

BIRDS

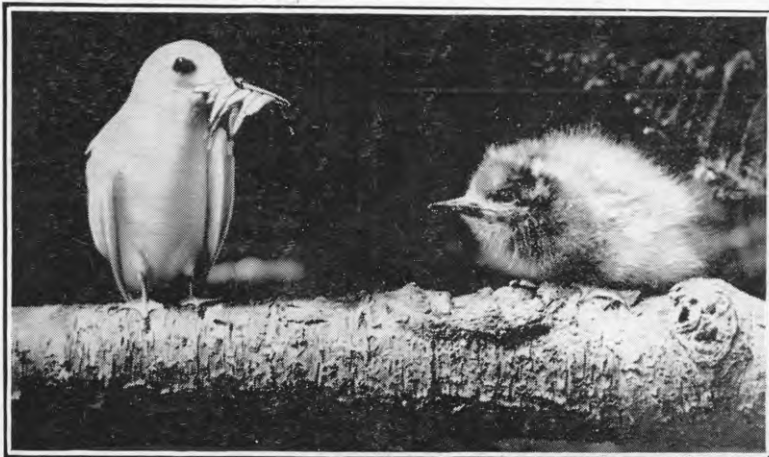
ISSUED BY

New Zealand Native Bird Protection Society (Inc.)

Head Office - - Box 631, Wellington

Otago Branch - - Box 672, Dunedin

Southland Branch - Box 400, Invercargill



WHITE TERN WITH FISH, NORFOLK ISLAND.

[Photo by Roy Bell.]

OBJECTS—To advocate and obtain the efficient protection and preservation of our native birds, a bird day for our schools, unity of control of all wild life, and the preservation of sanctuaries, scenic reserves, etc., in their native state.

Affiliated with the International Committee for the Protection of Wild Birds.

The foundation of true conservation is in the setting aside of sanctuaries efficiently and rigidly controlled by men who know how.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Life Members - £5.

Endowment Members, £1 per annum. Ordinary Members, 5/- per annum
Children - 1/- per annum.

(Membership open to all.)

New Zealanders! Protect Your Native Birds!



NATIVE PIGEON IN
CIVILISATION,
Southland.



THIS BIRD HAS BEEN
KNOWN FOR 5 YEARS.

[Photo by J. C. Glyde, Kamo.]



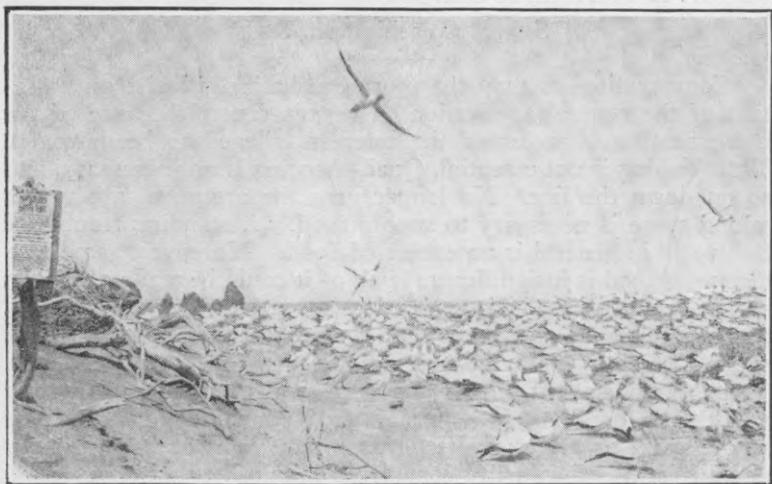
PIED BILLED GULL AT NEST.

[Photo by Bernard Sladden.]



PIED SHAGS ON BEACH, RURIMA ISLETS.

[Photo by Bernard Sladden.]



WHITE ISLAND GANNETS.

(Photo by Ralph Ward.

THE fact that our New Zealand forests are entirely different from any other forests in the whole world cannot be too strongly emphasised. This makes the problems connected with our native forests and their natural inhabitants exclusively one for New Zealand. Anything which applies to other forests does not necessarily apply to those of this country. Little is known of the habits and peculiarities of this special plant life—the economic relation of one plant to others, and many other matters connected with this peculiar forest which, apart from all other forests, was evolved without the presence of mammals, and for ages has been widely separated by great oceans from all other large land masses.

A LITTLE ESSAY ON VERMIN.

(By W. L. McATEE, in Charge Food Habits Research, Biological Survey, Washington, D.C.)

Conservationists may the more emphatically insist on cessation of the general application of vermin-control because of the non-essential character of the interests alleged to be damaged. Trout-fishing is not essential, Quail-shooting is not necessary, and so on down the line. No longer does the argument apply that taking game is necessary to supply food. A standing trouble of the world in general is an excess of food. Moreover, game as a source of food is insignificant; if all of it could be made available, it would not suffice our population for a single day. Further, there is certainly no reason that sport should be so nursed and subsidised as to yield the very utmost in game brought to bag. There is, to state it simply, no necessity or urgency about the matter at all. Sport is a luxury and cannot be considered for one moment as giving to its devotees any right of harrying any and all forms of wild life considered inimical.

