW in the world did I happen to bloom
All by myself, alone
By the side of a dusty country road,
With only a rough old stone
For company?" And the golden-rod,
As she dropped her yellow head,
Gave a mournful sigh, "Who cares for me,
Or knows I'm alive?" said she.

"A snow-white daisy I'd like to be,
Half hid in the cool green sod;
Or a pink spirea, or a sweet wild rose—
But I'm *only a goldenrod!*"
But all of a sudden she ceased her plaint;
For a child's voice cried in glee,
"Here's a dear, little, lovely goldenrod!
Did you bloom on purpose for me?"

She raised the flower to her rosy lips,
And merrily kissed its face.
"Ah! Now I see," said the goldenrod,
How this is the very place
That was meant for me, and I'm glad I bloomed
Just here by the road alone,
With nobody near for company
But a dear old mossy stone!"

GOOD RESULTS.

THE greatest pleasure does not come from those things which cost most, but from those things on which one spends much time and earnest effort. Having to wait awhile for results increases appreciation.

Planting the flowers and watching them grow creates a love for them; the setting out of a tree and watching it tower to the sky, with wide-spreading branches, creates a keen appreciation of the cool and delightful shade from the burning summer's sun; the building of bird-boxes for the nesting of our feathered friends and watching them choose their mates, build their nests and rear their young implants in the hearts of every one a sentiment that elevates and draws them nearer to the great heart of Nature. A feeling of responsibility in the care of school house and grounds gives a sense of ownership that causes the pupil to feel that he is an integral part of that world to which he belongs—the school.

With beauty all around, the heart is educated as well as the mind. Who can know the untold joy that such efforts bring to school children?

Good results will not be confined to school house and grounds, but will extend from home to home.

"Go make thy garden as fair as thou can'st
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own."

If children are daily surrounded by those influences that elevate them, that make them clean and well ordered, that make them love flowers, trees, birds, pictures and proper decorations, they at last reach that degree of culture where nothing else will please them. When they grow up and have homes of their own they will have them clean, neat, bright wtih pictures, fringed with shade trees and flowers, and surrounded with a choir of lovely feathered songsters.

ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO.

THE orchard lands of long ago!
Ah, drowsy winds, awake and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me
And all the buds that used to be!
Blow back again the grassy ways,
Oh, truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard lands of long ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In hazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much that any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds,
The lisp, the thrill and all the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer time in glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so
In orchard lands of long ago!

Oh, memory, alight and sing
Where rosy bellied pippins cling
And golden russets glint and gleam
As in the old Arabian dream—
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!
And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard lands of long ago!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

BIRDS ARE THE FARMER'S BEST FRIENDS.

ANYONE who has read recent estimates of the decrease in insectivorous birds and the increase of herbivorous insects readily believe that as the mammals succeeded reptiles insects will soon possess the earth unless some agency is discovered to check their increase.

We are prone to bear the usual and slowly accumulating burdens with dull resignation and patience. The life and property losses and taxes that are inherited and constant we take for granted. It is the concentrated and unusual calamities that shock and excite the spirit of opposition and the desire to prevent a recurrence. By the sinking of the Titanic 1,300 lives were lost, and the world was filled with fear and sympathy. Tuberculosis claims 190,000 victims a year in this country and pneumonia 160,000, yet we bear this awful loss of life with the passing comment that it is a great pity.

The San Francisco earthquake destroyed property to the value of $400,000,000. This loss was the superinducing cause of the panic of 1907, which reduced values by the billions. If it were known today that the country would suffer another such loss within its borders in the year 1913, the wheels of progress the world over would halt in sympathetic fear.

A short time ago the farmers of the country, especially in the Northwest, were much agitated because of the proposed reciprocity agreement with Canada. The loss which they, together with other farmers of the country, will suffer this year and which will benefit no one will exceed by hundreds of millions of dollars the total value of the entire wheat crop of the nation.

As long ago as 1904 Dr. C. L. Marlatt, basing his estimates on the crop reports of the United States Department of Agriculture, asserted that the loss to the agricultural industries in that year caused by insects alone could be conservatively placed at $795,-100,000, and this estimate does not include a dollar for the use of insecticides.

Mr. Forbush, in his most comprehensive book entitled "Useful Birds," maintains that the insect pests destroy agricultural products to the value of $800,000,000 a year. We use large numbers so

freely in these days that hundreds of millions mean no more to us than hundreds of thousands did a few years ago. There are about 600 colleges in the United States today. Their buildings and endowments have been centuries in accumulation. The value of the college and university buildings is estimated at $260,000,000 and the endowments at $219,000,000. If they should be destroyed tomorrow—buildings and endowments—the insect tax of one year would replace them and leave a balance sufficient to endow 32 new universities in the sum of $10,000,000 each.

We have in this country today about 20,000,000 school children, and the cost of their education has become by far the heaviest tax laid upon the surplus of the country, yet it costs more by many millions to feed our insects than it does to educate our children. If there is any way in which this vast and destructive tax upon the national income can be prevented or stayed or resisted in any appreciable measure it would seem to be the part of wisdom to act without delay.

