

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF BIRDS

By **WILLIAM J. HORNADAY**
Director of the New York Zoological Park

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The United States department of agriculture is responsible for the starting statement that, in the year 1904, insect pests cost this country no less than \$420,100,000. Here are the figures of government experts:

Product	Percentage	Amount of Loss
Corn	10	\$200,000,000
Hay	10	50,000,000
Cotton	10	60,000,000
Tobacco	10	5,000,000
Truck crops	10	25,000,000
Sugars	10	5,000,000
Fruits	10	27,000,000
Farm forests	10	11,000,000
Miscellaneous crops	10	5,800,000
Total		\$420,100,000

Keeping in mind this enormous loss, consider also the following facts:

- (1) That insectivorous birds do more than all other agencies combined to keep down insect pests;
- (2) That such birds undoubtedly are rapidly decreasing in number; and that, therefore,
- (3) Destructive insects are, in all probability, increasing very rapidly.



The Robin.
Highly Valuable as an Insect and Grub Destroyer, But Murdered by the Thousands for Pot-Pies in the South.

with the result that the damage they do is mounting up, year by year.

It is perfectly apparent that here is a situation which demands immediate action, and that this action should bring about the vigilant protection for all time, and in all parts of the country, of the most useful of these birds already on the toboggan slide toward extermination, as the result of stupid state legislation, or the lax enforcement of such laws as have been enacted. To be explicit:

There are seven states in which the robin is being legally killed by the tens of thousands annually as "game." These states are Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee and Maryland.

The black bird is legalized "game," and suffers the same fate in four states—Louisiana, South Carolina, Tennessee and Pennsylvania—and the District of Columbia besides.

Doves are slaughtered by the wholesale in 26 states, much to the loss of the farmers, for this bird is a great eater of weed seeds.

Cranes, which are also very useful birds, are much hunted for food and for "sport" in Colorado, Nebraska, North Dakota and Oklahoma.

Of the sixty-odd species of shorebirds (i. e., snipe, curlews, plovers, sandpipers and the like), at least 30 feed on noxious insects; yet all of these birds are rapidly disappearing. According to Mr. W. L. McAtee of the



Golden-Winged Woodpecker.
A Great Tree-Protector, and Champion Ant-Destroyer Which Is Being Exterminated by Pot-Hunters.

bureau of biological survey (United States department of agriculture): "The black-bellied plover, or beetle-head, which occurred along the Atlantic coast in great numbers years ago, is now seen only as a straggler. The golden plover, once exceedingly abundant east of the Great Plains, is now rare.... The Eskimo curlew which in the last decade has probably been

Episcopal Cure for Rheumatism. Rev. Joshua Kimber, in his interesting reminiscences, which have been running through the Living Church (Milwaukee), tells the following anecdote of the late Bishop Horatio Potter:

He had been journeying up the east bank of the Hudson river, stopping for conversation each day at adjoining parishes. When he reached Poughkeepsie he saw a woman at the rail waiting for a train. She had a bundle somewhat familiar with. He was also certain that she had been confirmed within the week at another place. The bishop whispered to her to remain after service, and said: "My dear madam, what do you mean by coming for confirmation? I am sure I confirmed you on Monday at such a place. Did I not?" She said: "Yes certainly did. I have been following you up the river, and have been confirmed every day this week."



The Jacksnipe.
A Useful Bird Which Is Rapidly Becoming Extinct.

exterminated, and other curlews greatly reduced.... So adverse to the shorebirds are present conditions that the wonder is that any escape. In both fall and spring they are shot along the whole route of their migration north and south.

The accompanying illustrations present portraits of a group of birds, most of which the average person probably knows by sight, though I fear that only a small minority have a clear idea of their very great economic worth.

The jacksnipe (or Wilson's snipe) is one of the shorebirds (referred to by Mr. McAtee), which, as a family, are being rapidly exterminated. It destroys large numbers of worms and larvae, for which it probes with its long bill in the soft earth of corn and potato fields—thereby doing the farmer a great service—as well as along the shores of ponds, lakes and streams. It also feeds on grasshoppers and other injurious insects. It should be carefully protected, especially during the breeding season.

The killdeer plover is another valuable and beautiful shorebird which is being hunted to death. It frequents meadows and pasture lands, as well as shores, and devours great quantities of mosquitoes, crane flies, grasshoppers, army worms, cut worms, caterpillars, cotton-boll weevils, clover-leaf weevils, rice weevils, marine worms, wire worms and crayfish.

