

to the national wealth, if permitted to live. Mr. Hornady adds:

“The only way in which all these migratory birds can be saved to us is through the strong arm of the national government and a federal law for the protection of all migratory birds. Protection of game birds alone will not answer. Too many birds are being killed for food, especially in the south.

“Senator McLean’s bill is the best one of the three now before congress. Call upon in person or write to your senator and representative before November 15 and ask him to work for and vote for that bill until it becomes a law.”

INDIAN LEGENDS

STORY OF UTSAYANTHA

The following beautiful and interesting Indian legends were written by Celia K. Husik and were published in the Oregon Journal:

Among the picturesque and beautiful scenery of the Catskills near the town of Stamford, N. Y., stands the Hill of Utsayantha. The story that they tell of this mountain is the beautiful legend of the love and life of the Indian maiden Utsayantha.

Utsayantha was the beautiful daughter of an Indian, and for years lived with her father in this lonely spot. As time went on and the girl grew into womanhood, she began to feel the call of love, and asked her father for a suitor. But the old Indian demurred. He loved his only daughter with all his heart and soul, and was unwilling to give her in marriage to any of the members of his own tribe. For he deemed them unworthy of his beautiful child.

Then it was that Utsayantha took matters into her own hands and cast her lot with that of a passing white hunter. With him she escaped from her father’s home and for several years was not heard from. Finally the longing to revisit her old home seized her. With her infant child in her arms, accompanied by her husband, she appeared one day at the threshold of her father’s wigwam. In rage and in fury the old Indian slew the white man and with cruel hatred drowned the innocent young babe in the lake near by. Now his daughter would remain his forever, since all her other human ties were dead, he thought. But, alas and alack! One day Utsayantha in despair and grief over the loss of her husband and child threw herself into the same waters into which her child had been cast and drowned.

At the top of a neighboring mountain the old Indian now buried his daughter and to this day it bears the name of the Hill of Utsayantha.