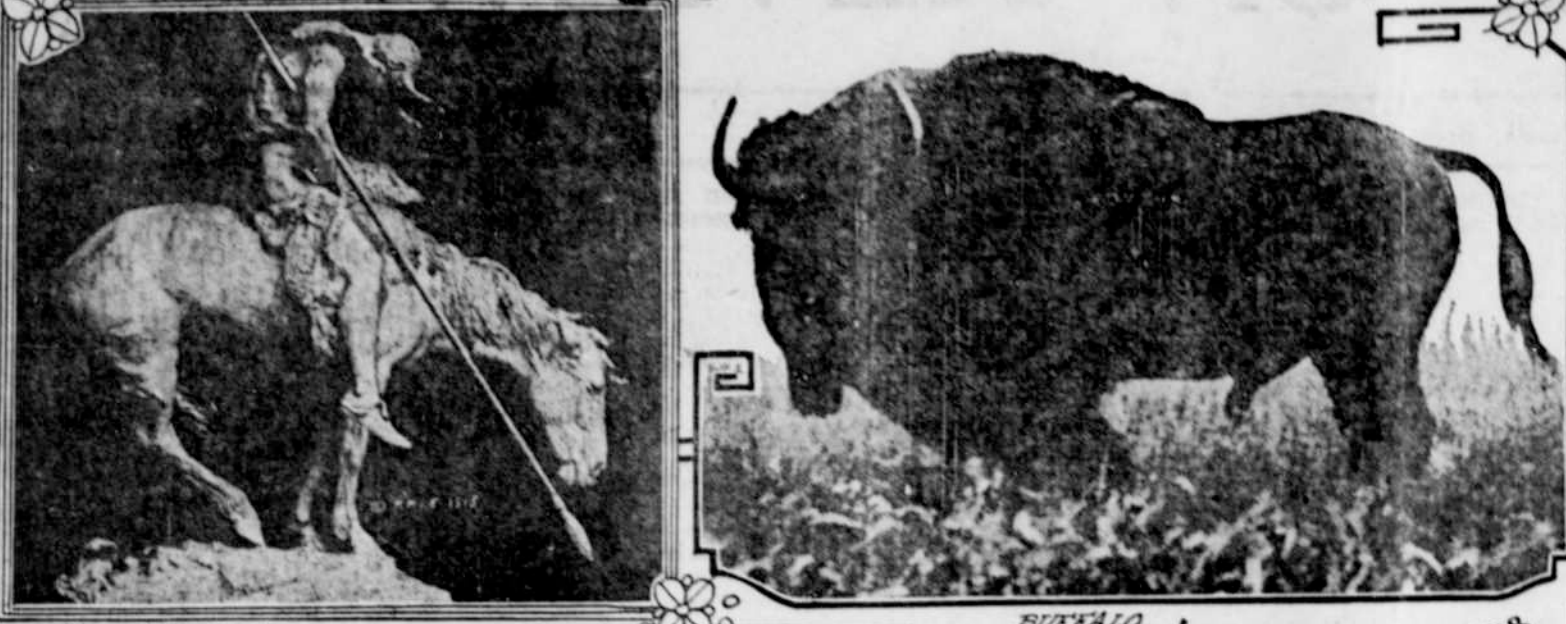


Vanishing Americans



END OF THE TRAIL

BUFFALO



PASSENGER PIGEON



A FULL-ANTLERED ELK



PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

NOTHER native American has almost reached the end of the trail. From Martha's Vineyard off the coast of Massachusetts comes word that the heath hen is facing the extinction that a few years ago overtook another American bird, the passenger pigeon. Despite all the efforts that have been made to preserve the rapidly decreasing numbers of this species of grouse (for the conservation of which more than \$30,000 already has been spent), the heath hen seems to be doomed. Martha's Vineyard is the only place in the world where it can be found and it is believed that there are now only about twenty specimens of the bird left on the island, a decrease of fifteen from last year.