For many years individuals, at their own expense, and voluntary societies and representatives of the civilized nations the world over have studied and estimated the value of birds to the human race. We call attention at this time to but a few of the estimates made, and such as seem to be fair and reliable, but enough, we think, to prove that in this country at least we have ruthlessly disturbed, if not destroyed, one of nature's wisest and most valuable balances between the birds and their natural food, and it is clear to those informed upon this subject that unless radical and immediate measures are adopted to restore a sure, safe, and natural equilibrium between insectivorous birds and their foods the time will soon come when the annual loss caused by insects to agriculture in this country alone will be counted in billions instead of millions of dollars.

Most insects, like the green leaf louse, or aphis, so destructive to the hop industry and many other of our most valuable fruits and vegetables, reproduce their kind at the rate of ten sextillion to the pair in one season. This number means 40,000 for every square inch of land that is above water. Placed in Indian file, 10 to the inch, it would take light, traveling at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, 2,500 years to reach the file leader.

The potato bug is less fecund. One pair will reproduce from fifty to sixty millions only in a season. The natural increase of one

pair of gypsy moths would defoliate the United States in eight years.

These estimates I quote from Prof. Forbush, who in turn gathered them from the United States Biological Survey, and we may say that these cases are fair examples of the reproductive powers of the insectile world. Locusts, army worm, and chinch bugs, unless checked in procreation, soon become countless hordes, devastating wide areas of the earth's surface.

It is to be remembered that insects live to eat. Some of them increase their size at birth 10,000 times in 30 days. Dr. Lintner, of the New Jersey Board of Agriculture, reports 176 species of insects attacking the apple tree. (U. S. Biological Survey.) About the same number attack the peach, plum, and cherry trees. Dr. Packard finds 400 species feeding upon the oak; 300 attack the conifera. The number feeding upon cereals, grains, and garden crops is also very large.

The reports of the Bureau of Entomology show that destruction by some insects is widely spread and are increasing. Dr. Marlatt estimated that the loss to the wheat-growing States in 1904 occasioned by the Hessian fly was about $50,000,000. Dr. Shinar estimates the damage done to crops in the Mississippi Valley caused by the chinch bug in one year as high as $100,000,000. The Rocky Mountain locusts, in years of their greatest activity, caused the States of the Northwest more than $150,000,000. Dr. Lintner estimates the annual loss to farmers caused by cut-worms at $100,000.00. The terrible loss of $800,000,000 a year is fairly easy of proof.

That the worm does not eat everything that grows is due to several causes—weather, parasites, fungi, insect diseases, insectivorous birds, and mechanically applied poisons, which are expensive, unnatural, and dangerous. However large may be the share of parasites, fungi, and weather in checking the increase of destructive insects, investigation shows that it is lamentably insufficient, and the briefs of the bird defenders pretty clearly indicate that the birds have been, are, and will be without question one of the most important agencies in staying the inroads of insect devastation. Men who have had this subject at heart and in hand for many years assert that bird life is one of the most indispensable balancing forces of nature.

(From Report of the Senate Committee, recommending the passage of the McLean Bill which provides national protection of migratory birds.)

AT BREAK OF DAY.

DAY danceth through the eastern skies,
So fair to see,
So glad to be;
Traileth rare colors as she flies
Both eagerly
And happily;
Stretched afar her arms of light,
Lifteth from earth the gloom of night,
Biddeth all life, with laughter bright,
To joy awake
And music make.

Hope trippeth with her friend, the morn,
Blithe as you find,
And on the wind,
Lo, at their coming there is borne
To every mind
This message kind:
"The past is dead—all things are new
Naught is to fear, for skies are blue,
Hope lives again, some hearts are true,
And God is love,
In His heaven above."

—*Sadie Elizabeth Myers.*

THE HUNTER'S MOON.

ALL DAY in the woods primeval
We chased the timid deer,
Till we saw the red of the sunset
Through the tree trunks disappear,
Then camped in a little clearing,
At the end of the lonesome trail,
And watched the twilight round us
Spinning her silver veil.
—Minna Irving, in New York Times.

And there as we sat and rested
And basked in the camp fire glow,
We wondered where Jim and Henry
Had wandered with little Joe.
We noticed the moon was rising
And softly the south wind sighed;
Then Henry and Jim came bearing
The form of the punctured guide.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SOLITUDE.

DEEP in the hemlock forest, shadowy,
And weird, and dim, 'mid silence so profound
I pause, enchanted. Footfalls make no sound,
But on the yielding moss drop noiselessly.
Great boughs of green, high arching over me—
A vast cathedral dome; and all around
Rise stately pillars of the forest, wound
About with clinging vines. A harmony
Of colors everywhere. The morning air,
Sweet with the spicy odors of the wood,
Brings ever and anon the perfume rare
Of pink arbutus; and, as if I stood
Within a temple, here in silent prayer
I bow my head—and know that God is good.
—James William Callahan.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

IN PRISTINE times Alabama abounded in fur-bearing animals. Enormous fortunes were made by fur-trappers who traversed the State, especially along the water-courses where they bought up the skins of these animals from the Indians and early settlers and floated their rich cargoes down the Alabama river to Mobile on rafts or flat-boats, or down the Tennessee to Paducah, Kentucky. Even after this State became populated with white settlers the business of trapping continued to thrive for many years.

