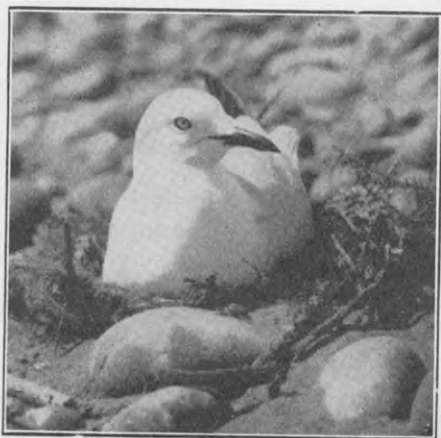


## SEA-BIRDS AND OIL-FUEL.

"Suddenly, however, we noticed a bird standing in the running shallows of the stream. It did not move as we approached. Marney stole upon it and lifted it up with his two hands. It was a guillemot, and a glance was enough to explain its apparent lack of fear. Its breast feathers were clotted thick with oil. Marney dealt with it in the one way humanely possible. He mercifully broke its neck.

"We crossed the stream and pushed on, but I could see that the incident, familiar though it was, had upset him.

"'You know,' he said suddenly, 'if I was on one of these oil-burning steamers, and I saw the engineers cleaning out their oil-tanks, close into land, I'd let 'em have it. I reckon hanging would be too good for a chap who could do that sort of thing. You can't call me tender-hearted. I'm not like our old man. I'd kill anything that was harmful, or that I wanted to eat, or that I could make brass out of, but I'm damned if I'd torture anything. You can't think of anything more awful than being a sea-bird like that one I just killed, having to catch all your food by diving, and having your feathers plastered up with that muck, so that you can neither dive nor fly. Slow starvation! Think of it! Swimming over a shoal of herrings, perhaps not more than a foot below you, hungry as hell, and not being able to get a bite at one. It wouldn't be so bad if they could kill themselves! But they just go on drifting about the sea, or wash up in a storm like this, and stand about till they die of starvation!'



A GAME OF PATIENCE.  
Black Billed Gull Sitting.

"We counted a score of these tragic by-products of human progress within the next half-mile, all fortunately dead, most of them so encased in congealed oil as to be mummified."

The above is an extract from one of the outstanding books of the year: "*Three Fevers*," by Leo Walmsley.

"This is a tale of the lives of the fishermen of the North-east Coast (of England), as it is being lived since the war by men