The story of the heath hen is a tragic but by no means an unusual one in a country which has become notorious for its prodigality in wasting its natural resources. In many respects it is similar to the story of the passenger pigeon whose numbers were at one time so countless that no one believed that they could ever be entirely killed off. So an appalling slaughter of the birds went on for years until a passenger pigeon became a rarity and before sportsmen and bird lovers realized it, it was too late to save the species from extinction. The last survivor died in the Cincinnati Zoological gardens in 1914. These birds, once so numerous that within the memory of thousands of persons now living their flight literally "darkened the sky," were wiped out of existence in a little more than two decades!

A hundred and fifty years ago the heath hen was one of the principal game birds of New England and the middle Atlantic states. It was distributed from Cape Ann to Virginia and it was especially abundant in the lowlands of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Long Island. When the early settlers began to cut off the forests the decline of the heath hen started. Its straight unweaving flight made it an easy target for the hunter in the open, and it was shot and trapped at all seasons. The spread of civilization and the increasing number of cats and dogs which killed its young further decimated the heath hen until it was practically extinct on the mainland and the few left were on Martha's Vineyard. Apparently no measures were taken for its protection until this time, but on account of the scarcity of predatory animals on the island, the strict fire patrol and the legislative measures which were finally taken to save the birds, the heath hen seemed to have a good chance to increase in numbers.

Such has not been the case, however. Twenty years ago there were about fifteen hundred birds on the island. By 1924 that number had shrunk to less than fifty. Last year the census taken by Prof. Alfred Gross of Bowdoin college, one of the foremost ornithologists in the country, showed that there were only thirty-five left, and now bird lovers of New England are alarmed to learn that this pitiful remnant apparently has been still further reduced in spite of all the efforts that have been made to save them.

The heath hen closely resembles the western prairie chicken. It is a light reddish brown above, barred with black and buff. At the sides of the neck there are tufts of black feathers, on each side is an orange-colored sac and over each eye is a small orange-colored comb. Like the prairie chicken it has the curious habit of "booming" early in the spring each year. This call is said to be similar to the whistle of a distant tugboat in a fog. It heralds the mating season and is a preliminary to and a part of what has been described as "the strangest sight ever seen

in the woods"—the dance of the heath hen. At daybreak the heath hens meet on certain dancing grounds, which they have apparently picked out in advance, and there they go through a series of antics which are as curious for human beings to watch as no doubt a charleston contest would be for the heath hen to watch. The birds run, jump, bow, toot and cackle in their unique pastime. Their short tails are cocked forward over their backs, the black neck feathers stand out stiffly at different angles until at last they point directly forward over the crested heads like the ears of a jack-rabbit. Their breasts are puffed up and the air sacs are distended until the bird looks almost twice its natural size. They prance backward and forward, flapping their wings, and from their throats come a series of squeals, cackles, clucks, chuckles and laughing sounds. Often, two birds will run toward each other until they are almost beak to beak. Then they remain motionless for several minutes. Sometimes they fight, but for the most part, their time is spent in tooting and dancing. The morning dance usually lasts until the sun is high in the sky and then the birds scuttle back into the recesses of the 5,000 acres of scrub oak in the center of the island which they frequent. Sometimes they come out to repeat their dance again just after sunset.

If the efforts to save the heath hen are unsuccessful it will be a tragic recurrence of the fate which overtook the passenger pigeon, although the ruthless slaughter of these birds is a more shameful record to be laid at the door of Americans than will be their failure to save the heath hen. The destruction of the pigeons began within forty years after the first settlers came to New England.

The End of the Trail

Far to the west the vanished herds they followed
And came at last unto the journey's end;
Naught have they found save bones where
bison wallowed,
Naught now is theirs—nor food, nor fire,
nor friend.

Pony and man alike completely weary,
Even the rainbow hope at last long fled;
Sadly they face a darkness cold and dreary,
Broken, they seek the company of the dead.

