

STATE GAME COMMISSIONER'S LETTER.

Dr. Kalbfus Writes on Question of Caring for Birds.

(Continued from Last Week.)

The fact that I may permit a covey of quail to feed on my land or at least not drive them away, is not feeding the birds; they in reality have done me more good than I have done them, they have cost me nothing and I am afraid the writer of this article has not carefully investigated the disposition of farmers even in this respect, and has made, what in the matter of bounding lands is called an office survey. I happen to have spent a considerable part of my life on a farm and have been associated with farmers more or less all my life, and said what I did in my former letter after a careful canvass of the question, extending through a series of at least forty years, and now repeat, that I know of but few farmers, who, unless they are also sportsmen, have done anything ever for the birds, either game or otherwise. The old tree filled with woodpecker holes in which the hairy and downy woodpecker and the chickadee and the nuthatch found winter homes, and in which the blue bird and many other early Spring migrants found shelter from cold and sleet, have been long since transferred to the farmer's woodpile and have gone up in smoke through his chimney. Through the practice of tree surgery, the trees in the orchard or on the lawn, have all had the decayed places cut away and the cavities filled with cement, so that the birds before named have no place into which they can retreat in time of need. They, therefore, freeze and die, and the farmer if he pays any attention at all to the subject, wonders what has become of the birds, and I wonder how many farmers in your end of the State have attempted to put up bird-houses to take the places of the shelters destroyed. I wonder how many farmers in your end of the State have hung out suet, or fresh meat, or other food for the winter birds in the time of necessity. This article in your recent issue falls to convey information regarding this subject, and I ask that you who may read this letter think the matter over for yourself, and see how many of your farmer friends, unless they were also sportsmen, have ever traveled through storm and sleet to find and feed a covey of starling quail, as many sportsmen have done, or who have ever put up good hard earned dollars as many sportsmen have done for years, to buy quail in other States and place them in this State. I fail to understand how an attempt to investigate a matter of this kind or an honest statement of the result secured through such an attempt, can be called a "slur" or a "joke" for it is far from being anything but a serious condition, not only for the birds, but also for all our people.

If I am wrong in this matter, I would be only too glad to be corrected, because others besides myself have investigated the disposition of farmers to care for the birds and believe as I do regarding the matter.

Dr. Wm. T. Hornady, one of the greatest naturalists of the world, and Director of the New York Zoological Park, writing upon this subject, among other things, says: "Show me one farmer, or forester, who goes out of his way or labors and spends money to protect and attract his feathered friends, and I will show you ninety-nine who never hit one sparrow or spend one penny a year in such work," and again "If there was anything I could say that would penetrate the farmer's armor of indifference and sting him into activity on this subject I would quickly insert the stinger even at my own cost and loss," and again "Did you ever know a real sure-enough farmer to subscribe to a fund for game protection or to spend time and money attending legislative hearings in behalf of bird protection and increase? I never did; I mean the real farmers who depend upon their crops for their bread and butter."

Dr. Hornady was born and raised on a farm in Iowa; He knows something about the disposition of farmers; he knows that because of their many and varied duties the majority of farmers have no time to even think of the birds; his whole life has been spent in a battle for the birds; he has come before the legislative bodies of many States in the interest of birds and it would not do for him to tell anything but the truth about farmers. He knows there is not one farmer in fifty who can tell the names of half the birds around him or who knows of the special work each species of birds is doing for him. Dr. Hornady would hardly attempt to "slur" himself or his people or to "joke" regarding one of the most serious questions he has been called to consider in his lifetime and the sooner the farmer realizes his true position the better it will be for him and for the birds. Don't, I beg of you, get cross at me because I dare to tell you the truth. The simple fact is, as stated in my

former letter, this lady does not understand the situation or realize "who has been neighbor to the birds" up to this time and this faulty conception stands out as in letters of fire all through her article. Had she thoroughly studied this question, she would never expect to protect or increase birds through protection to squirrels or fur-bearing creatures any kind. If the experience of others through ages does not convince her in this respect; if the example of the squirrels in Capitol Park, Harrisburg is not satisfactory, I suggest that she try for herself and see what kind of birds will increase in the presence of squirrels or fur-bearing creatures of any name except rabbits. If the writer of your articles was to see the numerous and varied claims received in this office for damages done by deer and rabbits and squirrels and Wild turkeys, and even robins and other birds, she might conclude all farmers were not of her mind regarding protection of these creatures.