THE STRANGE STORY OF ANIMAL LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The isolation of New Zealand is unique. The seas around it are of vast depth and of proportionately great age. During the chalk period—before the great deposits and changes of the earth's face which we assign to the Tertiary period—New Zealand consisted of a number of small scattered islands, which gradually, as the floor of the sea rose in that part of the world, became a continent stretching northward and joining New Guinea. In that very ancient time the land was covered with ferns and large trees. Birds (as we now know them) had only lately come into existence in the northern hemisphere, and when New Zealand for a time joined that area the birds, as well as a few lizards and one kind of frog, migrated south and colonised the new land. It is probable that the very peculiar lizard-like reptile of New Zealand—the “tuatara” or *Sphenodon*—entered its area at a still earlier stage of surface change. That creature (only 20in. long) is the only living representative of very remarkable extinct reptiles which lived in the area which now is England, and, in fact, in all parts of the world, during the Triassic period, further behind the chalk in date than the chalk is behind our own day. For ages, this “type” with its peculiar beak-like jaws, has sur-

vived only in New Zealand. Having received, as it were, a small cargo of birds and reptiles, but no hairy, warm-blooded quadruped, no mammal, New Zealand became at the end of the chalk-period detached from the northern continent, and isolated, and has remained so ever since. Migratory birds from the north visited it, and at a late date two kinds of bats reached it and established themselves.

When we divide the land surfaces of the earth according to their history as indicated by the nature of their living fauna and flora and their geological structure, and the fossilised remains of their past inhabitants, it becomes necessary to separate the whole land surface into two primary sections: (a) New Zealand, and (b) the rest of the world.—Sir Ray Lankester in *More Science from an Easy Chair*.

HEATH HEN GONE?

"The last heath hen on earth has not been seen since 9th May, and there is strong probability that this once numerous species has finally gone to absolute extinction," Prof. Alfred O. Gross, of Bowdoin College, who for a number of years has issued all official reports on the heath hen, announced at the annual American Game Conference.

Dr. Gross said that never before has so much time elapsed without the bird's being glimpsed by attendants on Martha's Vineyard Island, Massachusetts, where final efforts were made to save the heath hen race and where for nearly four years the last survivor existed alone.

If the scientist's fears are correct, metal leg bands which he placed on the bird during his survey in May should help investigators to learn how the heath hen cock met its fate.

Dr. Gross described the heath hen as "the outstanding wild-life martyr of all time." He said that the wide publicity given the "last bird" has fired the imagination and aroused public interest in conservation as nothing else ever did.

"The going of the heath hen has awakened sportsmen to the fact that other game birds will be in danger if we continue as we have in the past. Because of this awakening game research has splendid support in America to-day.

"Had we known 50 years ago what we know to-day about diseases and parasites, methods of rearing grouse in captivity and various important facts concerning the biology of the grouse, the heath hen would undoubtedly have been saved from extinction," he said. "As it is, the heath hen has passed on, but in going has saved other species."—*American Game*.

VANISHING WILD LIFE.

(By The Society for the Preservation of Fauna of the Empire
(London).)

"Singing birds are with us . . . beasts of intelligence and heroic forms. . . . Yes, these we have, but, oh, for the songs that will never be heard on earth now! for the beauty we shall never see! for the forms of light and glory which will never flit among earth's trees!—for the creatures of intelligence that will never tread earth's floor! Oh, the might have been, which is forever impossible now!"—*Olive Schreiner*.

Men of science have called this period the "Close of the Age of Mammals." Travellers, Zoologists, and Photographers are reporting that wherever they go, in hot climates and in cold, in the North and South, on land and in the ocean, wild life is being destroyed at a far, far greater rate than it can be reproduced. By motor car, by aeroplanes with wireless, by trade, by sportsmen, by poison, by guns, by traps, by every conceivable device, earth's wild creatures are steadily and surely being wiped out of existence.

We are already too late to save many beautiful species. Collectors, sportsmen and trade finished the curious and innocent great Auk. The handsome Quagga is gone for ever and only 18 stuffed specimens in museums remain of all his herds!

The Blue Buck, a noble African antelope, left the world almost before science had noticed its existence!

The true Burchells' Zebra will never stamp his hoof, nor graze, a glory of gold and brown in African sunshine, for not one remains.

The Passenger Pigeons used to darken the heavens as they passed, but their hosts have all been killed.

The Labrador Duck, the Eskimo Curlew, the Cuban Macaw, Gosse's Macaw, the Yellow Winged Parrot, the Purple Parrakeet, the Carolina Parakeet, and others are but a memory.

The Fur Trade has speedily reduced wild animals to so low a level that the *Fur World* (a trade paper), 15th January, 1928, stated:

"The Trade in skins will increase in volume until the needs of man coupled with the vanity of women have exhausted all the beasts upon the earth's surface."

Blubber trades are robbing the oceans of their mammals. Certain species of Whales are pursued by floating piers and bombed and harpooned with such persistence that the British Museum of Natural History is concerned lest they be totally exterminated. These leviathans of the seas can only be saved

by international legislation, giving them absolute sanctuary in certain waters, and to promote this a keen public opinion is necessary.

The greedy food trades are killing European Wild Fowl at such a rate for profit that an International Conference has been considering how their breeding haunts can be protected.

The Polar Bear, the Grisly Bear, the Moose, the Elephant Seal, the Elk, the White Rhino, the Koala, the Sea Otter, the European Bison, the Platypus, the Giraffe, the African Elephant, the Gorilla, and countless more are dwindling before the murderous onslaught of Man.

Appeals in the Press are opened and thousands of pounds subscribed to preserve St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. But to save living creatures—radiant in their beauty, marvellous in their structure, noble in their courage and perfect in their love for their young and their own kind—the Society for the Preservation of Fauna of the Empire can hardly get sufficient funds to issue leaflets, not to speak of making Sanctuaries!