—M. Beatrice Sumner.

land, and for the next two hundred years the killing continued. Finally, in 1875 the birds, having been driven by persecution from many states, concentrated in a few localities in Michigan, and it was during the next two decades that the wholesale slaughter which wiped them out of existence took place. The last important nesting place of the passenger pigeon was near Petoskey, in Emmet county, Michigan. There, in 1881, an army of five thousand men gathered for civilization's attack on the defenceless birds which had come there to rear their young. The attack continued from March until August and during this period of twenty weeks it is estimated that one billion birds were killed and shipped from this and neighboring nesting places.

One morning America woke up to find that the passenger pigeon was virtually extinct. It became so rare that prizes were offered for the discovery of a single specimen. The last individual definitely recorded in a wild state was captured at Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1904. In various zoological gardens a few individuals were preserved. David Whitaker of Milwaukee, Wis., procured a pair of young birds from an Indian in that state in 1888, and during the next eight years these increased to fifteen. By 1908, however, only seven of this number had survived, and at last only one, a female, was left. This bird, known as "Martha," was sent to the Cincinnati zoo and there she became famous as the last of the race.

Since the death of "Martha" persons in various parts of the country have reported from time to time the discovery of passenger pigeons, but in

every case it has turned out that the discoverer had seen some other member of the dove family which is easily confused with the passenger pigeon. And so despite the high rewards that are still standing for proof that the passenger pigeon is still in existence, a single authentic specimen is yet to be revealed. So the next time you see a newspaper story stating that one of these birds has been seen, just put it down that some amateur ornithologist has made another mistake. The passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) IS extinct.

Although the heath hen is the only bird which now seems definitely doomed to follow the passenger pigeon into the sunset, there are several other species which are in danger of extinction. One of these is a close relative of the heath hen, the prairie chicken. Only a few years ago the booming of these birds was still to be heard everywhere in the prairies of the Middle West and the eastern part of the Great Plains. In many places this sound is becoming rare, and even though the prairie chicken does not now seem to be in imminent danger of extinction certainly its numbers have been so greatly reduced that it can be called a Vanishing American.

Not only in the bird world, but in the animal world as well there are Vanishing Americans. There was a time when the buffalo was so numerous that, just as in the case of the passenger pigeon, Americans would have scoffed at the idea that this noble animal could ever be in danger of extinction. So long as the buffalo was killed only to supply the food needs of the Indian and the first white settlers on its ranges, there was no danger. Then the hide hunter came upon the scene. Again two decades saw another race of native Americans headed for oblivion. By the end of the eighties, the last wild herd of buffalo had been killed off and, of all the countless millions that once roamed the plains, only a few scattering herds in private game parks and public preserves were left. Fortunately public sentiment was aroused just in time and, due to the efforts of several conservation societies during the first part of the present century, the bison was saved. There are now enough of these animals in Canada and the United States to guarantee their preservation and in recent years they have actually increased to such an extent that there has been an overcrowding on the available space which mankind has grudgingly allotted to them.

The settling up of the last West and the increasing number of farms which replaced the open range of the cattle man's day have threatened the existence of two other species of animals—the wapiti or elk and the prong horn antelope. It must be said to the credit of Americans, however, who waited until it was almost too late before they set about to save the buffalo from annihilation, that they have taken the necessary steps to prevent the history of the elk and the prong horn from being a repetition of that of the bison.

Perhaps it is not strictly accurate to include the buffalo, the elk and the antelope, the heath hen and the prairie chicken in the same category as the passenger pigeon, as has been done in this article. But the fact remains that they, like the Indian, are vanishing races. Of course, government authorities will tell you differently about the Indian and point to the fact that he is not only holding his own, but is actually increasing in numbers. That is true if you take into account the fact that many persons having more white blood than Indian in their veins are called Indians.

