

When the nesting season was on, large parties visited the locality both night and day, and killed the birds until their arms ached. The indifference of the pigeons amounted at times to stupidity, and aided in their own destruction. Trees were cut down with their burden of squabs, while the adults were netted, suffocated with sulphur fires, clubbed, shot, and dispatched in various ways, by a multiplicity of weapons. It is on record that after the birds had been packed for shipment the farmers in the neighbourhood turned their hogs loose in the ruined rookery to fatten on the bodies which the packers had overlooked. From one point in Michigan, one hundred barrels of birds were shipped to market every day for thirty days, and, allowing four hundred and eighty birds to the barrel, a fair estimate, this would bring the total to the astounding figure of one million four hundred and forty thousand birds. And there were many such wholesale butcheries.

When such facts as these are faced, it is small wonder that the pigeons did not last. Each year showed a decrease in their numbers, the market slaughter thinning the ranks with speed. In the '90's, reports that pigeons were seen needed verification. Collectors had watched their opportunity, and had taken advantage whenever possible. The end was at hand. At the beginning of this century the passenger pigeon had all but disappeared. Vague reports would be heard every now and then, but investigation showed that all were based upon the sight of the mourning dove. To see a live passenger pigeon, one had to visit a zoological park, where some few still existed. It was in such a place that the *Finis* of their history was written. For many years, the Cincinnati Zoological Park possessed a female which was on exhibition, until, in 1914, this last survivor of a once mighty host passed away.

So ends their tragic history. It is one which reflects no credit to mankind in his treatment of the wild kindred, but we may hope that the lesson has been learned that will benefit others of the furred and feathered inhabitants of this country, and gain protection for them.—Reprinted from *Nature Magazine*, November, 1928.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

(Signed) BIRD LOVER.

The above message from one of its child members has been received through the post by the Society wrapped around a threepenny piece.
Verb. Sap.