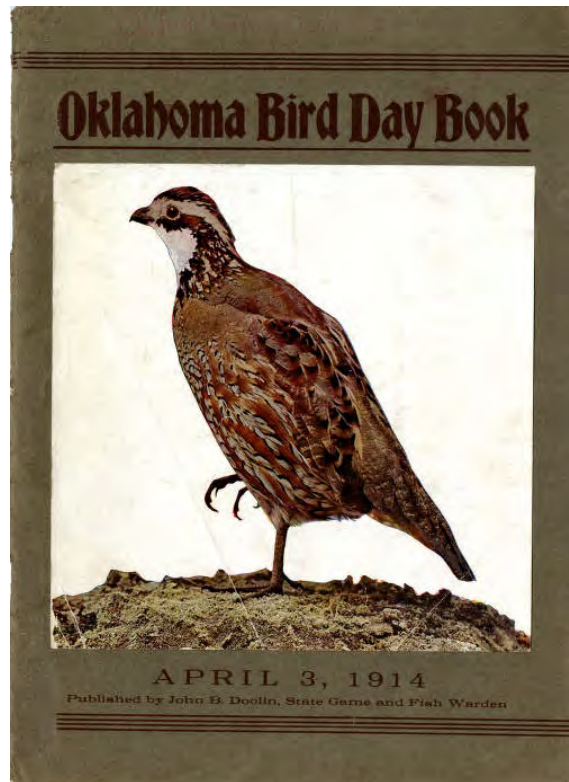


Oklahoma Bird Day Book – April 3, 1914  
(Published by John B. Doolin-State Game and Fish Warden).



### **Introduction:**

By Rich Fuller, Sr. Information & Education Specialist, ODWC

John B. Doolin-State Game Warden 1910-14, is credited as the author of the Oklahoma Bird Day Book. A native of Alva, Doolin began his career in the clothing business, but at age 21 began a life-long career in politics and public service. After assisting the unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign of Lee Cruce in 1907, Doolin again assisted Cruce's second attempt in 1910 which he won. Thereafter Cruce appointed Doolin as State Game Warden. While in office, Doolin began an active campaign for the conservation of wildlife, particularly birds.

On the last page of Doolin's 1914 Report to the Governor entitled, Outdoor Oklahoma he explains that the Game and Fish Department wishes to give Oklahoma school children a greater appreciation for Oklahoma's bird life through the establishment of the annual Governor's "Bird Day" proclaimed as the first Friday in April.

In celebration of the "Bird Day" the Oklahoma Bird Day Book was published and distributed to school children across the state with the hope it would facilitate the establishment of Audubon Chapters within each school district.



R.H. Wilson, State School Superintendent, and John B. Doolin  
pictured on page 6 of Oklahoma Bird Day Book

What is interesting about the Bird Day Book is that it is primarily a collection of poetry and short stories related to birds. Apart from the bobwhite quail pictured on the outside cover, there are no other pictures of birds within the book, and very little information on how to identify certain birds by their appearance or calls. The poems and short stories were included to evoke more appreciation for birds by children; and judging from the content, it was probably the author's intent that teachers read the text aloud to their students. The book also features a word-matching game (called a puzzle) that is designed to test children's knowledge of terms related to birds.

It's unknown how successful or popular the first "Bird Day" was on April 3, 1914. Since 1952, however, the official "Bird Day" in Oklahoma has occurred annually on May 1<sup>st</sup> due to the passage of House Joint Resolution #21 on May 26<sup>th</sup> 1951. The same resolution is more popularly known for its other designation – the naming of the scissor-tailed flycatcher (*Muscivora Forficata*) as Oklahoma's official State Bird.





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# Oklahoma Bird Day Book

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APRIL 3, 1914

Published by John B. Doolin, State Game and Fish Warden

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GENERAL CIRCULATION

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OKLAHOMA  
BIRD DAY BOOK

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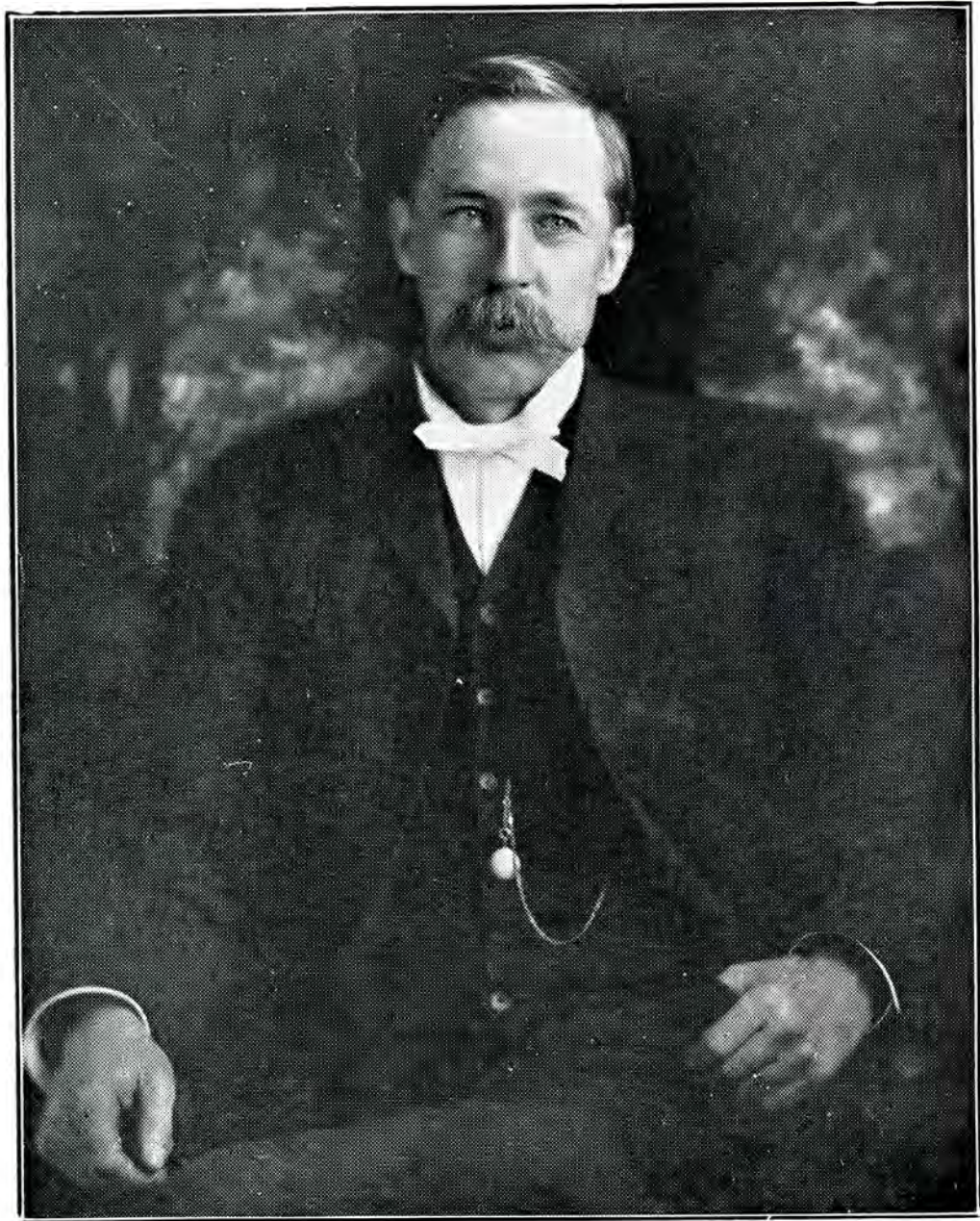
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APRIL 3, 1914