But in the true sense of the word, the old-time Indian in all his former glory as a picturesque war-bonneted nomad and "first-class fighter" man in the magnificent pageant of the American frontier is a Vanishing American. He belongs to the past, the past of the wilderness era, as do the buffalo, the elk, the antelope, the passenger pigeon, the heath hen and the prairie chicken. What if there still are enough individuals of each so that the conquering white man can point to them and say "See, they are not yet EXTINCT?" For they are following the Indian into the sunset, and James Fraser's "End of the Trail" is symbolic of them all. They ARE Vanishing Americans.

land enacted a law in 1288 giving women this right and fixing a fine for men who refused marriage without good reason. France had a similar law a few years later, and Genoa and Venice legalized the custom in the Fifteenth century.

Get Rid of Grudge

There's nothing on earth that gives you more trouble, and less value for your trouble, than a personal grudge. If you have one, don't feed it; starve it.—Youth's Companion.

Leap Year Privilege

The belief that unmarried women may propose in leap year has the following basis in fact, points out an answered question in Liberty. Scot-

Given Fortune of Old Friends

Made Heir by Brother and Sister He Met When a Student.

Toronto, Ont.—Romance has highly colored as a fairy tale has glided the personal fortunes of R. B. Bennett, K. C., who comes into national prominence as a formidable contender for the leadership of the Conservative party in Canada.

Through his own efforts in the practice of his profession Bennett is credited with having become a millionaire. On top of this he now enjoys a "windfall" which, if it were an episode described in fiction, would be challenged for straining credulity.

When Bennett, nearly 40 years ago, was studying law in Chatham, N. B., along with Max Aitken, now Lord Beaverbrook, among his friends were a sister and brother, Jennie Shirreff and Harry Shirreff, both of whom were a few years his senior. They worked together in church and in the temperance lodge.

Girl Trains as Nurse.

Whether sentiment existed between Jennie Shirreff and the young law student is not known. In any case, their ways parted. The girl went to Brookline, near Boston, to train as nurse. Bennett went to the new town of Calgary, Alberta, to practice his profession, and grew up with the West.

In 1894 Jennie Shirreff married Ezra Butler Eddy of Ottawa, proprietor and founder of the E. B. Eddy company, paper pulp and woodenware manufacturers, whose daughter by a former marriage she had served professionally.

When, 12 years later Eddy died, his will declared it to be "one of the great desires of his heart" that his business should be continued. To that end he established a trust with his widow as one of the trustees to operate for ten years, at the end of which period his widow was to inherit five-eighths of the estate.

Thus in 1916 the former nurse came into possession of a controlling interest of one of the great industries of Canada. She brought to her new responsibility an executive capacity which had found play even during her husband's lifetime when she had accompanied him on his daily rounds and had become familiar with every detail of his enterprises.

Meanwhile Bennett had reached Ottawa as a member of the house of commons. He, like Jennie Shirreff, had prospered and they resumed their contact on equal terms.

Names Bennett as Trustee.

In 1921 Mrs. Eddy died. Like her husband, she also established a trust which was not to be broken for five years. She appointed as trustees and executors of her estate her brother, J. T. "Harry" Shirreff, who held an important executive position in the Eddy company, and "my friend for the last 50 years, Richard Bedford Bennett, barister."

As trustees she directed that her brother was to receive \$15,000 and Bennett \$7,500 a year. Subject to the provisions of the trust she bequeathed 1,007 shares in the Eddy company to her brother and 500 shares to Bennett. The value of each bequest was in the millions. In addition to the shares in the company which she had inherited from her husband, she was able to bequeath another million dollars to charities, churches, relatives and friends.

Harry Shirreff did not survive the five-year trusteeship. He died on May 20, 1923. Even more surprising than Mrs. Eddy's bequest was the following clause in her brother's will:

"My surviving sister, Edith Jessie Richardson, and my surviving relatives having been amply provided for by my deceased sister, Jennie Eddy, I give and bequeath 1,008 full paid-up shares of the capital stock of the E. B. Eddy company, limited, owned by me, by special bequest to Richard Bedford Bennett, on the expressed condition that he shall Mr. Bennett shall have paid all estate and succession duties and taxes which may be payable with respect to the said shares, and, further, shall have paid also to the Montreal Trust for the purpose of establishment of the Guinness Patching Shirreff trust fund, hereinafter more fully described, the sum of \$250,000."