These wild animals have each their appointed place in the Creator's mighty scheme, and it is our duty to hand on this living heritage to the future generations. Join in this great constructive work of Preservation while there is yet time. Help save what remains of the strange beautiful animals that with man have evolved through countless ages and which are now threatened with the end, for

"Life which all can take and none can give,
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each"

is the most precious and the most glorious thing in the world.

Let New Zealanders help in the attainment of the above desirable objects by preserving the remnants of their own unique plants and birds.

NATURE LOVERS.

Bird lovers may be classed under several headings. There are those who just love birds because they are birds. They derive pleasure and satisfaction in seeing birds in their natural condition and listening to their songs and observing their uses and habits. Another section look upon the matter largely from the economic side, and realise that birds were given to us for our benefit. This class of bird lover usually tends to look on the whole as a whole; and, thirdly, we have the bird lover who observes them from the purely scientific point of view, and seeks to peep into the past as to how birds were evolved, and other such matters.

THE GREY WARBLER.

(By L. W. McCaskill, in *Dunedin Evening Star*.)

"In the warm sunlight of advancing summer, when the manuka is covered with its snow-white bloom and the air is laden with the fragrance of forest flowers, amidst the hum of happy insect life a soft trill of peculiar sweetness—like the chirp of a merry cricket—falls upon the ear, and presently a tiny bird appears for an instant on the topmost twigs of some low bush, hovers for a moment like a moth before a flower or turns a somersault in the air, and then drops out of sight again. This is the grey warbler, the well-known riroriro of Maori history and song." The song, if not the bird itself, should be known to every New Zealander, because the warbler has adapted itself so admirably to the conditions of civilisation and settlement that in many places it is quite independent of the native bush. This adaptability is directly beneficial to man from the economic point of view, as it has greatly increased the value of the services of the riroriro to the farmer and gardener.

The plumage, a mixture of greys and browns, seems dull until we see the bird flitting at the tips of the branches, or perhaps crossing with jerky flight from one side of the road to the other, or from bush to bush. Then, with tail outspread, the white markings show to advantage and complete the identification. Although equipped with a fan-like tail, the riroriro does not catch its food in the air, as do the fantails, but rather explores a domain untouched by most of our birds, the tips of the branches. Often one may be seen, when searching inside the tree, to dart out into the sunlight after some insect it has disturbed. As the latter alight on the tips of the twigs, "snap, snap," goes the bill, and the prey is secured. Few birds are so exclusively insectivorous. Honey, sugar and water, berries, jam, suet, so beloved of the wax-eye, leave the warbler cold. Its habit is not to sit still and accept the dole; it feels that every waking moment must be spent in honest toil, the eager pursuit of the children of the sun, the continuous hunt of the enemies of plants. Their efficiency as insect catchers must be increased by the fact that they hunt in pairs at all times of the year—rarely is a solitary bird met with—and what one misses, the other, perchance, will pick up.

Two broods are usually raised each season, one in September, the other in November. Rarely do we find such a perfect home for the young. So characteristic is it that it can be confused with the work of no other New Zealand bird. Built in manuka for preference, it is placed on the outer branches. It is a covered

structure, the hole is in the side, often shadowed by a porch, and provided with a ledge or rim on which the birds alight in passing to and from the interior. The nest is suspended from the top and kept from swaying by light guys fastened to the surrounding twigs. A variety of materials is used—dry moss, grass, wool, cotton, rootlets, tree fern scales, and the fabric of which spiders' nests are made. In obtaining this fabric, the warbler does not neglect to feed on the eggs exposed, "an economy of time and food very necessary to a bird that builds a nest ten to twelve times its own size." The young, on emerging from the nest, follow the parents about for some time, uttering the while a scarcely audible piping note. Even after they have learnt to feed themselves they will still accept food from the parents, the whole family, happy, lively, and busy, forming in their last week of companionship an episode of exceeding charm.

THE EFFACEMENT OF NATURE BY MAN.

It is, however, in cutting down and burning forests of large trees that man has done the most harm to himself and the other living occupants of many regions of the earth's surface. We can trace these evil results from more recent examples back into the remote past. The water supply of the town of Plymouth was assured by Drake, who brought water in a channel from Dartmoor. But the cutting down of the trees has now rendered the great wet sponge of the Dartmoor region, from which the water was drawn all the year, no longer a sponge. It no longer "holds" the water of the rainfall, but in consequence of the removal of the forest and the digging of ditches the water quickly runs off the moor, and subsequently the whole countryside suffers from drought. This sort of thing has occurred wherever man has been sufficiently civilised and enterprising to commit the folly of destroying forests. Forests have an immense effect on climate, causing humidity of both the air and the soil, and give rise to moderate and persistent instead of torrential streams. Spain has been irretrievably injured by the cutting down of her forests in the course of a few hundred years. The same thing is going on, to a disastrous extent, in parts of the United States. Whole provinces of the Thibetan borders of China have been converted into uninhabitable, sandy desert, where centuries ago were fertile and well-watered pastures supporting rich cities, in consequence of the reckless destruction of forest. In fact, whether it is due to man's improvident action or to natural climatic change, it appears that the formation of "desert" is due in the first place to the destruction of forest, the consequent formation of a barren, sandy area, and the subsequent spreading of what we may call

the "disease" or "desert ulcer," by the blowing of the fatally exposed sand and the gradual extension, owing to the action of the sand itself, of the area of destroyed vegetation. Sand-deserts are not, as used to be supposed, sea-bottoms from which the water has retreated, but areas of destruction of vegetation—often (though not always) both in Central Asia and in North Africa (Egypt, etc.), started by the deliberate destruction of forest by man, who has either by artificial drainage starved the forest, or by the simple use of the axe and fire cleared it away.—Sir Ray Lankester in *More Science from an Easy Chair*.