Doubtless everybody knows the robin, perhaps the most democratic of our birds, beloved in the northern states



The Killdeer Plover.
Another Valuable Shorebird Which Destroys Great Quantities of Worms and Insects.

HAREMS OUT OF DATE IN TURKEY

Only the Sultan Adheres to the Old Style Oriental Institution—Modern Turk Resorts to Divorce.

The domestic arrangements of the sultan are entirely different from those of his subjects. Most Turks have one wife; the sultan has a recognized harem. Turks of high rank marry into their own class; the sultan forms unions with women of slave origin. The ordinary man may not look upon an unveiled woman except as his relation or servant; the sultan has the right to talk with any woman in the land face to face. Turks of position model their households more or less on the European plan; the sultan's household is oriental.

That does not mean that in the imperial palace you would find women slipping sherbet or smoking narghilehs or clad in baggy trousers. On the contrary, you would find them smoking nothing more oriental than a cigarette, sitting on a European chair—and, yes, wearing corsets! But the code of morals is entirely different, says the New York Sun.

The imperial harem is founded on the old court system of the Byzantine emperors and has an etiquette and law of its own. The first fact one must grasp is that the wives or favorites of the sultan have no importance at all. They are nobodies. The daughter of a Circassian peasant may be honored by the sultan's favor and even bear him a child, but yet be distinguished by no other title than the commonplace "Kadin Efendi." Only the mother of the eldest son receives the royal designation of "sultan," her whole title being "Kharaki sultan."

Her dignity only results from her being the mother of a possible heir to the throne; that is, in the event that the sultan has no brothers, for the brothers have the right of prece-

for his cheerful song and his handsome appearance, glad everywhere to be the companion and the friend of man when he is well treated, and highly valuable as a destroyer of harmful grubs, worms and insects. Yet this bird is murdered literally by the thousands for pot-pies by negroes and poor whites in the southern states above mentioned, and is more or less hunted in other states. Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, who lives on Avery Island, La., says that during the ten days or two weeks of the "robin season" (in January when the berries are ripe) at least 10,000 of these useful and beautiful birds are slaughtered daily for the pot.

"Every negro man and boy who can raise a gun is after them," says Mr. McIlhenny. Although this bird causes some loss to small fruit growers, it certainly does vastly more good than harm. It is constantly at work on lawns and fields hunting for destructive insects, which it is exceedingly difficult to keep in control. It devours many caterpillars, including hairy species, which infest the orchard, woodland and shade trees. Formerly 90 per cent. of its food is insects, and 43 per cent. wild fruit. It would pay the farmer well to go some expense in order to keep the robins away from his fruit trees and berry bushes rather than shoot these birds which are so useful to him in many ways. To murder them for pot-pies is, of course, nothing short of barbarous.

The purple martin is also fond of the society of man, and when not molested by the villainous English sparrows—and still more villainous men by whom it is shot for food, chiefly in the south—it is glad to breed in birdhouses, near human habitations. It makes a charming neighbor



The Purple Martin.
An Industrious Hunter of Mosquitoes and Other Dangerous Insects, Which Itself Is Being Hunted to Death as Food.

and a very useful one, for it is remarkably swift and graceful on the wing, and is expert and persistent in catching rose beetles, May beetles, cucumber beetles, mosquitoes, house flies and flies that trouble horses and cattle. One observer records that 32 parent martins made 3,275 visits to their young in one day, each visit meaning, probably, anywhere from one to half a dozen insects.

The nighthawk (also called "bull-bat"), probably one of the most useful of birds. It feeds exclusively on insects, and ranks next to the golden-winged woodpecker (flicker) as a feathered destroyer of ants, which it takes when they are in the winged stage. Potato beetles, cucumber beetles, leaf hoppers, bugs of various kinds and enormous quantities of gnats and mosquitoes are found in their stomachs. They are entirely harmless, for they never feed on fruit, grain, grass or vegetables. Yet they are being hunted for sport and are being exterminated.

The loggerhead (or southern) shrike is a champion pest destroyer, a large



The Nighthawk.
One of the Most Useful of Insectivorous Birds Which Is Being Hunted for "Sport" and Exterminated.

percentage of its food being harmful rodents and destructive insects, the latter including grasshoppers, crickets and moths, which it frequently impales upon thorns or sharp twigs. It sometimes catches young birds (though this is more characteristic of the northern shrike, or butcher bird), but its diet is chiefly insects and small rodents. It is, therefore, very valuable to the farmer.

The golden-winged woodpecker (also called "flicker," "highhole," etc.) is an industrious tree protector, and the most efficient of all feathered ant-eaters. It is also feeds freely upon beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, and other harmful insects, as well as on weed seeds. Yet it is rapidly growing rare because it is much hunted for food. It should be protected everywhere and at all times.