Inheritance Worth Millions.

The trust fund provided for an annuity for the testator's widow, and that provided for Bennett, the sole survivor of the three young comrades who merrily frequented the debates in Temperance hall in Chatham, N. B., in 1888, finds himself by the revolution of fortune's wheel possessor of an inheritance worth many millions. Bennett's 1,008 shares give him a

majority of the 2,000 shares of the Eddy company. They are not on the market and their value can only be estimated. The plant in Hull, across the river from Ottawa, is assessed at \$4,500,000 and the company possesses huge timber limits in the Gatheneau valley and elsewhere. As a going concern the business is worth possibly \$20,000,000.

There have been rumors that the International Paper company is trying to buy control. But the desire of E. B. Eddy, the founder, that the business should continue as an independent growing enterprise remains in force. And the capable hand of Bennett is at the helm.

Polar Fur Bonnets

Lady Eskimo's Choice

Seward, Alaska.—What woman who gets her styles from Paris can boast of possessing in her fur chest baby reindeer pelts as soft as velvet, silver fox, seal, mink, ermine and wolverine? All of these enter into the making of Millady Eskimo's winter clothing.

The Eskimo maiden labors with the same enthusiasm as her white sister in filling her hope chest. And each garment bears some mark expressive of her dreams. Not only must designs be consistent, but color blending must create harmony.

The little squares which adorn the flounce of her parka are cut from different colored pelts and the coat is made from many furs, alternating in color, yet harmonizing.

Polar bear and wolverine are the most popular for hoods.

New Discovery Will Save Guinea Pigs

Denver, Colo.—Lives of millions of guinea pigs, hitherto known as the "test tubes" of tuberculosis, probably will be saved in the future, thanks to a discovery made in the laboratory of the Denver Jewish hospital.

For years guinea pigs were the only known medium for producing tuberculous bacilli for experimental inoculations. Not only were thousands of the animals sacrificed to science, but thousands of dollars were spent in raising them in hospitals throughout the country.

After months of experimentation, Dr. H. J. Carper, director of the Denver institution, was able to produce the tuberculous germs through the use of a specially treated potato medium.

One hundred tests, Doctor Carper said, now may be made with the potato germs at the cost of one where germs from guinea pigs were used.

He added that the germs from the potato culture are in daily use in the Denver hospital and that he expected their use to become universal within the next few months.

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Hen's Eggs Sell at Rate of \$300 a Dozen

Vancouver, B. C.—Three eggs laid by "Maizie," world's champion hen owned by the University of British Columbia, have been sold to a Texas poultry breeder for \$25 apiece or at a rate of \$300 a dozen, according to an announcement by Prof. Everett A. Lloyd.

The "miracle" hen recently broke all previous records by producing 351 eggs in a 365-day test.

"This is the highest price ever paid for a hen's eggs," said Professor Lloyd. "If the entire set of 351 eggs had been sold at \$25 apiece, the pullet's production for the year would have been worth \$8,775."

"Maizie's" record in the egg laying contest was four eggs ahead of the world's previous high mark held by an Australian bird which laid 347 eggs in a year's official test. The former record held in North America was established by a pullet at the Puyallup (Wash.) experiment station, which laid 335 eggs in 365 days.

Scientific poultry breeding, it is pointed out, is improving the standard of Canadian flocks. Some of the finest birds on the continent are said to be owned in the Dominion. Poultry is becoming an important farm sideline in western Canada. New settlers entering the mixed farming areas find it most profitable. Elimination of nonlayer and scrub stock from the barnyards is helping to develop the industry.

Propaganda Had Its Birth in Ancient China

Washington.—Although it took a World war to develop it into an element of everyday life, propaganda, like powder and printing, was produced in China long before Europe became aware of its possibilities.

Emperor Ching Lung, who ruled over China in the Eighteenth century, wanted his people to believe that his domain embraced the world. So he had printed a book in which 42 European peoples and 231 tribes were represented as paying tribute to him, this being shown not only through the text but with engravings.