PUBLISHED BY  
**JOHN B. DOOLIN**  
STATE GAME AND FISH WARDEN





HONORABLE LEE CRUCE  
GOVERNOR



# PROCLAMATION

## BIRD DAY.

*To the People of the State of Oklahoma, Greeting:*

*WHEREAS, The relation and importance of bird-life to the common welfare and especially to the agricultural interests is a subject deserving more general recognition, and*

*WHEREAS, Carefully prepared statistics show that birds are very essential to the protection of crops and add materially to the wealth of the State by destroying obnoxious insects, and*

*WHEREAS, The preservation of the same must come in a large measure through instilling in the minds of the school children of the State a love of nature and a knowledge of her benefactions;*

*TO THE END, THEREFORE, That the Public Schools and all societies as well as individuals may co-operate in the work of saving the birds of the State from wanton slaughter by the thoughtless,*

*I, Lee Cruce, Governor of the State of Oklahoma, do hereby designate and appoint the first Friday in April in this year of our Lord 1914 to be known as BIRD DAY, and I hereby request that all teachers of the public schools and the people generally shall observe the same with appropriate exercises.*

*In Testimony Whereof, I hereto set my hand and cause the Great Seal of the State to be affixed this 2nd day of March, A. D., 1914.*

*By the Governor,*

LEE CRUCE.

Attest: [Seal]

BENJAMIN F. HARRISON,  
*Secretary of State.*





## *FOREWORD.*

In preparation of this pamphlet we have been assisted by a number of people who have given much time, study and thought to the preservation and protection of wild life and the conservation of the many beautiful things that nature has so generously provided for us. We feel indebted to them for their kindness in assisting us in this, our first humble effort to arouse the school children of the State to the necessity as well as the importance of preserving our fast-vanishing wild life from total extinction.

In the preparation of this programme we have attempted to make it interesting as well as to emphasize the importance of bird life to the agricultural and general business interests of the State.

It is our purpose to convey this information to the children of the State so they may, in turn, inform the older people of the difficulties and problems that are encountered by those who are entrusted with the protection and propagation of bird life in this State.

It is our hope that we may arouse enough interest so this day will be continued and that the rising generation will have a proper regard for the helpless, weak creatures that have no means of protecting themselves from the thoughtless.

J. B. DOOLIN,  
*State Game and Fish Warden.*

*R. H. WILSON  
State Superintendent  
"The man who works for the boys and girls  
of Oklahoma"*



*JOHN B. DOOLIN  
State Game Warden  
"The man who protects the birds and game  
of Oklahoma"*



## PREFACE.

IT is our desire to direct the attention of the teachers and pupils of the public schools of Oklahoma to the beauty and usefulness of the bird life around them. Too many children, and sometimes older persons, do not realize the value of birds to mankind, and few of us realize the beauty of these little creatures. The beauty of our little feathered friends has been interpreted for us by writers. Their usefulness and economic value have been explained by our scientists. These facts we have learned from our text books in school, but in order that our attention may be more forcibly directed to the value of birds and the need of protecting them, we have designated Friday, April 3rd, of this year as Bird Day. We earnestly request the teachers to observe this day with an appropriate program of exercises in their schools bearing on this particular subject. For the purpose of helping the teachers in this work, with the assistance of the State Game Warden's Department, we have prepared this bulletin as a suggestive program which the teacher may supplement as the conditions in her school require. By all means, the day should be observed in some appropriate way and the purpose and spirit of it should be to impress upon the minds of the children and the people of the community the importance of protecting bird life from an economic as well as from an aesthetic standpoint.

R. H. WILSON,  
*State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*





# BIRD DAY BOOK

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## *ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO A BIRD.*

(To be read by the teacher.)

**I**N the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a young attorney and "rode the circuit," he was one day traveling on horseback from one town to another with a party of friends who were lawyers like himself.

The road which they traveled led across prairies and through woods. As they passed by a grove where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a baby bird which had fallen from the nest and lay fluttering by the roadside.

After they had gone a short distance, Mr. Lincoln stopped, turned, and said, "Wait for a moment; I will soon rejoin you."

As his friends halted and watched him, they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the helpless bird lay on the ground, and tenderly take it up and set it on a limb near the nest.

When he joined his companions, one of them laughingly asked, "Why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?"

Abraham Lincoln's reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said he, "I can only say this,—that I feel better for it. I could not have slept to-night if I had left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground."