In view of the decrease already accomplished in the general volume of bird life in America, in view of the enormous losses annually inflicted upon the people of this country by the ravages of insects, and in view of the destruction of wild life which is now furiously proceeding throughout America, the McLean bill, which is now before congress, to provide for the federal protection of all migratory birds, becomes the most important wild life measure that ever came before that body. In view of the annual economic loss that will continue as long as a federal migratory bird bill fails to pass, it is impossible for anyone to put forth one good reason—unless it be on purely technical grounds—against that measure. The weeks bill, before the lower house of congress, is precisely like the McLean bill, and it matters not which one passes first.

Unless the people of this country wish to shut their eyes to their own interests, and pay out millions of dollars annually in the form of increased cost of living due to the losses caused by insect pests which would be destroyed by the birds, they should demand that a federal migratory bird bill be at once enacted into a law. It is Senate Bill No. 6437, and on the senate calendar it is No. 606. We cannot afford to wait until 1914 or 1915, and congress has full power to act this winter.



The Loggerhead Shrike.
Fifty-nine Per Cent. of Its Food Is Insects, and Twenty-eight Per Cent. Is Harmful Rodents.

placing polygamy—a simple repudiation by the husband of his wife, provided he is well enough off to pay the nekayah or marriage settlement, which he is legally bound to hand over to her.

The woman of the poorest classes can go out alone. Custom does not oblige her to wear her veil down. Should her husband, in a fit of anger, wish to divorce her, he must first of all produce the nekayah, the dowry, in ready money, not an easy matter for a poor man.

The real danger to domestic happiness in the great mass of Turkish homes is the growing tendency of divorce, and a divorce wholly favorable to the man as against the woman.

The payment of the modest nekayah arranged at the time of his marriage is a simple affair, and it is seldom enough to keep the divorced wife for the rest of her days. She is forced to take refuge with her parents or to find shelter with some of her friends.

Day on Which Women Rule.

Candlemas day is not celebrated in Holland much more than in England, but its place is taken by a festival unknown in this country. The Slupper day in the Netherlands is the one day in the year in which the Dutch woman claims superiority over her husband. On that day she rules him to her heart's content, and he generally obeys good humoredly enough. That is, unless she is one of those ladies not unknown in Holland or in any other country who aspire to complete rule over their unhappy partners throughout the year.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Jumped, Killed; Stayed, Safe.

Ernest Woods, fireman, jumped and was killed, while Fred Lebus, engineer, stayed at his post and escaped death when the train from St. Albans, which they were driving, collided with an engine in the Grand Trunk yards at Montreal. Woods had barely leaped from the engine when the baggage car toppled over upon him.

that I have been most abstemious. I have eaten sparingly, and have not used tobacco, and have taken little exercise."

Recipes for Longevity.
The late John Bigelow, the patriot of diplomats and authors, and the no less distinguished physician and author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, were together several years ago at West Point. Dr. Bigelow was then ninety-two and Dr. Mitchell eighty. The conversation turned to the subject of age. "I attribute my many years," said Dr. Bigelow, "to the fact

MEN WHO THREATENED WOODROW WILSON



These are the three New Jersey mountaineers who threatened to "shoot" Woodrow Wilson unless he paid them \$5,000. From left to right, Jacob Dunn, Seeley Davenport and Warren Dunn. They live near the village of Wharton, N. J., where the neighbors speak of them as law-abiding citizens.

ODD CIVIC SHOWS

Queer English Election Ceremonies Seldom Heard Of.

Water is Drunk to the Memory of Sir Francis Drake—Perquisites of London's Mayor—One Sheriff Fined 50 Pounds for Insult.

London.—There are several towns in the united kingdom which boast an annual show day. London's lord mayor's show, so far as the procession is concerned, has no rival; but, nevertheless, the election of mayors of provincial towns is attended with functions both interesting and curious. For instance, the annual election of the mayor of High Wycombe is not considered complete unless his worship is "weighed in." The mayor, as well as each member of the corporation, takes a seat on a pair of gigantic scales, and the result is entered in a big book kept at the town hall for the purpose. It is declared that the custom dates back to the reign of Edward I.

When a man reaches the mayorship of Plymouth he is supposed, according to an ancient custom, to pay at least one visit during his reign of office to the Lake of Burrator. When this function takes place the whole corporation turns out in all its finery, and, led by the mayor, journeys to the lake.