No semblance of protection has ever been furnished even the most valuable of our fur-bearing animals, such as beaver, otter and mink. They have been taken at will at all seasons of the year, regardless of the fact that during the spring, summer and early fall months the fur is practically worthless, and now these valuable quadrupeds are nearing the point of extinction.

Many States prohibit the taking of otter and beaver at any time of the year. The constantly diminishing resources of this State, as it consists in fur-bearing animals, should be protected by providing that these quadrupeds can only be taken during the winter months, and that those, trapping for them on the lands other than their own, cannot do so legally without having first had duly issued to them a trapper's license.

THE BEAVER.

THE Beaver easily leads the mammals of the world in mechanical and engineering skill, and also in habits of industry. Being chiefly nocturnal in its habits, it sleeps by day, and after nightfall carries on its work unmolested. It is seldom that anyone sees a live Beaver in its haunts during the middle of the day, but it is possible to do so during the hour before sunset. In public zoological gardens and parks, the persistence and success of this animal in avoiding observation is very disappointing to visitors, and exasperating to directors and keepers.

This is the largest gnawing animal in North America. A huge specimen caught in Maine, in 1900, weighed a trifle over 50 pounds. A large one in the New York Zoological Park is 31 inches long, has a tail 12 inches long and weighs 44 pounds.

The American Beaver is still found in a few localities—but in very small numbers—from the Rio Grande in Texas throughout the Rocky Mountains, Sierra Nevada and Cascade Mountain regions northward to the limit of trees, and southeastward through Canada to northern New England. The number now remaining in Colorado has been estimated at one thousand.

The Beaver's efforts are directed toward its own preservation and comfort. It builds extensive dams of mud, grass and sticks, in order to create ponds in which it can hide from its enemies, maintain a safe refuge close by the wood on which it feeds, and have an under-water doorway to its house and burrow. More than this, the pond serves as a refrigerator, in the bottom of which the animal stores its supplies of food-wood for winter use, when the surface is frozen for a long period.

Sometimes when food-wood on a beaver pond becomes scarce, the animals dig canals into places where fresh supplies can be cut, and floated down to the pond. These canals are usually about two feet wide.

A Beaver is readily recognized by its very flat hairless and scaly tail, which beyond the hair of the body is about 9 inches long

BEAVER.
(Castor fiber).
$\frac{1}{5}$ Life-size.

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by 4 inches wide. The tail is never used as a trowel in building dams, but only as a propeller in swimming.

Dam-building is done in two ways. With his front feet the animal digs up soft mud, holds the mass with his fore legs against his breast, and swims with it to the dam. There he deposits it where it is most needed, and pats it down with his front feet. To strengthen the structure, he brings sticks four or five feet long, and one or two inches in diameter, from which he has eaten the bark. These he usually lays upon the dam crosswise or nearly so, and fills between them with mud.

When Beavers have to build a dam exceeding fifty feet in length, to flood low ground, they usually lay it out with a curve up-stream. The dam built by the Beavers in the New York Zoological Park is about fifty feet long, and three feet high, and quite shapely curved up-stream.

In most localities inhabited by the Beavers, the banks of the streams are so low that the animals cannot burrow into them, and consequently they build houses for themselves. The ordinary Beaver house is a huge pile of neatly trimmed six-foot poles, with all spaces between the sticks plastered with mud. The one in the Zoological Park is about fifteen feet in diameter, and five feet high, with a central chamber above high-water-mark, and its only entrance is well under water. If a beaver house is attacked, the occupants immediately seek refuge in deep water.

The trees which furnish bark most prized by the Beaver as food are the poplar, cottonwood, willow, birch, elm, box-elder and aspen. The bark of the oak, hickory, or ash is not eaten.

The Beaver's front teeth (incisors) are very strong and sharp, and the muscles of the jaw are massive and powerful. It is no uncommon thing for a Beaver to fell a tree a foot in diameter in order to get at its branches. It is said by some observers that large trees are made to fall as the Beavers prefer to have them,—toward their pond. In felling a tree, they first remove the bark from a circle a foot in width, just above the spur roots, standing on their hind legs while they work. Then, with their huge, chisel-like incisors they cut out chips, circling round the trunk all the while, until only the heart of the trunk remains, and the tree falls.

THE CHASE.