FINES AND POACHING.

(By THE HON. SECRETARY.)

The prevalence of poaching appears rather on the increase than otherwise and many complaints reach the Society. Something more than the insignificant fines so often meted out, when an occasional conviction is secured, is necessary. Ranging costs a lot of money and nearly all the chances are with the poacher and against the ranger, who so often thereby fails to catch his quarry. The following extract from a letter received from Greymouth with reference to inadequate penalties puts the matter clearly:—

"As a member of many years standing of your Society, I should like to draw the attention of your Council to the extraordinary inconsistencies in the fines inflicted throughout the Dominion for convictions in the case of shooting protected native birds. Within the past two years fines of twenty and twenty-five pounds have been meted out to destroyers of pigeons in Taranaki, Waikaremoana, Southland, and elsewhere, while during the same period the Grey Acclimatisation Society has at great expense brought three offenders to Court, and after conviction the fines were £2, £2, and £1."

The result of small fines and the lack of the efficient administration of the Act is to be found in the following extract from a letter received from Wairoa:—

"As a member of your Society, I think it is my duty to inform you of the wholesale slaughter of wild duck in this district out of season. I think that in the out-of-season period the birds should have the full protection of the law in order to prevent their total extermination. The Maoris seem to have got hold of a rumour that birds can be shot in any season for food purposes. If something is not done pretty soon, tuis and pukeko will all follow the duck. It came to my knowledge that one Maori shot seventy and another forty the other morning."

THE SHAG'S TROUBLES.

TOLD BY THE BIG BLACK SHAG.

(By E. T. Frost.)

For thousands of years, long before the brown men came to this land, we made our homes on the rivers, lakes, and sea coast of these islands. There are fifteen branches of our family settled here, more than there are anywhere else in the world, for you must know that our family is world-wide, and we have close relations in all parts of the globe. Here, in New Zealand, each branch of the family built its nest according to its own particular requirements. Some were built on the rocky headlands of the coast, where other sea-birds were also nesting. Others, who lived inland, built high up in trees which were growing near streams and lakes, using the same place year after year. We fished in these streams for our living, and lived in peace and quietness. When the brown men came to settle here they did us very little harm; beyond taking some eggs for their food, they did not molest us, and our lives were quiet and uneventful.

Now all is changed. A new race of people have come to this land. They have cut down most of the trees, and a lot of the streams which we used to fish in are dried up. Some of them brought new kinds of fish into the rivers, and because we catch some of them at times for food, they are asking that we be destroyed, and even now they are sending out parties to the places we make our nests and there they kill large numbers of us.

These people give very little thought to the great use birds of all kinds are on this earth, and even our family which eat only fish are of more use to these very people than they probably think; in fact, they must think we are of no use or they would not want to destroy us, but I am going to tell you in what way we are and can be of use to them in their plan of bringing new fish into these waters. I am not going to deny that in certain places some of our family circle catch and eat these trout, as the new fish are called, but what they catch is only bare wages or payment for the good work they do in catching great numbers of eels, who are responsible for eating more trout in a few weeks than all our family would eat in a year.

The eel and trout live in the same waters, but their habits are quite different. The eel sleeps in the daytime, while the trout does not. When the night falls the trout settles down quietly, but the eel sets out foraging, and has no difficulty in catching all the trout it wants; especially when the trout are young does it take large numbers. As these people see very little of the eel they do not realise the enormous damage they do in this respect.

Now this is where we take a hand in the matter. The eel is our favourite food, and is one most easily caught. After its night of feeding it is ready for a nap when daylight comes, and at that time we are all out looking for breakfast, and what is better or easier caught than a fine fat eel lying sluggishly in the weeds at the bottom of the stream? It is at this time we catch and eat thousands of these enemies of trout. As the trout is wideawake after the break of day, he can see us when we dive under the water in search for food, and being a swift swimmer he can easily elude us. The sluggish ones that we catch are probably sick and are better out of the way. The brown man who first lived in this land took large numbers of eels for food, but as he has now changed his food since the white man came, and takes very few eels, they have increased in numbers, and our family is the only one that helps keep the numbers down. If we are totally destroyed, the eel will increase in numbers so much that the trout will be very hard put to it to live in many of the waters where it is now established. We would appeal to you people who would destroy us to pause and think for awhile before going on with your deadly work. The Creator placed us here in accordance with a plan, and no mere man can upset this plan without paying for it. So, next time you see one of our family diving under water, please remember that he may be catching an eel which can devour hundreds of young trout in a night, and have a kindly thought for us.

SAN MICHELE.

(The following is an extract from that noted publication,
San Michele, by AXEL MUNTHE.)

[San Michele is the author's home on Capri, a beautiful island off the Bay of Naples and a famous resting-place for migratory birds. Axel Munthe is a noted medical specialist of Rome.]