## BOBWHITE.

*I see you on the zigzag rails,  
You cheery little fellow!  
While purple leaves are whirling down,  
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.  
I hear you when the air is full  
Of snow down of the thistle;  
All in your speckled jacket trim,  
"Bobwhite! Bobwhite!" you whistle.*

*There, you are gone! but far away  
I hear your whistle falling,  
Ah! maybe it is hide and seek,  
And that's why you are calling—  
Along those hazy uplands wide  
We'd be such merry rangers,  
What! silent now, and hidden too?  
"Bobwhite," don't let's be strangers.*

*Perhaps you teach your brood the game,  
In yonder rainbow thicket,  
While winds are playing with the leaves,  
And softly creaks the cricket.  
"Bobwhite! Bobwhite!"—again I hear  
That blithely whistled chorus;  
Why should we not companions be?  
One Father watches o'er us!*

—George Cooper.



## BIRDS.

*Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?  
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of thought?  
Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
Sweeter than instruments of man e'er caught!  
Whose habitations in the tree tops even  
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!*

*Think, every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

*BIRDS' MUSIC.*

*The little leaves upon the trees  
Are written over with notes and words  
And pretty madrigals and glees  
Sung by the merry minstrel birds.*

*Their teacher is the wind, I know;  
For while they're busy at this song,  
He turns the music quickly, so  
The tune may safely move along.*

*So all through summer time they sing,  
And make the woods and meadows sweet,  
And teach the brooks, soft murmuring,  
Their dainty carols to repeat.*

*And when, at last, their lessons done,  
The winter brings a frosty day,  
Their teacher takes them, one by one,  
Their music, too, and goes away.*

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



*A BIRD'S CLEVER DEVICE.*

**I**N front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A Humming Bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact, we could look right into the nest.

One day when there was a heavy shower, we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. When the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as to cover it; then she flew away.

On examining the leaf, we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked upon. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

—*American Sportsman.*

*THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS.*

(An Indian Legend.)

**A**MONG the many strange stories which the Indians relate to their children is one which tells how the birds came on earth.

They say that long, long ago, when the world was new, the Great Spirit walked about making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground, beautiful trees and flowers sprang into being.

All through the first summer the trees bore leaves of many different shades of green. When autumn came, and the winds grew colder, and the frosts came, the green in the leaves changed to bright red, and yellow, and soft brown, just as it does to this day.

When the breezes played among them, they sang soft little songs to each other, as they fluttered down to the ground.

The Great Spirit did not wish them to lie there and die; he wished them to live and be beautiful always, so he changed each one into a bird, and breathed into it the breath of life.

The red-brown leaves of the oak were changed into Robins, the yellow leaves of the willow into Goldfinches and Yellow birds, and the bright red leaves of the maple into Cardinals and Tanagers. All the dull brown leaves were changed into Sparrows, and Wrens, and other dull brown birds.

For this reason the birds have always loved to make their homes among the protecting branches of the mother trees, which furnish them both food and shelter.



*WHY THE SWALLOW'S BACK IS BLACK.*

**A**N Indian legend tells us that when men first came on earth they had no fire. The Great Spirit taught them how to do many things; he taught them how to get game among the trees, fish from the waters, and corn and beans from the earth, but fire they themselves must learn to make.

Even with all the gifts they had showered upon them, they were not happy, but kept thinking all the time of the one thing which they still wanted, instead of enjoying the many gifts which were already theirs. All fire was then in the sun, and they could think of no way to get it. Men could not reach it in any way, and no bird cared to go after it.

Finally, the Swallow, who could fly more swiftly than any of the other birds, offered to go to the sun so far away and bring this gift to men.

Many, many days he flew, and as he came near the sun, the feathers on his back were all burned black by the sun. When the heat became so great that he could go no farther, he was compelled to return to the earth without the long-wished-for fire.

No one ever tried to get fire from the sun again, but long years afterward men learned how to make fire by rubbing sticks together.

The story must be true, for, even now, the Swallow's back is still black.

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

*Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,  
His Godlike forehead by the mock crown torn,  
A little bird took from the crown one thorn  
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.  
That bird did what she could; His blood, 'tis said  
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red,  
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;  
Weasel nor wild-cat will her young molest;  
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.*

—A Breton Legend.

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BACK UP THE GAME LAWS.

**A**S the public grows to understand the business need of protecting our wild birds and animals and preserving our forests, endorsement of the hunting-license system spreads. Here and there remains some opposition, but it is so inconsequential as to be scarcely worth recording. The people know by now that unless birds are protected they will be shot out, and the logic of having the men who do the shooting pay a tax for the privilege is unanswerable.

Though violently opposed at first, the common fairness of the license system has won support everywhere, if for no other reason than because it is one of the most satisfactory methods yet devised of securing funds for game protection. This is not a question for sportsmen only—this saving of birds—but one of pertinence to all the people over all America. The value of birds to the agricultural interest



has been so often exploited it seems needless to go over it again. So much is being printed on the subject in the magazines and the daily papers that it must be indeed an unintelligent person who to-day does not realize that bird protection is a question for all people, whatever their business interests; not for sentimental, but for purely commercial reasons. The most practical manner of securing help in this effort is the stimulation among the people of a sentiment supporting the game laws and supporting the wardens in the exercise of their duty. The game warden is doing a notable public service, and should be encouraged in the performance of that duty and upheld and honored in its discharge.

This season, in order to direct its work with added intelligence, the Biological Survey is making an effort to secure statistics as to the number of game birds and animals killed. It is impossible to do this except by the co-operation of sportsmen. Therefore, I urge all who go afield to observe the game laws, support the wardens, keep their killing within sportsmanly limits, and to send the figures as to the game killed to the game wardens of their respective States. This is for the purpose of gathering statistics as to numbers, so as to have definite figures for game preservation activity. Such a basis can be had only through a careful record of the hunters' kill each season. At present the figures are wholly guesswork. Every man who takes out a license should be required to return at the end of the season figures of his shooting on penalty of forfeiting his right to a license the following year. Such a system is being very successfully operated in Manitoba.

—*Collier's Weekly.*

## ADDRESSES OF THE BIRDS.

(An exercise for five pupils.)