Arriving there, two lines are formed, and a couple of ancient golden goblets, filled with water taken from the lake, are passed round from mouth to mouth. The mayor and corporation drink to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who, when mayor of Plymouth, brought water to the town by means of a canal more than twenty miles in length. When the water vessels are filled with wine, and the mayor, holding one at arm's length, exclaims: "May the descendants of him who gave us water never want wine!"

The visit to Burrator lake concludes with a feast, the first dish served being a sucking pig.

The mayor of Peterborough's show is held every October, and his worship and the members of the corporation make their way to Bridge Fair, and declare it open from the bridge spanning the river. The bridge unites two counties—Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire—and the mayor, after adjuring all visitors to the fair to conduct themselves soberly and civilly, goes on to declare that "the fair may be held as well in Northamptonshire as in Huntingdonshire today, tomorrow and the day afterward."

A very ancient custom is the presenting to London's mayor and mayors every year a selection of pears, apples and grapes by the master of the Fruiterers' company and the general purveyors committee of the city of London.

It is interesting to know that in earlier times the lord mayor of London was entitled to a proportion of every consignment of fruit arriving in the metropolis by ship. The action of this due caused a good deal of disagreement in days gone by, and it was finally arranged that a yearly presentation of fruit should be accepted in its place.

Ever since the days of William the Conqueror, the chief magistrate of the city has received four bucks from the Royal forests, while each sheriff has received three bucks, and the recorder, the common serjeant, the chamberlain and other city officials one each. Since the title of lord mayor was bestowed on Sir Thomas Legge by Edward III., in 1345, the high office has carried with it all manner of titles and dignities. In early days he sometimes used his power to the disadvantage of those in office under him. For instance, Harrison, referring to the lord mayor for the year 1473, says: "This year Thomas Byfield, one of the

sheriffs of London, was fined £50 by the court of aldermen for affronting the lord mayor, which arose from no other cause than his kneeling too near the mayor during prayers at St. Paul's cathedral."

DECRIES UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Man Declares Work is Caricature and Has Done More Harm Than Any Other Volume.

Camden, N. J.—In an address at the Camden high school, F. Hopkinson Smith, writer and artist, said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done more harm than any other book ever written. He added that the general condition of the negro had not improved since the Civil war, and that the negroes of the south were happier, better cared for and more content in the days of slavery than they were now.

Mr. Smith's criticism of Uncle Tom's Cabin was based on his belief that the book gave the world an erroneous conception of the negroes' life and condition before the war. He said the chief incidents in Mrs. Stowe's work were such as never could have happened in the south. He attributed much of the bitterness that prevailed in the south years before the war to "misinformation conveyed broadcast" by "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mrs. Stowe, he said, was to be blamed only for making such use of incidents that came to her knowledge at second hand. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a whole, he insisted, was a highly colored caricature that did not reflect real life in the south.

Death Betrays Ex-Convict.

Denton, Tex.—The death of John Ellis, for 35 years a resident of this city, resulted in the revelation that Ellis was really Joseph G. Addison, who was convicted of voluntary manslaughter in Buchanan county, Ga., in 1873, and escaped after serving three years of a 15-year sentence. Five years ago Ellis told his story to a friend with the request that it be given to the world after his death.

FIGHTS AGAINST HER BABIES

Children, Two, Three and Four Years Old, Are Kept at Cradle Age by Mother.

Cleveland, Ohio.—In a little kitchen at her home, Mrs. Mood Thol has battled with nature for years secretly in an effort to keep time from touching her babies.

Around her feet crept three children, two, three and four years old. Victims of a strange code her ingenuously devised to prevent them advancing beyond the cradle, they laughed, kicked their feet and waved their hands as she creoned over them.

The eldest boy did not creep faster or with greater ease than the younger ones. He mumbled incoherently, and tugged at his mother's dress and slobbered over a little bib, when she tickled him beneath the chin. He is barely larger than a child of two years and apparently has not advanced intellectually beyond the cradle.

To further defeat their development, the mother has never fed them anything except baby food. What lay beyond the door, through which a stranger never passed, they had no idea.

Neighbors say the woman never took her children away from home. Occasionally in the hot summer, they say, she would wheel them away in the darkness, but always guarding them closely from the gaze of any persons. "She has a strange desire to always keep them babies," Deputy Sheriff Sobczak said. "The four-year-old boy cannot talk or walk. He is not as large as an ordinary youngster of eighteen months old." Several days ago William James,

STUDENT HUNTS BUG

Member of Entomological Staff Tells of Expedition.

Small Beetle-Like Insects Are Never Known to Venture From Crannies During Daylight—Rare Species Are Worth \$25.