His book is included in a Chinese collection on exhibition at the Congressional Library, which also embraces a few volumes printed in the Twelfth century, 300 years before the art of printing was developed in Europe.

Spanish Mayor Learns Women Can't Be Bossed

Almendralejo, Spain.—The mayor of this mountain town near the Portuguese frontier is determined to save his woman constituents from the taint of short skirts and bobbed hair despite their assertions that they don't wish to be saved.

But his honor, Senor Francisco Montero de la Barrera, has adopted new tactics. He has abandoned his proposal to fine women who appear on the streets in short hair or abbreviated skirts. Instead he will present this year prizes to the two most charming maidens of his city of 13,000 inhabitants who maintain the old-fashioned long hair and skirts.

Something in That

Oakland, Calif.—Mrs. C. C. Noble is of the opinion that we hear more about the escapades of young people today because our publicity facilities have been developed

President Calles' Daughter Weds



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Robinson, who were married in Nogales, Sonora, Mexico. The bride was Miss Ernestina Calles, daughter of the President of Mexico.

BESIEGED BY CHILDREN FOR LOST-DOG REWARDS

Physician Flees From Farmhouse on Claiming Canine When Faces Appear Everywhere.

Sloux Falls, S. D.—When Dr. Anton Kaufman set out at a farmhouse in the Marion (S. D.) district to reward the children of a farmer for finding and taking care of his lost dog he found children to the right of him and to the left of him as well as in front of and behind him. Incidentally, he accidentally discovered what may be the largest family of children in South Dakota. Even now he does not know how many children there were in and about the farmhouse, but he states there were plenty and to spare.

The physician was driving along a country highway in his car with his valuable bird dog occupying a place on the fender. While the motor was traveling at a rapid rate the wheels struck a rut in the road and the dog

was hurled under the car. Fortunately the wheels did not strike it.

But the animal did not like such rough treatment and upon regaining its feet started off on a run across a pasture. It paid no attention whatever to the whistling and calls of its master.

Several days later the physician learned that his missing dog was at a certain farmhouse in the district. Supplying himself with silver dollars he went to the scene. It was his dog, all right, but he asked himself whom should he reward? George, one of the children, saw the dog in the pasture first. Henry, another of the children, had told the other tots about the stray dog. Frank, still another of the children, told them how to surround and capture the dog, so all of them had assisted in "taking up" the stray animal.

Six or seven boys were each given

a silver dollar, and then several girl members of the family appeared for their share. He rewarded two little girls with silver dollars and thought he was through. But the door of the farmhouse opened and three or four more little girls appeared. As the physician prepared to take to flight in his car he says he saw two other little faces appear in the dining-room window and the rattle of a pail in the chicken house was taken as a hint that still another child wanted some of the reward.

30,000 School Children Die on Roads in 5 Years

Washington.—Thirty thousand school children, most of them less than thirteen, were killed on the highways during the five-year period ending January 1, 1927, the American Road Builders' association stated recently. A survey of accident conditions over this period revealed that more than 3,000,000 persons had been sent to hospitals as a result of street and highway accidents, in addition to the loss of more than 100,000 lives.

An Inspiration in Bible and Shakespeare

The course of our education is answered best by those poems and romances where we breathe a magnificent atmosphere of thought and meet generous and pious characters. Shakespeare has served us best. Few living friends have had upon me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet or Rosalind. The last character, already well beloved in the reading, I had the good fortune to see, I must

think, in an impressionable hour, played by Mrs. Scott Siddons. Nothing has ever more moved, more delighted, more refreshed me.

The next book, in order of time, to influence me, was the New Testament, and in particular the Gospel according to St. Matthew. I believe it would startle and move anyone if they could make a certain effort of imagination and read it freshly like a book, not

drone-like and dully like a portion of the Bible. Anyone would then be able to see in it those truths which we are all courteously supposed to know and all modestly refrain from applying. But upon this subject it is perhaps better to be silent.—R. L. Stevenson in "Essays on the Art of Writing."