## THE ROBIN—

*I am a robin, very brown,  
And big and plump and smooth and round.  
My breast is pretty, bright and red!  
And see this top-knot on my head!  
I heard the boys awhile ago  
Shooting robins o'er the snow  
And flew away in trembling fear  
And thought I'd hide from them in here.*

## THE BLUE BIRD—

*I'm a blue bird. Don't you see  
Me sitting on this apple tree?  
I left my nest an hour ago  
To look for bugs and worms, you know;  
And now I know the very thing—  
That while I'm waiting I will sing,  
Oh! beautiful and balmy spring.*

## THE WOODPECKER—

*I'm a woodpecker—a bird  
Whose sound through wood and dale is heard,  
I tap, tap, tap, with noisy glee,  
To test the bark of every tree.  
I saw the rainbow stretching gay,  
Across the sky the other day;  
And someone said, "Goodbye to rain,  
The woodpecker has come again."*



## THE LARK—

*I'm the lark and early rise  
To greet the sun-god of the skies,  
And upright cleave the freshening air,  
To sail in regions still more fair.  
Who could not soar on lusty wing,  
His Maker's praises thus to sing?*

## THE NIGHTINGALE—

*In music I excel the lark,  
She comes at dawn, I come at dark.  
And when the stars are shining bright,  
I sing the praises of the night.*

## IN CONCERT—

*Oh! in a chorus sweet we'll sing,  
And wake the echoes of the spring.  
American Teacher.*

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 BIRD PUZZLE.

1. *There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow,*
2. *And one which boys use when with long strides they go,*
3. *There is one that tells tales, although he can't sing,*
4. *And one who flies high, but is held by a string,*
5. *By one a high rank in the army is held,*
6. *There's another whose name with one letter is spelled,*
7. *There is one that a farmer in harvest would use,*
8. *And one you can easily fool if you choose.*

9. *What bird, at dessert, is it useful to hold,*
10. *And which in the chimney place oft hung of old?*
11. *Which bird wears a bit of the sky in its dress?*
12. *Which one always stands in the corner at chess?*
13. *There is one built a church, of London the pride.*
14. *We have one when we talk with a friend by our side.*
15. *What bird would its bill find useful at tea,*
16. *And which would its tail use to steer us at sea?*
17. *Which proudly a musical instrument wears?*
18. *And which the same name as a small island bears?*
19. *Which bird is called foolish and stupid and silly,*
20. *And which always wanting to punish poor Billy?*
21. *Which bird is an artisan, works at its trade,*
22. *And which is the stuff of which flags are made?*
23. *One, we're told by the poet, At Heaven's gate sings,*
24. *And there's one, which in Holland, the new baby brings.*
25. *What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?*
26. *One, used for a fence, you can say without thinking,*
27. *What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?*
28. *What one is too lazy to build her own nest?*
29. *From a high wind at evening one name is inferred,*
30. *Guess all these, you're as wise as Minerva's own bird.*

- 
- |                |                    |                  |
|----------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Swift       | 11. Blue bird      | 21. Weaver       |
| 2. Stilt       | 12. Rook           | 22. Bunting      |
| 3. Tattler     | 13. Wren           | 23. Lark         |
| 4. Kite        | 14. Chat           | 24. Stork        |
| 5. Adjutant    | 15. Spoon-bill     | 25. Swallow      |
| 6. Jay         | 16. Rudder-duck    | 26. Rail         |
| 7. Thrasher    | 17. Lyre bird      | 27. Mocking Bird |
| 8. Gull        | 18. Canary         | 28. Cuckoo       |
| 9. Nut-cracker | 19. Loon           | 29. Nightingale  |
| 10. Crane      | 20. Whip-poor-will | 30. Owl          |



## THE ROBIN'S INVITATION.

*The sportsman stopped to listen as he heard the Robin's note,  
A cherry, merry, little song from that red songster's throat;  
He seemed to sing of joy and love where skies were blue  
and life was gay,  
The weary hunter liked the song and paused to hear what  
he would say.*

*"I love to live," the Robin sang, "these wondrous woods are  
Home to me,  
I love the fields of golden grain, old Mother Earth is dear  
to me.  
For from it springs the rarest things that ever pleased the  
heart of man,  
And yestermorn I saw Young Spring come down the road  
with Peter Pan.*

*She lightly tript, while gently he blew elfin strains upon his  
flute,  
All nature stopped her song to list and Mocking Bird him-  
self grew mute,  
Oh Life thou'rt fleet, and Love thou'rt sweet,  
Grim Care can wither in a day,  
We'll prison Grief, and Joy set free, and dance a merry  
roundelay.*

*I'd like to keep you here with me where nature's at her best,  
Far from the city's noisy din 'neath sunny skies to rest.  
So come with me and mayhap we will find Pan in some  
fairy wood,  
We'll spend our hours among his bowers and hear his tales  
of Robinhood."*

EMOGENE BOARDMAN.

*WILD BIRDS ARE INSECT-EATING ANIMALS.*

**M**OST birds benefit the farmer, because their food consists very largely of harmful insects, weed seeds, mice, etc. Some birds eat the grain or do much damage to the fruit, but without the birds, the insects would be far more destructive. In 1753 Benjamin Franklin wrote to a friend:—"In New England they once thought blackbirds useless, and mischievous to the corn. They made efforts to destroy them. The consequence was, the blackbirds diminished, but a kind of worm which devoured their grass, and which the blackbirds used to feed upon, increased prodigiously; then, finding their loss in grass greater than their gain in corn, they wished again for the blackbirds."

Birds like insect food best. Every one has noticed how the field-larks, and other birds, fly into the newly plowed furrow. They are not looking for freshly planted seeds as some suppose, but for worms and insects which the plow uncovers. They prefer insects, but will eat weed or grain seeds if insects are scarce. In summer the Meadow Lark eats insects almost entirely, but in winter when he cannot find insects, he has to eat weed seeds, and waste grain. The young of all kinds of birds, including those of the vegetable-feeding adults, feed largely on insects.

Beneficial birds should not be killed for food, neither for sport, nor for decorations for hats. Every time one feels tempted to kill birds, he should not only think of the good they do by destroying insects and weed seeds, but possibly not far off there is a group of tender nestlings waiting for mama or papa bird to come home with a morsel of food, to check the pangs of hunger. When women decorate their hats with aigrettes, they encourage selfish persons to kill harmless birds. It is against the laws of many states to kill the useful birds. No one should want to destroy them. Birds should be protected at all seasons.