Washington.—Housewives who wage incessant war on cockroaches and other vermin are cautioned by entomologists to stay their hands and inquire carefully into the antecedents of any black beetle-like bug which peers around a corner of the kitchen sink. For the visitor may be none other than one of the amblychilla baroni coccinellidae, the most aristocratic family in bugdom, whose members retail at as much as \$25 apiece, provided they are delivered with limbs and feelers intact.

A former student of the University of Chicago, who is now on the entomological staff of the department of agriculture at Washington, a few days ago described his expedition into the native haunts of the amblychilla, which he explored long enough to gather in considerable pin money by the sale of whole families.

"When I learned the baroni had been seen in an obscure part of Arizona only about half a dozen bugs were known to entomologists," said the investigator. "One of these was in the Leconte and Horn collection in Philadelphia. Most of the others were in the River collection in San Francisco.

The first had been caught near Globe, Ariz. A naturalist named Schaeffer also located a few southeast of Nogales, Ariz. I was familiar with the characteristic of the creature through my studies under Curator Snow of the University of Kansas, now deceased, and when he invited me to join a party into the mountains of Arizona to hunt the amblychilla I was glad to go as if there had been buried treasure at the end of the journey.

"We found conditions favorable at Peach Springs, near Ashford, Ariz. From there we went into the mountains. There were no amblychilla to be seen, but we acted on the general supposition that they were in this neighborhood. We spent several days moving about in the mountains and finally selected a favorable spot for the bug to appear.

"Now, the amblychilla baroni family is most exclusive and has never been known to come forth in broad daylight. Twilight and an hour before dawn are supposed to be the times when they appear. We tried several twilights and several dawns without result. One night a light rain fell and we agreed that the dampness might invite the bugs out, although it made it decidedly uncomfortable for us.

"That night we scattered over the hills and kept watch near crannies in the rocks. I lay with my head resting on my elbow watching innumerable insects and bugs crawl by in the shady light. Finally I saw the long, black feelers of what might be one of the amblychilla appear, and then another. I waited until they got well out of the crannies, for they are decidedly cautious creatures, then scooped the two up in my hand. By their struggles I knew that I had the right species. No bug struggles as hard as the baroni. Then I stuck them into a small pair of cyano, of potassium which I carried. The fumes killed them quickly.

"I sold a number of my amblychilla baroni for \$25 and some for \$15 and \$10. Our expedition multiplied the number of known specimens considerably and the price went down a little. I don't know how many specimens our entire party captured, but altogether the expedition was a success from a monetary as well as an entomological standpoint."

GIRL ROBS IN MALE ATTIRE

Young Woman Arrested as Burglar Says Man Induced Her to Commit Crime.

Danbury, Conn.—Disguised in male attire, Amy Travers, a pretty 25-year-old girl, entered the apartments of George Trumbley shortly after midnight and stole \$23 from the pocket of Mr. Trumbley, who was asleep in the room.

The girl, who had never been arrested before, accused George Smith of having induced her to commit the crime. Smith has a criminal record in Connecticut cities. The girl said she retained only \$4 of the stolen money, giving the remainder to Smith. The man denied this, but the police found the money in his shoes.

Miss Travers was released on bonds furnished by a relative. She will be arraigned in the police court Monday. Detectives who have been investigating a series of burglaries arrested the girl at her home this afternoon.

She said Smith furnished her with the clothing she wore when she visited Trumbley's apartments. She denied having participated in any other burglaries.

Girl Had Never Seen Train

Great Barrington, Me.—Lola Phillips, a 15-year-old girl, arraigned on a charge of being a delinquent child, told the judge she had never seen a railroad train or a trolley car and had seen only one automobile in her life. The girl had stolen a quantity of household furnishings from a neighboring house, and had been parents the article were gifts.

WINS BY WALKING SIX YEARS

Peddles Patent Kitchen Utensil to Pay His Way as He Travels the Country Over.

Memphis.—Walking to cheat death, Robert E. Hillman, thirty years old, arrived in Memphis, covering the last lap of probably the strangest journey in the history of the country. Six years ago physicians told Hillman in Waterbury, Me., that within a month or two he would be dead, a

victim of the white plague. A friend advised Hillman to "get plenty of fresh air; get out and walk, eat vegetables, drink plenty of water and fresh milk."

And so Hillman started to walk and tramped all but 400 miles of the way to San Francisco. Hillman arrived in Memphis from Texas. He walked from Dallas to that city. Physicians declare him a well man, and he will go back to his old home town on a train. In the six years, he has made enough money from the sale of patent kitchen

Utensils to more than buy transportation.

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