The birds! The birds! How much happier would not my life on the beautiful island have been had I not loved them as I do! I loved to see them come every spring in thousands and thousands, it was a joy to my ear to hear them sing in the garden of San Michele. But there came a time when I almost wished that they had not come, when I wished I could have signalled to them far out on the sea to fly on, fly on with the flock of wild geese high overhead, straight to my own country far in the North where they would be safe from man. For I knew that the fair island that was a paradise to me was a hell to them, like that other hell that awaited them further on on their *Via Crucis**, Heligoland. They came just before sunrise. All they asked for was to rest for a while after their long flight across the Mediter-

* Cross way.

anean; the goal of the journey was so far away, the land where they were born and where they were to raise their young. They came in thousands: wood-pigeons, thrushes, turtle-doves, waders, quails, golden orioles, skylarks, nightingales, wagtails, chaffinches, swallows, warblers, redbreasts, and many other tiny artists on their way to give spring concerts to the silent forests and fields in the north. A couple of hours later they fluttered helplessly in the nets the cunning of man had stretched all over the island from the cliffs by the sea high up to the slopes of Monte Solaro and Monte Barbarossa. In the evening they were packed by hundreds in small wooden boxes, without food and water, and despatched by steamers to Marseilles to be eaten with delight in the smart restaurants of Paris. It was a lucrative trade, Capri was for centuries the seat of a bishop entirely financed by the sale of the netted birds. "*Il vescovo delle quaglie*."* he was called in Rome. Do you know how they are caught in the nets? Hidden under the thickets, between the poles, are caged decoy birds, who repeat incessantly, automatically, their monotonous call. They cannot stop, they go on calling out night and day till they die. Long before science knew anything about the localisation of the various nerve-centres in the human brain, the devil had revealed to his disciple man his ghastly discovery that by stinging out the eyes of a bird with a red-hot needle the bird would sing automatically. It is an old story, it was already known to the Greeks and the Romans, it is still done to-day all along the southern shores of Spain, Italy† and Greece. Only a few birds in a hundred survive the operation, still it is good business, a blinded quail is worth twenty-five lire in Capri to-day. During six weeks of the spring and six weeks of the autumn, the whole slope of Monte Barbarossa was covered with nets from the ruined castle on the top down to the garden wall of San Michele at the foot of the mountain. It was considered the best *caccia*‡ on the whole island—as often as not over a thousand birds were netted there in a single day. The mountain was owned by a man from the mainland, an ex-butcher, a famous specialist in the blinding of birds, my only enemy in Anacapri** except the doctor. Ever since I had begun building San Michele the war between him and me had been going on incessantly. I had appealed to the Prefect of Naples, I had appealed to the Government in Rome, I had been told there was nothing to be done, the mountain was his, the law was on his side. I had obtained an audience from the highest Lady in the land, she had smiled at me with her enchanting smile that had won her the heart of the whole of Italy, she had honoured me with an invitation to remain for luncheon; the first word I had read on the menu had been

* The quail bishop.

† Now forbidden by law since Mussolini came into power.

‡ Hunting-place.

** Chief town on Capri.

"*Pâté d'alouettes farcies.*"* I had appealed to the Pope and had been told by a fat cardinal that the Holy Father had been carried down in his *portantina*† that very morning at daybreak to the Vatican gardens to watch the netting of the birds, the *caccia*‡ had been good, over two hundred birds had been caught. I had scraped off the rust from the little two-pounder the English had abandoned in the garden in 1808, and started firing off a shot every five minutes from midnight till sunrise in the hope of frightening away the birds from the fatal mountain. The ex-butcher had sued me for interfering with the lawful exercise of his trade, I had been fined two hundred lire damages. I had trained all the dogs to bark the whole night at the cost of what little sleep remained for me. A few days later my big Maremma dog died suddenly. I found traces of arsenic in his stomach. I caught sight of the murderer the next night lurking behind the garden wall and knocked him down. He sued me again. I was fined five hundred lire for assault. I had sold my beautiful Greek vase and my beloved Madonna by Desiderio di Settignano in order to raise the enormous sum he had asked for the mountain, several hundred times its value. When I came with the money, he renewed his old tactics and grinned at me that the price had been doubled. He knew his man. My exasperation had reached a point when I might have parted with everything I possessed to become the owner of the mountain. The bird slaughter went on as before. I had lost my sleep, I could think of nothing else. In my despair I fled from San Michele and sailed for Monte Cristo, to return when the last birds had passed over the island.

The first thing I heard when I came back was that the ex-butcher was lying on the point of death. Masses were read for his salvation twice a day in the church at thirty lire apiece—he was one of the richest men in the village. Towards evening arrived the *parroco*§ asking me in the name of Christ to visit the dying man. The village doctor suspected pneumonia, the chemist was sure it was a stroke, the barber thought it was *un colpo di sanguell*; the midwife thought it was *una paura*.** The *parroco* himself, always on the look out for the evil eye, inclined towards the *mal'occhio*.†† I refused to go. I said I had never been a doctor in Capri except for the poor, and that the resident physicians on the island were quite capable of coping with any of these ailments. Only on one condition would I come, that the man would swear on the crucifix that if he pulled through he would never again sting out the eyes of a bird and that he would sell me the mountain at his exorbitant price of a month ago. The man refused. In the night he was given the Last Sacrament. At day-

* Swallow-pie.

† Sedan chair.

‡ Catch.

§ Priest.

|| Blood pressure.

** Fear.

†† Evil eye.

break the *parroco* appeared again. My offer had been accepted, he had sworn on the crucifix. Two hours later I tapped a pint of pus from his left *pleura** to the consternation of the village doctor and to the glory of the village saint, for, contrary to my expectations, the man recovered. *Miracolo! Miracolo!*†

The mountain of Barbarossa is now a bird sanctuary. Thousands of tired birds of passage are resting on its slopes every spring and autumn, safe from man and beast. The dogs of San Michele are forbidden to bark while the birds are resting on the mountain. The cats are never let out of the kitchen except with a little alarm-bell tied round their necks; Billy the vagabond is shut up in the monkey-house, one never knows what a monkey or a school-boy is up to.