FERGUSON & LEWIS' AGRICULTURE.



*BIRDS.*

**B**IRDS are to us like a great many other blessings of life, so familiar that we forget their worth. We regard them with matter of fact eyes as we do the sunshine, the green of the grass, the sheen of the sunset glow on summer evenings, and all other beautiful things which we could not get along without. It is only when we think about them hard that we realize fully how wonderful they are, and then, especially if we are sentimental, we love them so much that a tightness comes up in our throats and our hearts hurt because of sheer gratitude.

To the lumbering human creature who must needs keep his feet upon the firm earth for safety, all winged things typify freedom, light, air, song and happiness, and the mere sight of a tiny bird sweeping into the vastness of far off skies makes us thrill with a sense of gladness in its ecstasy. No one views it without a bit on envy. There is such a joy in its movements, such a sweetness in its song as it mounts upward toward the sun, that we seem to feel its own gratitude for the blessing of flight. Since the beginning of time birds have been a symbol of good to man. The Garden of Eden was melodious with them; a dove went from the ark and brought back to Noah the olive branch; and the legend says that when the cross stood upon Calvary, a little robin fluttering near with sympathy for the dying Savior received on its throat a drop of blood from the Heart of Jesus, and so it has been a Robin Red Breast ever since.

There are so many different kinds of birds just as there are so many different kinds of people that it is hard to classify them all together, but the ones we know best are the ones in our own country and therefore most dear to us. They have so many attributes and habits which we ought to possess but sometimes do not. They are indus-

trious, but while they work they also sing. They are faithful during the mating season, and not one shirks its share of work while the little ones are helpless.

It is only the person who does not think who kills birds, for it would be like giving a little child pain to watch the death struggles of such a tiny, joyful, singing thing as a bird. They are so helpless, and all helplessness awakens pity in a heart that is good, just as we ourselves awake pity in the great Heart of God. Only the bits of flying things are so much more innocent and vastly better than we who kill them. Not taking into consideration their usefulness, for everybody understands their worth in that way, they have intrinsic value which should forever protect them from our cruelty, the value of making the world a more beautiful and gladsome place to live. If this were all they do it would simply justify their existence. They come twittering to us with the first stirring of spring in the air; they make the summer marvelous with their quick flashings through the still days, their bursts of melody in the glowing twilights, their sleepy chirpings in the hushed night; they dance before the snowflakes in winter and even in the iciest, grayest days there are always some who are faithful, and who croon little songs under our eaves to remind us that to them and to us the warm will come again.

They are so innocent, so happy, so playful, that we could almost imagine them to be the souls of children whom our Lord loved so dearly that He wanted them to taste only the sweets of earth, and therefore sent them in this guise to make the pretty places in the world prettier still by their harmless presence.

All little birds are messengers from God. They bring with them a spirit of optimism that is like a breath from Heaven. Their whirring wings, their matchless flight, are to human hands a symbol of a state which we cannot hope to reach a freedom which we cannot hope to enjoy until our journey



with angels. The frightened beatings of their tiny hearts invite our protection rather than our cruelty, and they should no more be harmed by human hands than innocence should be crushed or a rose plucked ruthlessly and flung away to die. With every shy bird that is slain in wantonness there dies some atom of Christ's message of love to a world that needs His Mercy and care as the little birds need ours.

MRS. WALTER FERGUSON.

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### *THE CALL OF THE QUAIL.*

**T**HE Call of the Quail sounds from all the country-side in the early autumn time. It is a call of mournful music, holding hints of happy summer days, of nestlings in the quiet and secluded places of field and thicket, of cautious weeks of wondering with the fledgling brood and guarding them from ever present danger. And now when the summer time is past, when the grains are being garnered and the harvests gathered into barns, the little brown birds forget their shyness for a time, and become familiar with the ways and homes of men. It is the soft interlude between the delights of safety and the fearsomeness of danger.

The September Call of this friendly bird has something of sweet yearning in its pleading. What it means to the little visitor we cannot know; but to us it seems something of a prayer to men that when the cold of winter comes and the food of the covies fail, they be not slaughtered by the dog and gun. For at no other season of the year does the Quail so seem to court the society of mankind. On the farms, the orchards, and the gardens resound at the morning and evening time with this peculiar cry, and in the

towns and villages every vacant lot and clump of shrubbery voices the same peculiar music. Then for the only time of the year does Mr. Bob White appear to forget his ancient shyness, and neglectful of his old-time fear approaches the very feet of his ruthless enemies with a melancholy petition for their mercy.

And this September Call is something far and away different from what we hear at other times of the year. In early spring the broken remnants of the winter covies surviving the dog and gun begin to make arrangements for the summer's house-keeping, and the vernal air throbs and beats with mating music. And then the demur little bird is won, and from the fence-post during the still days of the early summer time, our music-maker sends forth another Call. His little wife doesn't do much in the singing line, for with her nest of eggs and her voluminous brood she has enough to occupy her time and talents, and she wanders far afield and hides in the deepest thickets lest she be called upon to receive unwelcome company. But if we should happen in where she is staying, we learn in about a second how busy she is and how solicitous for her helpless brood; and amid cries of anguish and fluttering wings and a confusing flash of all things animate, the mother and the brood have vanished all at once into the mysteries of vacancy and silence.

But the Call will not be heeded. In a little while the Quail will realize that this is so, and the Call will die away in a despairing pathos. Then for a day or two there will be heard another and a different Call in which the notes of terror and of danger dominate. And then he disappears from the door and the back-yard. He organizes his clan anew for the winter, against the dangers of dog and gun, the wiles of trap and net. He retires to the most secret places, to the thickets and the high grass along the streams, to the cornfields and the sheltering hill-sides; and there,



always alert and swift of flight, he escapes the hawk and bullet and starvation if he can.

You may hear his Call again next September. Perhaps, two or three out of his covey may survive. But it is hardly possible that the same friendly little fellow who so mournfully pleaded this autumn time for everlasting peace between man and bird will come back to plead again.