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As Chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foremen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response,
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew,
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith,
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,

And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tighen'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor never might the dogs attain,
For farther might the quarry strain,
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock, their race they take.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Mustere'd his breath, his whinyard drew;—
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared.
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken.
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

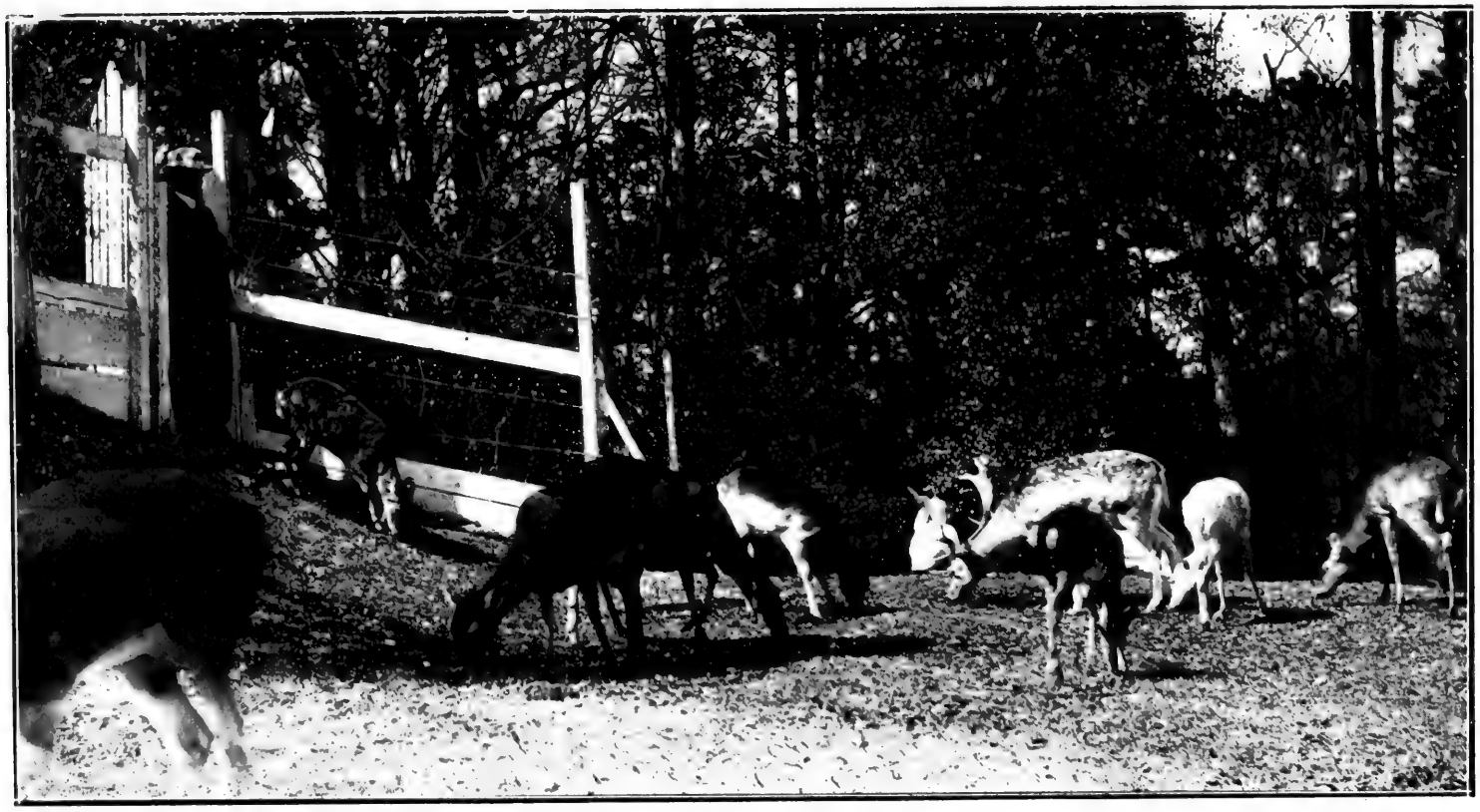
—*Lady of the Lake.*

DEER.

THESE beautiful and graceful animals were formerly so persistently pursued at every season of the year that they were either held down to a few, even in the most likely localities, or else run out of the State entirely. Deer have been seen in over fifty counties in Alabama during the past year; in many sections where they are now, none have been seen in more than fifteen years. These animals require for their native haunts large stretches of well timbered and protected territory, otherwise they can be easily sighted by their relentless enemy, man, and consequently killed.

That feature of the law which makes it unlawful to kill doe has had a splendid effect in bringing about a large increase in deer, as well as to make a hunter look twice before he shoots, in which event he can discriminate between a deer and a human being. Formerly, many sportsmen, by shooting at a shaking bush, killed their fellow-hunter instead of bringing down game.

The latitude in which this State lies was originally the favorite home and breeding ground of deer. Rapidly disappearing and run still further back as civilization made its advance, deer became, under conditions existing prior to the enactment of the Game Law, restricted in their range either to the jungles of the river bottoms or else to the almost unreachable summits of mountains. There is no reason why deer farming in Alabama should not be profitable. Experiments in breeding deer in enclosed parks have been tried with the most gratifying results.