So far I have never said a word to belittle the last miracle of Sant'Antonio, which at a low estimate saved for many years the lives of at least fifteen thousand birds a year. But when all is over for me, I mean just to whisper to the nearest angel that, with all due respect to Sant'Antonio, it was I and not he who tapped the pus out of the butcher's left pleura, and to implore the angel to put in a kind word for me if nobody else will. I am sure Almighty God loves the birds or He would not have given them the same pair of wings as He has given to His own angels.

* Lung.

† Miracle.

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

To the nature lover the universe constantly pours out its wealth. Daily he gathers the fruits of seed sown in the beginning of the world.

For him no season is dull, for each is successively absorbing: in Spring he is entranced by the awakening of myriad forms of life; Summer reveals the maturity of all creation; Autumn brings the fulfilment of earlier promises; Winter lulls life to sleep, with its assurance of the resurrection.

All weathers are one: The rains of Spring nourish all nature; the heats of Summer mature and ripen its fruits; the frosts of Winter give rest and peace; in all he rejoices.

Each day is good: In the morning life awakens with him; through the noon it works; the peace and quiet of evening shed their benediction upon him.

He knows no dull moments; he seeks not to hurry time. If he be delayed, he may discover something never before seen by man, and his impatience is forgotten.

His youth is filled with the joys of discovery; in middle age the marvels about him hold his interest undimmed; he awaits old age with calmness, for he is one with the universe, and is content.

—Edward A. Preble.

TORTURED, THAT WOMEN MAY SMILE.

(By HENRY J. CAREY, in *Nature Magazine*.)

Ralson's prolonged absence from camp caused no alarm at first. Trappers in the Canadian wilderness are used to such unexpected events. True, Ralson was but a boy—a green hand just over from England—and Hudson's Bay Company bear-traps are difficult and dangerous even for an experienced woodsman to set. But the lad, though he had been in some scrapes, had in general shown considerable quickness in acquiring the various skills of the Northern *voyageur*. After all, he had been away from headquarters only forty hours. As time wore on, however, a terrible suspicion wormed its way into the minds of his two companions. Not caring to voice their thoughts, they hurried off to the nearest bear-trap, which was about a mile up the creek. When they came to a soft place on the trail and saw only footprints of a man going and none returning, their presentiments seemed confirmed. Now they almost ran along the dim trail. In their haste it seemed to them that the trees and bushes caught at their clothing and tried to hold them back. At last they broke into a small open space. There was the bear-pen in which the trap had been set. Near it lay a pocket knife, with broken blade. Some one had evidently thrown the useless thing there. Just in front of the pen some creature had been digging desperately in the sand. Had Ralson, crazy with thirst, been delving with the knife for a few precious drops of water? As they looked in at the door of the pen their most hideous fears were realised. There on its back, smeared with blood and sand, swollen almost beyond recognition by mosquito poison, and absolutely motionless, lay what remained of the boy Ralson! The remorseless steel teeth of the 60-pound bear-trap, biting into the bone, held one leg above the ankle. A cloud of buzzing, shiny-blue meat-flies rose, protesting, from the body as the trappers leaned over it. In another hour perhaps the crows and ravens would have been at it. They saw how he had hacked at the strong birch drag to which the trap chain was fastened, until his knife had snapped. Then evidently he had given up in despair.

Luckily his companions were men trained to quick thought and quick action. Upon examining their youthful pal, they found evidence that a spark of life still remained in the unconscious, pitiful wreck. Working together they quickly removed the heavy mass of metal from the tortured leg. One ran to the stream for cold water, while the other twisted birch-bark into a funnel, through which they allowed the water to trickle very gently into the parched throat. Next they bathed and washed his face and

hands. Soon, Heaven be praised! he opened his eyes. Now, as they held up his head, he was able slowly to drink. The blessed water, followed by tea and partridge broth, helped him to regain some strength. Finally they cut the boot from the poor swollen foot, bathed it and bound it up. Tenderly they lifted the limp boy upon an improvised stretcher, and thus they carried him to the canoe, and home to the fort.

Ralson never trapped again. That was scarcely an experience that one would care to repeat. Few parents would wish to have a child of theirs risk it a second time, and doubtless Ralson's mother was overjoyed to see him once more in England, after his leg had healed. This story, by the way, is true. It has been condensed from the account of Martin Hunter, who was for years a seasoned woodsman and commissioned officer of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Literally millions of wild fur-bearing animals, in America alone, suffer every year from similar prolonged torture, hour by hour, and sometimes day by day, until relief from thirst, cold, pain, and the attacks of other animals, finally comes through death. Many interesting, beautiful or useful furred animals are threatened with extinction, largely on account of the men who catch them in steel traps, in order that American women, all ignorant of the suffering for which they are really responsible, may be fashionably clothed.

Every year, the prices of furs rise higher, and the trappers go farther and farther into the wilderness after the defenceless animals. Even the squirrels in Siberia, whose skins are too tender to be of the slightest use for durable furs, are killed in large numbers, so that women may wear squirrel coats for a short season, before they tear into pieces, as they do with even the small exertion of driving an automobile. Such wholesale slaughter, pain, and waste has perhaps never before disgraced a supposedly civilised nation! America now leads the world in the fur trade!

It is time to stop and think what we are doing; to think of the empty, lifeless woods to which we, and our children and grandchildren will have to go, when we have fled the noise of our machine-age cities, for a brief vacation in the wilderness! And, above all, to think of the slow torture, which civilised countries no longer inflict upon men, but which is now reserved for wild animals, with the pitiful excuse that these, whose senses are often keener than ours, do not feel pain as we do!