FREEMAN E. MILLER,  
*Stillwater, Okla.*

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*A TRAGEDY OF THE UPLANDS.*

THE Quail and his little brown wife were sunning themselves in the great bare spot under the bushes by the draw. It had been a summer full of unusual labors for the happy pair. Spring had opened warm and sunny many days before the ordinary time, and the little wife had not been long in filling the cozy nest they built under the sumac bushes with a constellation of speckled white and brown eggs; and almost before the June roses nodded with their soft scarlets along the edges of the ravine, a restless brood of youngsters, voracious for all the insects of the field, required their undivided care.

Then, long before the summer was well spent, this brood was turned loose amid the ripening corn to shift for themselves. The little brown wife made her another nest,—this time under the shin-oaks on the edge of the hill; and again a restless brood marched behind her across the fallow grounds and into the patches of cane and kafir, pecking the chinch-bugs here and there, and now and then picking up a stray grain that had fallen from its ripened,

open husk. And now this family, too, had passed from their paternal care. They could hear the weaker and more timid ones even now calling whimperingly from the cane patch on the hill. But this was a day when the Quail and his little brown wife, forgetful of the long summer's constant cares, were giving themselves over to the pleasures of the autumn time and renewing their love-making, neglected so long amid the hard toils of the brooding and the breeding season.

What a blissful day it was to this faithful couple, as they sunned themselves in the sand below the bushes by the draw! In the early morning they had stuffed their crops with fat grasshoppers too stiff to jump away, and the insects lazy from the chilly night. They cheeped and twittered to each other in the love-language of their ancient tribes, and if ever a Quail and his little brown wife were happy and content, their duties well performed and without thoughts of danger to distress them, these were so that autumn afternoon.

Sh-h-h! What is that long thing with brown ears and white body creeping through the tall grass above them? It draws nearer and nearer! Ah, they know what it is now! It is a hunter's dog! Something different from old Rover, the farmer's watch-dog. They were quite friends with him, for he knew them and was almost a companion. But this white and brown thing!—it comes closer and closer! They both flatten themselves in the leaves, and nothing but the eyes that see through both the living and the dead would notice them. It comes closer still,—it is almost upon them! And with a whir and a whiz and a startled love-call that sounds sweet and clear above the shriek of danger, they rise on swift and startled wings above the bushes of the draw.

But the Quail and his little brown wife, watching the dog, did not see two things that walked upright, dressed in leggings and jackets and carrying queer looking poles



that they kept pointed in the direction of the dog. And just as they rose on soaring wings, disdainful of danger, and settled down into smooth and steady flight, those queer looking poles belched fire and smoke, and amid the thunder of it all went forth hot, burning, stinging balls of lead, swifter than flew the Quail and his little brown wife. And as the leaden balls touched her soft feathers with deadly shock, the wings of the little brown wife that had guarded two happy broods through all the summer long, and that even now were bearing her away in safety with the Quail, went limp and helpless, and she fell, dead, bloody, a mass of torn flesh and broken bones and disheveled feathers, into the tall grass that had been clean of stain. And then the dog came with snuffling nose, and found her mangled body and carried it to his master, who welcomed the trophy with a mighty shout.

But the Quail did not fall in the tall grass that had been clean of stain. It is true that some of the hot, burning pellets ploughed through his feathers, and even through his strong, plump breast; it is true that one of them shattered his right leg and left it hanging a limp, ragged, bony thing that hurt and pained and throbbled; it is true that the red blood oozed and smeared out over his beautiful plumage and dyed it redder than the June roses were above his earliest brood of young. But the Quail was of a valiant clan, and the swift whirl of his strong wings faltered not in their brave flight until he reached the grassy spring in the far corner of the distant field where the draw breaks sharply down from the jagged rim of rocks above.

Then he fell; for his strength was wasted now, and his dangling leg and his stinging wounds weighed down upon his flight with an increasing burden.

But the Quail knew of a crevice in the rocks which was safe from the hunter's dog and the prying eyes of hawk and crow; and in a little while despite the agonies of weak-

ness and of wound he climbed and fluttered and drawled until he reached the crevice and knew that he was safe. And then the Quail swooned away, being worn and deeply stricken with the agonies of his pain.

I found him in the crevice the next spring as I was searching for some fossils in the rocks. Neither the rains nor the snows of winter had fallen there, and his plumage was as bright and glistening as when he found this refuge many months before. Only the blood had matted the soft feathers, and the dangling leg, hung by a single sinew, showed where the cruel shot had struck him down. The Quail had died that autumn afternoon when he swooned away after his swift flight from the bare spot by the draw. He and his little brown wife had perished that same day, although he escaped by superior strength the dog's drooling mouth and the hunter's cruel table.

It was a tragedy of the uplands! And what tragedies they are, sparing neither the Quail nor his little brown wife nor their helpless and harmless children of the fields.

FREEMAN E. MILLER,  
*Stillwater, Okla.*



*LETTER FROM GEN. J. C. JAMISON WHO ORGANIZED  
THE FRIST AUDUBON SOCIETY IN THE STATE.*

Guthrie, Okla., January 20, 1914.

Hon. John B. Doolin,

Dear Sir:—I have yours of the 19th and desire to say that nothing in the world would afford me greater pleasure than to comply with your request, but my physical condition makes it impossible to do so. I can only sit in a stooped position at my desk for a few minutes at a time and then in great pain and distress. I will add, however, that when the Oklahoma State Audubon Society was organized and incorporated there was in this section of the state, at least, absolutely no sentiment among the people for the protection and conservation of the wild life of the state, but the Society immediately distributed over twenty thousand of the four leaf leaflets of the National Audubon Societies over the country among the school children and the result was astonishing and far beyond the hopes of the most sanguine of the optimistic of the Society.

For the last three years I have been unable to take any active part in the work, and do not know what it is doing. Can write no further.