THE DEER PARK, AUTAUGA COUNTY, ALABAMA.

THE FISH.

A TYPICAL fish is a cold-blooded animal, with a bony skeleton, and elongated body which is covered with over-lapping scales, and an outfit of fins for balancing, steering and propulsion. It has gills instead of lungs, fixed eyes, and a swimming-bladder, and is socially fitted for a wholly aquatic life. It is provided with teeth, it hears sounds by the transmitting power of the bony plates of the skull, and usually it lays eggs for the production of its young. The body of a typical fish is wedge-shaped, narrowest at the tail, thin from side to side, and the head tapers to a blount point. This form is specially designed for rapid and easy progress through water.

The Black Bass may fairly be regarded as a perfectly typical fish.

The variations from the perfect type are almost innumerable. For example:

The lung-fish has foot-like fins, and practical lungs.

The catfish has no scales.

Some Sharks and a few other fishes bring forth their young alive.

The Rays and Skates are the flattest of all vertebrates.

The Climbing Perch can climb.

The Flying-Fish can rise from the sea, and fly.

The Lantern Fish, of the deep sea, carries a phosphorescent light upon its head.

DREAMING AND WAITING.

IT'S COLD up there and the ice is thick,
And the wind through the trees is swishing;
But my soul still loiters around the creek,
Awaiting the time for fishing.

It's a long, long wait to my restless soul
To the time when the bass are biting;
But it haunts my favorite fishing hole,
While I'm in the office writing.

And it comes at night from the mountain stream
And the lakes that are sheeted glass,
And while I slumber it conjures dreams
For me of the gamy bass.

For a fisherman's soul never stays at work,
Though the fisherman's forced to grind,
But haunts the spot where the big ones lurk,
And troubles his peace of mind.

And so I sit in the office here,
While my soul at the old spot lingers,
In fancy out on the water clear
With a line running through my fingers.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

GIVE ME A NOOK.

GIVE ME a nook by the water's side
That is close to the fishing hole—
Give me a couple of waves to ride
And a nap on the ocean's roll;
Give me a little of all outdoors
And keep for yourself the town—
Give me a farm and the peasant's chores
And take the ermine and crown.

For I am a King when I fish the lake,
An Emperor in the field—
And there isn't a crown on earth I'd take
For the joy of a fair cast's yield!
And I wear a crown, and a monarch I,
And the sweetest grass is my throne,
Out where the roof is a smiling sky,
In a kingdom that's all my own!

Give me a nook and a book and rod,
And a spring where I may drink;
Give me a touch of the mind of God
In the open, where men can think!
And you may keep the brick-walled ways
Of the city and hug the great;
For you the scepter, for me the days
When the glorious sun sets late!

ANGLING.

ANGLING is one of the gentlest and most refined of arts known to sportsmen of ancient and modern times; its devotees belong to the humblest as well as to the most exalted stations of life. Not only a sport of an excellent charcater is to be derived from fishing but the catch affords an elegant and palatable table article.

The barefoot boy, with torn hat and tattered clothes, equipped with hickory-pole, home-spun line, cheap hook, or bent pin, and bait-can, repairs to the shady fishing-pole where the cool waters purl, and enjoys enticing the lazy yellow-cat with his tempting lure with a keen zest that rivals the thrills that accompany the landing of the wiley black bass by the millionaire with his steel rod, gold mounted diamond-bearing reel, silk line and phantom silver minnow.

Fishing furnishes a delightful medium of harmless open-air enjoyment; it is restful, it brings the angler in close contact with the wonderful charms of Mother Nature's enrapturing enchantments; the primitive instinct of man is called into play; the sordid, envious, jealous world is forgotten as the fisherman plies his art, and his soul becomes attuned to the harmony of his magical environment.

Alabama at one time, by reason of the fact that it was coursed by myriads of clear and swift running streams, was an angler's elysium; black bass, bream, pike and, in the northern sections of the State, salmon abounded in abundance, to say nothing of the dozens of other species of excellent fish that readily took the hook. The modern invention of nets, seines and traps, the use of dynamite in our waters, has been responsible for the appalling decrease in our fish supply.

By the enactment of appropriate legislation for the protection of fish and the strict enforcement of such laws, by restocking our waters with desirable species of fish, the same ideal conditions can be made to prevail as existed in the days primeval.

A Shady Nook.

SUCCESS WITH FISH.

I KNEW a man who managed once a fine aquarium,
And asked for hints on his success, and so he gave me some.