The time is coming therefore when women of fashion and leaders among women will be ashamed to wear furs of wild animals caught in merciless steel traps; and when they will take a solemn pledge to wear only the furs of animals, wild or tame, that have been quickly and humanely killed.

WATER-FOWL.

Great concern is being evinced both by sportsmen and bird protectionists in Canada and The United States with reference to the great duck crisis in these countries. The controversy has placed the contentionists under two headings: Legitimate Sportsmen *versus* Duck-fiends. These latter consist of those who think how big their bag can be on the opening day, regardless of future seasons. This sort of people like to see their photographs along with a large number of dead ducks in the newspaper. If the ducks were armed as efficiently as their persecutors are, these duck-fiends would probably be found on the roll of conscientious objectors. The cowardly action of feeding the birds to attract them to the gun called "baiting" is one of the main causes of the great duck depletion. This baiting is very prevalent in New Zealand, and the results will be similar to those in the countries mentioned if the practice continues. Photographs of concentrations of ducks on specially baited grounds have been used by these duck-fiends for propaganda purposes in preventing close seasons and the further limiting of bags. This sort of people, after killing and maiming large numbers of ducks, blame anything but overshooting—hawks, pukeko, or anything—but never themselves. Some day, when we get better civilised, it will be recognised that ducks are our most valuable night bird, but there will probably be no ducks then. Sportsmen suggest the following remedies:—Close seasons, rigid limiting of bags to check overshooting, co-ordination in conservation, large scale acquisition and conservation of breeding areas, refuge grounds, sanctuaries, etc., re-construction of marshes and lakes now drained, better enforcement of conservation laws, research into diseases attacking the birds, and the co-operation of bird protection societies' and sportsmen's organisations with a view of preventing the extermination of water-fowl.

Let us hope New Zealand will be wise in time, as a similar crisis looms largely on the New Zealand horizon, or shall we too say taihoa, like the gentleman who said every morning: "I don't think we'll do much to-day, Bill, but we'll knock blazes off the job to-morrow." Especially if "to-morrow" happens to be the 1st of May.

N.Z. NATIVE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY (INC.).

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Patron:

His Excellency The Governor-General of New Zealand, THE RIGHT HON.
LORD BLEDISLOE, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.B.E.

President:

R. A. ANDERSON, Esq., C.M.G., Invercargill.

Vice-Presidents:

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN, Esq., F.N.Z. Inst. ..	Wellington
GILBERT ARCHIE, Esq., M.A. ..	Auckland
DR. W. B. BENHAM, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., F.Z.S. ..	Dunedin
WM. COBELDICK, Esq., F.R.G.S. ..	Whakatane
JAMES DRUMMOND, Esq., F.L.S., F.Z.S. ..	Christchurch
GEO. C. FACHE, Esq. ..	Wellington
R. A. FALLA, Esq., M.A., ..	Auckland
WILLI FELS, Esq. ..	Dunedin
W. M. FRASER, Esq. ..	Whangarei
H. GUTHRIE SMITH, Esq., F.N.Z. Inst. ..	Tutira, H.B.
HON. A. F. HAWKE, M.L.C. ..	Invercargill
F. F. HOCKLY, Esq. ..	Rotorua
LADY MACLEAN ..	Napier
DR. WM. MCKAY ..	Greymouth
MRS. P. MONCRIEFF ..	Nelson
DR. J. G. MYERS, Sc.D., F.E.S. ..	London
DR. F. R. RILEY ..	Dunedin
CAPT. E. V. SANDERSON ..	Wellington
A. G. SIMPSON, Esq. ..	Hunterville
BERNARD SLADDEN, Esq. ..	Tauranga
G. C. THOMSON, Esq. ..	Dunedin
J. B. THOMSON, Esq. ..	Invercargill
E. PHILLIPS TURNER, Esq., F.R.G.S. ..	Hamilton
H. E. VAILE, Esq. ..	Auckland

HON. AUDITORS: MESSRS. MENZIES, GRIFFIN & ROSS, Wellington.

HON. SOLICITORS: MESSRS. BUDDLE, ANDERSON & KIRKCALDIE, Wellington.

HON. LIFE MEMBERS: DR. L. COCKAYNE, C.M.G., F.R.S.
W. W. SMITH, Esq.

LIST OF LIFE MEMBERS.

LADY BARNETT	R. A. ANDERSON, Esq.	CROSBY MORRIS, Esq.
LADY J. H. GUNSON	DR. W. J. BARCLAY	ARTHUR MORTEN, Esq.
LADY MACLEAN	ORTON BRADLEY, Esq.	DR. ROBERT NAIRN
DR. HELEN COWIE, B.A.	WM. BROWN, Esq.	ERNEST PRICE, Esq.
MRS. JANET MCCASKILL	JOHN CHAMBERS, Esq.	HERBERT PRICE, Esq.
MRS. EDITH NAIRN	JOHN R. DICKISON, Esq.	ARTHUR S. RUSSELL, Esq.
MRS. W. B. NELSON	WILLI FELS, Esq.	G. O. K. SAINSBURY, Esq.
MRS. JESSIE THOMSON	GERALD FITZGERALD, Esq.	H. B. STUCKEY, Esq.
MRS. T. L. YOUNG	DR. HAROLD B. GIBSON	JULES TAPPER, Esq.
MISS F. M. CARGILL	R. HARDING, Esq.	TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB
MISS CATHERINE FERGUSON	FRANCIS HUTCHINSON, Esq.	G. C. THOMSON, Esq.
MISS I. HUTCHINSON	W. G. KINDLEY, Esq.	J. B. THOMSON, Esq.
MISS M. H. MACLEAN	GEO. LAMBERT, Esq., J.P.	J. SCOTT THOMSON, Esq.
MISS E. NEAVE	F. CROSSLEY MAPPING, Esq.	THOMSONS LTD.
MISS A. C. O'RORKE	W. B. MCEWAN, Esq.	H. E. VAILE, Esq.
MISS E. M. THOMSON	D. W. MCKAY, Esq.	DR. ERNEST WARREN, Natal.
MISS S. TURNBULL	E. G. B. MEADE-WALDO, Esq.	A. S. WILKINSON, Esq.
GIRL GUIDES' ASSN. OF N.Z.	IAN MONTGOMERIE, Esq.	A. B. WILLIAMS, Esq.
GEORGE ALLMAN, Esq.		

