

STEEL TRAPS BARRED.

In one of the greatest demonstrations of public feeling for animals ever registered at the polls, citizens of Massachusetts overwhelmingly passed the anti-steel trap bill by their referendum, November 4, 1930. The vote was 589,013 in favour of the restrictive measure, and 259,014 against. With the counting of the final ballots, the steel trap made its last bow in the Bay State. Led by Francis H. Rowley, president, Howard Noble, managing director, and, principally, Mrs. Edward Breck, widow of the late Lt.-Commander Breck, who founded the national league, the Anti-Steel Trap League, Massachusetts Division, performed a lion's share of the work to bring victory. Massachusetts did herself proud at the ballot-box, and other states may without fear follow her example.—*American Nature Magazine*.

AN INTERESTING OBSERVATION.

On the morning of October 1st my sister and I happened to rise early, and when we went outside we saw hundreds of birds with backs and wings of dark green, and with breasts striped with dark brown and fawny coloured bars. We were greatly excited. The teacher lived at our place, so we rushed in and called him, and he soon joined us. The birds seemed to be very tired. They were perched on the fences, trees, and sheds, and did not move till we almost touched them. The teacher said that they must have just arrived. Close to the cowshed there was a drain. We got some pieces of sack and started to beat the sides of it, and so disturbed the flies and gnats. The cuckoos flew round and round us, quite close, catching the insects. The poor birds were very hungry. They stayed about for a few hours and then disappeared.—*Edna Smith, Maunganui, in "N.Z. Children's Newspaper."*

HAWKS.

Paul L. Errington, writing in "American Game," a publication set apart to advocate the interests of sportsmen, says, "What if a Red-tailed Hawk does drive a quail covey into an open corn-shock now and then? The hawk enjoys all the more the meadow mouse that he gets half-an-hour later and the quail are keener birds for the experience."

"We don't want our game to soften in an unnatural atmosphere of man-made security, like chickens in a coop. The birds we want in our coverts are the topnotch northern Bob-white, plump, fit, danger-tempered and—given an even break—equal to looking out for themselves. If the desire of the sportsman,