"I keep my shad in shadow, and my sunfish in the sun.
My trigger-fish most carefully I fix upon a gun.
The bass in baskets you will find, and carp in carpets rolled,
And jellyfish preserved in jars will never, never mold.
I keep the skate on ice, of course; my perch on perches perch,
And when the day is fine, I send the angel-fish to church.
I file away my filefish so I know just where they are;
My swordfish in a scabbard lies, and thus escapes a mar.
My sea-horse and my barnacle are always in the stable,
And signs like these I keep in sight as well as I am able;

"Please do not stir the sturgeon up, and do not poke the pike:
And kindly do not maim the limpet by a careless strike.
Pray, do not whale the gentle whale, nor rock the rockfish small,
And do not fly the flying-fish; it would not do at all.
Please do not muss the mussels up, nor saw the sawfish slim;
And do not smoke the pipefish—it would make an end of him.
Please do not light my lamprey. These are just the hints you wish.
Because I follow them myself, I have success with fish."

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SUNFISH.

"SLOWLY upward, wavering, gleaming
Rose the Ugudwash, the Sunfish;
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disc refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision
'Esa! esa! shame upon you,
You are Ugudwash, the Sunfish;
You are not the fish I wanted;
You are not the King of Fishes'."

—*Longfellow.*

THE BASSES AND SUNFISHES.

THE Bass and Sunfish Family enjoys, on the whole, the widest popularity of all the finny families of North America. With due respect to the justly distinguished Trout Family, it is believed that its members are known personally to a much smaller number of people than those of the Bass Family. The reason is that the latter are abundant in the most densely populated portions of the United States, while the human neighbors of the trout are comparatively few.

This Family (of thirty species) leads from the narrow-bodied and athletic black bass, by regular gradations in breadth through the rock bass, calico bass and their allies down to the little gem-like sunfish, with the extreme width of body and the limit of smallness and timidity. The black bass fights like a wild-cat, the sunfish can be taken on a bent pin, at the end of a cotton string; but observe this proportion:

The Sunfish is to the Small Boy as the Black Bass is to the Man.

It is good to find in Nature a Family whose members run from top to bottom in a stair-like series; for if so studied, the natural sequence is a great aid to the memory.

Surely, the Black Bass, be his mouth large or small, is a fish fit to head a family. You can catch an eight-pound yellow pike-perch, and think you have hooked a bunch of weeds; but if you hook a two-pound Black Bass you know at once that you have engaged a Fish.

For its size, this is the bravest and the gamiest fish that swims in our waters. In size and in silver the tarpon is truly the silver king of game-fish; but if he had Black Bass energy and courage in proportion to his size, no hook-and-line angler in a small boat would bring him alive up to the end of a twelve-ounce rod.

The Black Bass has the narrowest body and the darkest color found in the Bass Family. It is built for speed and strength, and colored for concealment. There are two species, so very much like that there is practically but one point of difference—the size of the mouth; and naturally their habits are quite identical. It is important to remember, however, that in color and markings, individuals vary most strangely and unaccountably. Some are uniform dark and light; others are mottled, much and little.

THE CATFISH.

OH, DO not bring the Catfish here!
The Catfish is a name I fear.
Oh, spare each stream and spring,
The Kennet swift, the Wandle clear,
The lake, the loch, the broad, the mere,
From that detested thing!

"The Catfish is a hideous beast,
A bottom-feeder that doth feast
Upon unholy bait;
He's no addition to your meal,
He's rather richer than the eel;
And Ranker than the skate.

"His face is broad, and flat, and glum;
He's like some monstrous miller's thumb;
He's bearded like the pard.
Beholding him the grayling flee,
The trout take refuge in the sea,
The gudgeons go on guard.

"He grows into a startling size;
The British matron 'twould surprise
And raise her burning blush
To see white catfish as large as man,
Through what the bards call 'water wan,'
Come with an ugly rush!

"They say the Catfish climbs the trees,
And robs the roost, and down the breeze
Prolongs his catterwaul.
Oh, leave him in his western flood
Where the Mississippi churns the mud;
Don't bring him here at all!"

CATFISHES.

"Don't talk to me o' bacon fat,
Or taters, coon or 'possum;
Fo' when I'se hooked a yaller cat,
I'se got a meal to boss 'em."

ACQUAINTANCE with this numerous Family usually begins with the bullhead, which is merely a pygmy catfish. Excepting the big Mississippi catfish, it is the most unattractive fish inhabiting our fresh waters, and as an angler's proposition, it is worse than an eel. It is easily taken on a trot-line; and the "trot-line" set for all night across a stream, and hung with about twenty short lines and hooks, represents the lowest depths of depravity in fishing with hook and line. It is even lower than fishing with four poles.

With a tenacity of purpose worthy of a better species, the bullhead ramifies throughout the muddiest rivers and creeks of the United States, and in the heat of midsummer holds on whence all but him have fled. He was built for mud bottoms and murky waters, and so long as the mud is thin enough to swim in, and deep enough to float him, he remains. When removed from his native element, the tenacity of this creature is astonishing. A bullhead will lie on the bank in midsummer sunshine, and breathe hot air for an hour without giving up.

The species of catfishes found in the United States number about thirty, but it is recorded that elsewhere there are about nine hundred and seventy more, representing in all about one hundred genera. Of our series, all save four are confined to the eastern half of the United States.

TROUTING.