LIST OF ENDOWMENT MEMBERS.

MRS. G. ABSOLOM	HENRY DENTON, Esq.	G. J. MACCORMAC, Esq.
MRS. JESSIE ADAMS	ALEX. DERRIE, Esq.	DR. J. G. MACDONALD
MRS. STANLEY BATCHELOR	J. H. DIXON & SONS, LTD.	JAMES MACLEOD, Esq.
MRS. GRACE PERSTON	R. A. DOUGLAS, Esq.	JOHN MATHESON, Esq.
MRS. W. H. S. ROBERTS	DUNEDIN NATURALISTS'	DR. MCGIBBON
MRS. ALICE M. RUSSELL	FIELD CLUB.	MCGRUE, TAYLOR & CO.
MRS. T. T. THOMPSON	DR. EWART	HUGH MCINTYRE, Esq.
MRS. J. L. MC. G. WATSON	G. C. FACHE, Esq.	JAMES MCKAY, Esq.
MISS M. P. FINLAYSON	SHOLTO FERGUSON, Esq.	DR. WILLIAM MCKAY
MISS BIRDIE GEORGE	ANDREW FLEMING, Esq.	WILL B. MCKENZIE, Esq.
MISS H. S. HUTCHINSON	W. M. FRASER, Esq.	C. J. MCKINNON, Esq.
MISS A. MATHESON	DR. ROLAND FULTON.	J. D. MITCHELL, Esq.
MISS M. D. ROBINSON	B. GALLOWAY, Esq.	G. I. MOFFETT, Esq.
MISS L. VALDER	R. B. GAMLEN, Esq.	ROYAL NELSON, Esq.
MISS E. A. WATT.	W. G. GILCHRIST, Esq.	NORTH CANTERBURY ACCLIMA-
MISS NANCY WILSON	WM. GRIEVE, Esq.	TISATION SOCIETY
A. R. H. ABSOLOM, Esq.	A. R. GUDOPP, Esq.	OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB
J. ARCHER ABSOLOM, Esq.	H. GUTHRIE-SMITH, Esq.	E. PHILLIPS TURNER, Esq.
H. M. AITKEN, Esq.	E. E. HAMMOND, Esq.	DR. POTTINGER
J. ALLEN, Esq.	S. T. HARRISON, Esq.	J. B. REID, Esq.
L. ALSWEILER, Esq.	WM. HINCHEY, Esq.	DR. F. R. RILEY
ALFRED ATKINSON, Esq.	DR. R. H. HOGG	CAPT. E. V. SANDERSON
DR. D. A. BATHGATE	ARTHUR HORE, Esq.	D. M. SCANDRETT, Esq.
H. C. BELCHER, Esq.	JOHN HORNE, Esq.	GEO. SIMPSON, Esq., SR.
J. E. BEWS, Esq.	A. LE H. HOYLES, Esq.	BERNARD SLADDEN, Esq.
A. BLACKBURN, Esq.	G. HUMPHREYS, Esq.	STATE FOREST SERVICE
BLUNDELL BROS., LTD.	A. W. JONES, Esq.	DR. A. A. STEWART
WALTER J. BORAMAN, Esq.	E. ABBEY JONES, Esq.	RICHARD STONE, Esq.
BRASS BROS.	WALTER JONES, Esq.	W. A. STOUT, Esq.
C. J. BROAD, Esq.	K. KIRKCALDIE, Esq.	GUS TAPPER, Esq.
N. A. BRODRICK, Esq.	ERIC LAWSON, Esq.	T. R. TAYLOR, Esq.
DR. WM. C. BURNS	J. F. LILLICRAP, Esq.	JOHN THOMSON, Esq.
J. P. BUTLER, Esq.	F. LOUGHNAN, Esq.	W. S. TODD, Esq.
J. D. CAMPBELL, Esq.	ALAN MACALISTER, Esq.	P. H. VICKERY, Esq.
W. COBELDICK, Esq.	H. J. MACALISTER, Esq.	T. H. WATSON, Esq.
W. R. COLES, Esq.	S. M. MACALISTER, Esq.	W. H. WEGGERY, Esq.
G. R. COOPER, Esq.	W. MACALISTER, Esq.	J. R. WILSON, Esq.
R. J. CUMMING, Esq.		

CONTENTS.

Introduction	1
A Little Essay on Vermin	2
The Strange Story of Animal Life in New Zealand	2, 3
Heath Hen Gone?	3
Vanishing Wild Life	4, 5
The Grey Warbler	6, 7
The Effacement of Nature by Man	7, 8
Fines and Poaching	8
The Shag's Troubles	9, 10
San Michele	10-13
The Lover of Nature	13
Tortured, that Woman may Smile	14, 15
Water-Fowl	16