Your friend,

J. C. JAMISON.

*THE BOBWHITE'S PLEA.*

*When sitting on the old rail fence,  
'Neath sunny skies of blue,  
Don't shoot me, happy farmer lad,  
For I'm a friend to you.  
Or when down by the dusty road  
I sing my happy lay,  
Don't kill me—let me lift my wings  
And soar to hilltops far away.*

*While sitting with the covey where  
The leaves are drifting down,  
Or calling in the woodlands green,  
Or in the meadows brown;  
Don't take my life, Oh, sportsman, and  
When in the wheatfields bright,  
Don't shoot me when you hear me  
Gently call "Bobwhite! Bobwhite!"*

*When in the sunshine's morning rays  
I bask at break of day,  
Or in the noonday's mellow glow,  
Or in the twilight gray,  
And when I chant my carols blest  
And heavenward my paeon soars,  
Just let me live, and love and sing,  
In God's great out of doors.*

R. H. (BOB) WILSON.



*EXTRACTS FROM ALEX POSEY'S POEMS.**(The Indian Poet of Oklahoma.)*

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*TO A ROBIN.*

*Out in the golden air,  
Out where the skies are fair,  
I hear a song of gladness,  
With never a note of sadness.  
Sing out thy heart's delight  
And mine of every sorrow.  
Sing, sweet bird, till the night  
And come again tomorrow.*

---

*THE DEW AND THE BIRD.*

*There is more glory in a drop of dew,  
That shineth only for an hour,  
Than there is in the pomp of earth's great kings  
Within the noonday of their power.*

*There is more sweetness in a single strain,  
That falleth from a wild bird's throat,  
At random in the lonely forest's depth,  
Than there's in all the songs that bard e'er wrote.*

*Yet men, for aye, rememb'ring Caesar's name,  
Forget the glory in the dew  
And, praising Homer's epic, let the lark's  
Song fall unheeded from the blue.*

*TO THE MEADOW LARK.*

*When other birds despairing southward fly,  
In early autumn time away;  
When all the green leaves of the forest die,  
How merry still art thou, and gay.*

*O golden breasted bird of dawn,  
Through all the bleak days singing on,  
Till winter, wooed a captive to thy strain,  
Breaks into smiles and spring is come again.*

---

*TO A MORNING WARBLER.*

*Sing on till light and shadow meet,  
Blithe spirit of the morning air,  
I do not know thy name—nor care—  
I only know thy song is sweet  
And that my heart beats thanks to thee,  
Made pure by thy minstrelsy.*



## THE MOCKING BRID.

*Whether spread in flight,  
Or perched upon the swinging bough,  
Whether day or night,  
He sings as he is singing now—  
Till ev'ry leaf upon the tree  
Seems dripping with his melody!*

*Hear him! hear him!  
As up he springeth—  
As high he wingeth  
From roof or limb!*

*If you are sad,  
Go cry it out;  
If you are glad,  
Go laugh and shout!*

*Hear him! What heart can shut him out?  
He hath a song for every mood,  
For every song an interlude,  
To dry the tear or stem the shout!*

*Whether you work, whether you rest,  
Hark! listen! hear him sing!  
As careless as he builds his nest  
For his mate in the spring.*

*BOB WHITE.*

*Bob—Bob White!*

*The joyous call falls like a silver chime;  
And back across the fields of summer time;  
The echo, faint but sweetly clear,  
Falls dying on the list'ning ear—*

*Bob—Bob White!*

*And when the cheery voice is dead,  
And silence woos the wind to rest  
Among the oak boughs overhead,  
From valley, hill or meadow's breast,  
There comes an answ'ring call—*

*Bob—Bob White!*

*And, once more, over all,  
The golden silence weaves her spell,  
And light and shadow play  
At hide-and-seek behind the high  
Blue walls around the day.*

*A speck of brown adown the dusty pathway runneth he,  
Then whirreth, like a missile shot, into a neighb'ring tree,  
Again, from where the wood and prairie meet,  
Across the tasseled corn and waving wheat,  
Awak'ning many tender mem'ries sweet—*

*Bob—Bob White!*



## TO THE CROW.

*Caw! Caw! Caw!*  
Thou bird of ebon hue,  
Above the slumb'rous valley spread in flight,  
On wings that flash defiance back at light,  
A speck against the blue,  
A vanishing.

*Caw! Caw! Caw!*  
Thou bird of common sense,  
Far, far in the lonely distance leaving me,  
Deluded, with a shout of mockery  
For all my diligence  
At evening.

---

  
THE BLUE JAY.

*The silence of the golden afternoon  
Is broken by the chatter of the jay,  
What season finds him when he is not gay,  
Lighthearted, noisy, singing out of tune,  
High-crested, blue as the sky of June?  
'Tis autumn when he comes; the hazy air,  
Half-hiding like a veil, lies everywhere,  
Full of the memories of the summer soon  
To fade; leaves losing hold up on the tree,  
Fly helpless in the wintry wind's unrest;  
The goldenrod is burning low and fitfully;  
The squirrel leaves his leafy summer rest,  
Descends and gathers up the nuts that drop,  
When lightly shaken, from the hickory's top.*

## TO A HUMMING BIRD.

*Now here, now there;  
E'er poised somewhere  
In sensuous air.  
I only hear, I cannot see,  
The matchless wings that beareth thee.  
Art thou some frenzied poet's thought,  
That God embodied and forgot?*

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## ADVISERS.

**I**F one wants advice concerning what is best to do when he is sick, he goes to a physician; if he needs advice that he can depend upon when he is in legal trouble he consults a lawyer; if he wants to know about what varieties of chickens, hogs, or grains are best adapted to any certain vicinity, he goes to the farmers who live there and are better posted on the subject than any one else; if he needs advice about matters of religion he confers with a minister of the Gospel. So it is the common custom to go to some one for advice who is best prepared by training and study to know the subject. The relation of birds to men's interests are best known by those who give the matter serious and constant attention, those who are best prepared to learn about the birds. Mr. Hornaday is one of the best prepared men in the world on the subject of the relation of birds to man's interests. He is to bird facts what Noah Webster was to the definition of words, or what Edison is to new inventions.