FISHING and hunting in a rude state of society were not amusements, but necessary employments, as indeed commercial fishing is now. The literature of fishing is a curious exhibition of the toil and pains men endure to get a little enjoyment.

We present the following idyl on the fascinating sport of trouting:

"I go a fishing."—John xxi, 3.

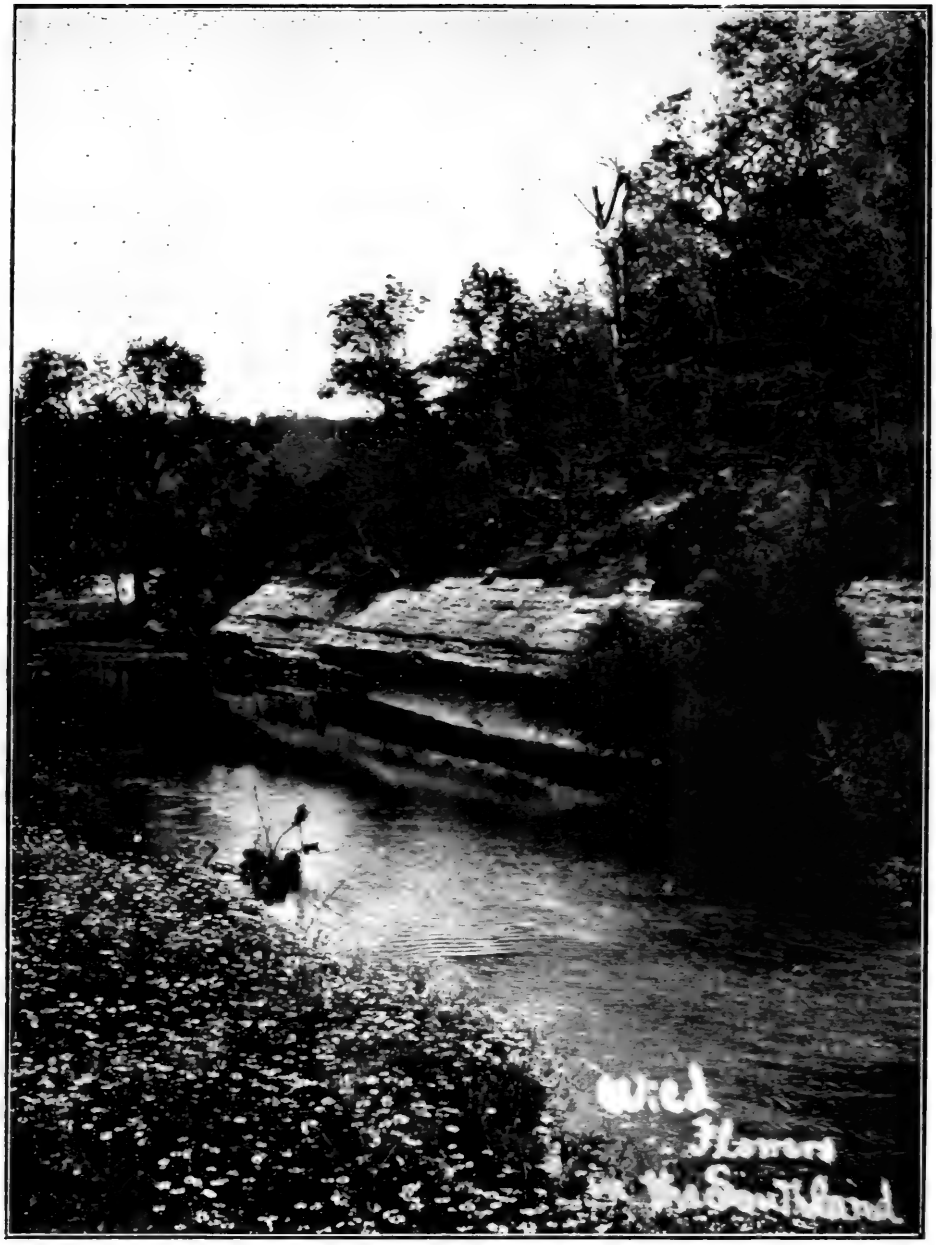
A line,
A hook,
A rod,
A brook,
A man absorbed in fishing;
In camp
To lie,
With trout
To fry;
Farewell to cares and sadness!

A cast,
A bite,
"A trout?"
"You're right;
For this I have been wishing."
No care,
No strife,
In such
A life,
With health and rest and gladness!

Then come
With me,
Away
We'll flee
And spend a month together.

By stream
And lake
Sly trout
We'll take
And sleep in stormy weather.

—*Piscator.*



FISH AND WILD FLOWERS.

THEN AND NOW.

WHEN the dewdrops bright in the dawning gleam,
And the dimpling waters in beauty shine,
As the breathing of morn with odors teem,
With my rod and reel and its silen line,
And a feathered hook of a quaint design,
Tiptoe on the bank, in the dewy grass,
At the foot of a giant Norway pine,
I cast the fly for gamy bass.