If she will investigate, she will find, that in the days when birds and game and predatory creatures were plentiful, men were scarce, and had not taken the homes of these wild creatures, as they have today. In those days the wild creatures had plenty of Land on which to roam, and untold numbers of hiding places, their feeding grounds were without limitations; to-day, in highly cultivated sections, the majority of our birds are compelled to nest upon the ground or upon low bushes, within easy reach of their many natural enemies, to the great discomfort of the birds. The farmer's cat, his dog his reaper, and his mower, and horse-rake, his cows, his horses and sheep in pasture, each one get in their deadly work; forest fires, built by human hands, take their toll, especially spring fires, that not only destroy the nest of the birds, but also the young of the birds and animals and in addition destroy the trees and vines and shrubs that furnished the food for all wild creatures, when insects are gone; the swamp has been drained, wherein the covey of quail or other birds were wont to take refuge at eventide on a tussock, safe from prowling enemies. The farmer's cat, it is estimated, kills at least sixty song birds every season, more birds than are killed by any 500 hunters in the state, excepting boys, for true sportsmen never kill song birds. Crows are permitted to hatch and to increase everywhere; the farmer never thinks of the crow, except when he is pulling corn, and for destroying birds the crow beats the cat out of sight. Young crows in the nest are said to consume daily animal food equal to two or three times its own weight, and the eggs and young of birds are taken whenever found. This disposition of the crow is what drives many birds to seek nesting places near human habitations and causes the robin to build on your window sill, and the great wonder to me is, not that we have so few birds, but, instead, that we have birds at all.

To be continued.

A Christmas Church

GIVE me a snug little church, dressed for the holidays in greens, wreaths of holly, long hanging garlands of ground pine and laurel, perhaps rather awkwardly, but none the less lovingly, arranged by interested church members, not by a hired florist, and filling the building with the breath of our doors. I want some trees on the pulpit and high overhead a blazing star of fire, shining out into the semi-twilight of the building. I want to rise in the brightened "darkness" of a properly frosted Christmas morning and in everyday clothes, wearing mittens, if I choose, and my second best hat, walk briskly through quiet streets to the church and join the waiting congregation.

There won't be a crowd. There will be no display. Only a few score of those to whom Christmas means a wonderful reality will be there. And there will be congregational singing, lots of it, and we'll run the gamut of the hymns of the Nativity. We'll read the appropriate Scripture responsively and listen to the Christmas story told once again by the kindly voice of the unpretentious clergyman. — New York Evening Post.

Turkey Not an Ancient Christmas Dish.
The turkey as a Christmas dish was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and is therefore of less antiquity than the huge sirloin of beef or the mince pie. Mince pies were first shaped like a manger, as were the Yule cakes given out by the bakers to their customers. The plum porridge later developed into the plum pudding, which dates from 1675. At the old Christmas feasts peacocks and cranes formed some of the dishes. Before being roasted the peacock was carefully skinned, and after leaving the oven the bird was re-dressed with its old plumage.

Telling Santa What They Want



The Greek Orthodox Christmas

ACCORDING to the Greek and Russian calendar, Christmas comes thirteen days after the day that is generally observed in this country—that is, on Jan. 7. In the colonies of the two races in American cities the day is celebrated by prayer, feasting and much merrymaking. The Greek Orthodox churches are crowded to the doors, men and women bringing candles, which they place before the shrines. In the Greek and Russian restaurants and clubs there is feasting, and the restaurants of the better class are decorated with laurel wreaths and pine trees. The poorer places have artificial wreaths of paper. In the Russian homes in the cities there are Christmas trees with presents for the children, just as there are on Dec. 25 in homes of other nationalities. Scores of children gather in homes to sing Russian hymns and songs. In the homes of the Greeks also there are Christmas trees for the children. The other folk receive money and gifts on the Greek New Year.

Shoes Instead of Christmas Stockings

ALL over New York the children talk of the coming of Santa Claus for weeks before Dec. 25 but there was a time when he was more frequently referred to as St. Nicholas, the Dutch St. Nicolas, or San Claas. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says in her "History of New York": "The stockings that our children hang on Christmas eve were once the shoes that the children of Amsterdam and New Amsterdam set in the chimney corners on the eve of Dec. 6, and the reindeer whose hoofs our children hear represent the horse, descended from Woden's horse Sleipner, upon whose back St. Nicholas still makes his round in Holland. When Catholicism prevailed St. Nicholas was every where the children's saint. In Holland, where his personality was modified by memory of Woden, god of the elements and the harvest, he had a peculiar hold on popular affection, which persisted into Protestant times. The children of Holland still believe that he brings the gifts that they always get on the eve of his titular day, Dec. 6."

At the Foot of the Magical Tree



Safe in Santa's Arms



Bring us your **COUPONS** and **TAGS**
Liggett & Myers
Don't send your Liggett & Myers Cigarette and Tobacco Coupons and Tags away. Our big stock of their premiums makes it easy to select present and get it same day. Call and see them. Special welcome to ladies.
Meyersdale Produce Co.

Every Farmer with two or more cows needs a
A DeLAVAL,
THE BEST SEPARATOR MADE.
Office 223 Levergood St.,
J. T. YODER, Johnstown, - Penn'a

WAVERLY GASOLINE
76
SPECIAL MOTOR AUTO
are the products of more than 30 years' experience. Four brands—**76—Special—Motor—Auto**
Power Without Carbon
Waverly gasolines are all distilled and refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Clean, Uniform. More miles per gallon. Contain no crude compressed natural gas product.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Independent Refiners
Illuminants—Lubricants—Paraffine Wax
Waverly Products Sold by
BITTNER MACHINE WORKS - D. H. WEISEL - P. J. COVER & SON Meyersdale

In the Christmas Shop

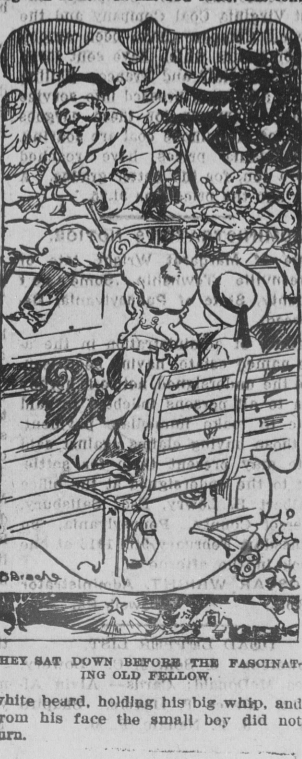
SHE was six if she was a day. She had a little fat back, in a little black coat, and her wisps of red hair matched her red tam-o'-shanter. In her firm hand she held a struggling boy about a year younger, and they were getting into the elevator at a big department store and making for the toys.
The Woman Who Saw had a like destination, and when the floor was reached they got out together. Children are not allowed unaccompanied by guardians in most large shops, but such was her air of responsibility, of decorum, that it would have been a bold floor-walker who dared to question her.
Nor was it her first visit. The boy, still held in her arms, ran in front and made straight for the space devoted to Santa Claus, his reindeer and his sled piled with toys.
There was a background of fir and cedar and a huge Christmas tree, but the pair sat down before the fascinating old fellow in his red robe, his long

Across the room was a creche; also a wonderful and beautiful thing—the infant Jesus in the manger, the mother in her blue robes, St. Joseph with his staff, the three kings resplendent.
The children had been perfectly still for fifteen minutes looking at Santa Claus when the little girl whispered to the boy: "He squirmed, struggled, but she was too much for him. She dislodged him from his seat, dragged him to the creche and with motherly Irish pluck pressed him on his knees."
Reverently she described the holy group, then would tacit devotion for a more human motive. "See the cow, Denny. You mind the cow we used to see last summer at the farm when we went on the fresh air? See the goat, Denny. You mind the goat in our alley? It's his pitcher." But Denny whined and pulled and pulled to be back again to his idol.
The little girl looked up and met the eyes of the Woman Who Saw. Her sigh was that given by every woman for whose soul she holds herself responsible.
"I'm afraid," she said, "Denny likes Santa Claus better than he likes God."
—New York Evening Sun.

Healing Virtues in Christmas Coins.
In certain parts of Worcestershire and Staffordshire the idea prevails that a silver coin from the Christmas shilling ceremony is a sovereign remedy for any of that human flesh is heir to. Accordingly any householder who happens to have an ailing child or other person in his house, hires him or the clergyman of the parish on Christmas morning and asks as a favor a sacrament shilling, as the coin is called. The coin given in exchange has to be obtained by collecting a dozen pennies from as many different maidens and then changing the coppers for a silver shilling. For this coin the applicant receives the coveted sacrament shilling, which on being taken home is hung round the ailing one's neck and is popularly supposed to effect a rapid and complete cure of the complaint, no matter what it may be.

Provide For Christmas.
Provide for Christmas eve that it do come to feast thy neighbor good cheer to have some:
Good bread and drink, a fire in the hall, Brawn, pudding, goose and good mustard withal;
Beef, mutton, pork and shred pie of the best;
Pig, veal, goose, capon and turkey well dressed;
Apples and nuts to throw about the hall, That boys and girls may scramble for them all;
Sing jolly carols, make the fiddlers play— Let scrupulous fanatics keep away, For oftentimes is seen no unwary knave Than some who do counterfeit meat to be grave.
—Poor Robin's Almanac, 1654.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR RAGGED KIDNEYS AND BLOOD
Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



THEY SAT DOWN BEFORE THE FASCINATING OLD FELLOW.
white beard, holding his big whip, and from his face the small boy did not turn.