When smooth as a mirror are lake and stream,
And the shady pools hold the quiet kine,
And pond lilies float in a noontide dream,
With my rod and reel and its silken line
I hie to the sylvan shades, and dine
Beneath the groined arches that far surpass
The Gothic of man; then in dreams divine
I cast the fly for gamy bass.

When the setting sun, with its crimson beam,
Transmutes the waters to ruby wine,
I return again, in delight supreme,
With my rod and reel and its silken line;
And there, in the hour of day's decline,
As the exquisite moments swiftly pass,
With a joy that language cannot define,
I cast the fly for gamy bass.

Dear fellow: ensconced in this den of mine,
With my rod and reel and its silken line,
In your "Pipe Smoke Carries" alone, alas!
I cast the fly for the gamy bass.

—*J. S. Z., in the Chicago Tribune.*

FISHING TIME.

GEE, but ain't I feeling bum, disinclined to work,
Surest sign that spring has come, when I want to shirk.
Wisht a cloud would hide the sun, need a good excuse,
Just can't get my plowing done, ain't a bit o' use.
Hate to waste these balmy days, nature's in her prime;
Every bud and blossom says, "this is fishing time."

My! that sun is awful hot, like a day in June,
Say, I'd just as lief as not quite my job at noon;
Take my good old jointed pole and a can o' bait,
Down beside the fishing hole, sit and smoke and wait
Till the sun begins to drop, an' the shadows climb;
Seems like I could never stop when it's fishing time.

When a thousand blossoms deck all the dogwood trees,
Then I get it in the neck, likewise in the knees;
Appetite is all askew, nothing seems to fit,
Only one thing I can do, that's to up an' quit,
Take my pole an' hike away; loafing ain't no crime,
I can work another day, this is fishing time!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE RAINBOW TROUT.

THE Rainbow Trout is a fish of real beauty, comfortable size, fine flavor, and easy to propagate artificially. On this side of the Rocky Mountains, however, it is not politic to assert that it is more beautiful than the brook trout; but Dr. Jordan says that "by many anglers it is regarded as the greatest of all game fishes." It "reaches a weight of half a pound to 5 or 6 pounds, though in most of the streams in which it is found it rarely exceeds 2 or 3 pounds." It bites readily, but when hooked makes a gallant fight to escape, rushing, leaping, and shaking its head vigorously to expel the barb.

In appearance, this typical Rainbow Trout is like an elegant little salmon from 15 to 18 inches long, with spots along its upper body like those of the eastern brook trout, and sides like a section of a rainbow. It is found only in the small brooks of the coast rankes of California, from Klamath River to San Diego. It takes a fly with a degree of readiness which "will please the most impatient of inexperienced amteurs."

The group of Rainbow Trout contains six species all told, the others being the Western Oregon Brook Trout, which is the species propagated by the United States Bureau of Fisheries; the Kern River Trout; Golden Trout of Mt. Whitney and Kern River, which Dr. Jordan considers the most beautiful of all, and Stone's Trout. All these species are found only along the Pacific coast, between Washington and Southern California.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS.

THE State owes a civic duty to the people to preserve all the natural resources, whether they be in forests, in mines, in water-ways, in birds, in game or in fish. The early idea predominated that any restriction imposed upon the right to make assaults upon Nature's storehouse was a curtailment and an abridgment of human liberty, and therefore hostile to the principles of free government. However, the minds of the American people have become thoroughly awakened to the imperative necessity of the conservation of our natural assets, and the hand of the reckless, the wanton and the vandal is sought to be held in check from making relentless assaults upon the treasures of Nature's storehouse.

The teachers of Alabama can be of invaluable aid to the next generations by imbuing the minds of the children they teach with the idea that birds should not be killed, not only because of their brilliance, so pleasing to the observer, and their sweet music, redolent with liquid melody, but because of their civic value of inestimable intrinsic worth.

The great question of the cause of plant maladies, the problem of weed control and the aggression of insect life grows harrassing to the farmers. The reason for this is simple. Many of our most beneficial birds, among them doves, robins, cardinals, quail, field-larks and bullbats, have been so ruthlessly destroyed that in less than a generation their numbers have deceased eighty per cent.

Without birds our beautiful State would not only become unproductive but absolutely uninhabitable. A noted French scientist has declared that without birds to check the ravages of insects, human life would vanish from the planet in the space of nine years. The insects would first fall upon the crops, then upon the pastures and the foliage of the forests. This would leave to man no cereals, stock nor cattle, for these would perish for the want of food, then man, in direness of his great extremity, would be driven to becoming a cannibal, or else forced to subsist exclusively upon a diet of fish.

Teach the children to love the birds, not only because of the inspiring strains of their beautiful music that pervades the woodlands and thrills the soul with lofty ideals and exalted aspirations, but for the reason that each bird is a toiler for the people, from day to day, without remuneration; and without the birds to check the assaults of insects upon the vegetable kingdom, Fair Alabama would soon be precipitated from peace, happiness and prosperity into the throes of woe, desolation and despair.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Date Due