Mr. Hornaday says the downy woodpecker is the champion tree protector; he practically lives upon the borers that injure trees, caterpillars that eat leaves and smaller plants, and the moth and grubs that injure fruit. He states that every woodpecker, chickadee, titmouse, creeper and warbler is worth its weight in gold. The bob white (quail) eats over 100 kinds of seeds of injurious weeds, nearly 150 kinds of troublesome insects,—and of some of them great numbers; this bird often eats more than 1000 seeds of ragweed in a single day; twice that number of crab grass seeds; one had 5,000 seeds of fox-tail in its crop and gizzard, another had eaten nearly 10,000 seeds of pigweed. One bob white had devoured 1350 flies, and another nearly 1000 young grasshoppers. The meadowlark is a most valuable bird. In summer 90 per cent of its food is insects; and nearly 60 per cent in winter when insects are hard to find. Five-sixths of the food of the oriole (Baltimore) the year round is insects. The warblers and flycatchers head the list as insect destroyers. Their food is 95 per cent insects, and often of kinds very detrimental to man. The barn owl (monkey-faced owl) and screech owl are worth more to any farmer than all his dogs or a whole flock of cats in destroying rats, mice, gophers, and moles; and they do not take the lives of any birds or animals that are of use to man.

Experience has taught us that the advice of the doctor, lawyer, agriculturalist or preacher is better upon his *particular subject* than any one else can give. The same truth holds as to the advice of reliable bird men. Let us accept Mr. Hornaday's advice, and protect these birds.



*BENEFICIAL BIRDS.*

Birds that render favors to man by destroying detrimental insects or injurious animals, or by inspiring him with sweet and beautiful song are considered beneficial. Their bright colors and interesting habits also help to make birds of more general interest than any other kind of animals.

The following birds are beneficial because they destroy large numbers of insects injurious to crops; mockingbird, catbird, brown thrasher, bluebird, robin, thrushes, nuthatch, creeper, titmouse, chickadee, wrens, warblers, martin, swallows, many sparrows, several blackbirds, meadowlark, bob white, smaller kinds of owls, nighthawks (bullbats), kingbird, scissor-tail, flycatchers, phoebe, wood pewee, swift, woodpeckers, cuckoos (rain crows), roadrunner, plovers, snipe, sandpipers, curlew, orioles, and the Mississippi Kite.

The following destroy weeds by eating their seeds; many sparrows, bob white, junco, cardinal, goldfinch, siskin, blackbirds, meadowlark and grosbeaks.

The following birds render valuable services to man by destroying large numbers of rodents, rats, mice, rabbits, gophers, ground squirrels, and prairie dogs; screech owl, burrowing owl, barred owl, barn owl, long-eared owl, short-eared owl, golden eagle, Swainson's hawk, sparrow hawk, marsh hawk, rusty rough-legged hawk, American rough-legged hawk, and shrikes (butcher birds).

Those birds that make us happier by their songs are; mockingbird, brown thrasher, orioles, robin, goldfinch, song sparrow, warblers, vireos, cardinal, blue grosbeak, indigo bunting, painted bunting, meadowlark, blackbirds, bobolink, lark sparrow, dicksissel and tanagers.



*TONS OF WEED SEED.*

Professor Beal, a very reliable and careful authority on birds, states that each year the sparrows in the state of Iowa destroy 1,700,000 pounds of weed seeds.

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*A GREAT LOSS.*

It is stated on the best authority that annual damage by insects to field, garden and fruit crops in the United States is nearly Eight Hundred Million Dollars! Oklahoma pays her share of this tremendous loss,—approximately \$20,000,000. In most cases we have not found means for preventing or even reducing this loss by insects, and our only hope of checking it lies in the fact that many birds eat the very insect that do this damage, and we can reduce the amount of injury by increasing the number of birds. Let us protect the birds so they will increase and hold in check those pests which we ourselves are unable to combat.

---

*AN AWFUL CALAMITY!*

In some of the southern states the Cotton Boll Weevil has destroyed the cotton so badly that in many places the land that was formerly used to raise cotton now lies idle, and its value is very much reduced. (Mississippi). The state of Mississippi is now offering a reward of One Hundred Thousand Dollars for a means of combating this awful pest, but no one has found the remedy.

The Cotton Boll Weevil has finally reached the southern parts of Oklahoma, and the future of the cotton crop in this

state looks discouraging. The only hope of combating this devastator is in protecting those birds which destroy it. Thirty eight species of birds eat the Boll Weevil; some eat a few weevils and others many. Forty-seven Boll Weevils have been found in the crop of a single cliff swallow!

The birds that devour the Boll Weevil most abundantly are the swallows,—including the barn swallow, the bank swallow, the cliff swallow, and the tree swallow, and the rough-winged swallow; the night hawk (bull bat); both Baltimore and orchard orioles; the purple martin, and the bob white. Certain classes of people in the cotton states kill and eat birds that are not “game” in Oklahoma. Robins, night hawks and even sparrows, martins, and swallows are killed and eaten. We must keep the Cotton Boll Weevil in check as far as possible by protecting its natural enemies.

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#### *THE BOB WHITE.*

Examination of the crops and gizzards of bob whites shows that they destroy many weed seeds, and these in remarkably large numbers. During the seven months following September first, when insects are scarce, the bob white eats over an ounce of seeds a day. One bob white to each square mile in Oklahoma, eating his ounce each day will make the total amount of weed seed devoured every day about 2 1-2 tons in the state; but we have possibly 10 bob whites to each square mile. These would devour, from Sept. 1st to May 1st., about 5,000 tons of weed seed. With protection and no “open season” the number of bob whites would be about 30 to each square mile (it might be much more). With 30 to each square mile it would require 15,000 tons of weed seed to feed our quails. Could we afford to spare the weed seed for them to eat?



*A WONDERFUL INVENTION!*

“MR. SMITH,” said a stranger to a farmer, “I am sure you will be very much interested in a thing which I have for destroying injurious weeds and insects; it will destroy about 20,000 or 30,000 weed seeds a day,—mostly the seeds of troublesome grasses, lamb’s quarters, dock, pigweeds, smartweed and foxtail. It will destroy from 3000 to 4000 injurious insects each day, including grasshoppers, bugs, plants lice, moths, caterpillars, cut worms, flies and mosquitoes, beetles, ants, wasps, and chinch bugs. It works so well that you will not need to give it any care to keep it in order; it will not need to be oiled, to keep it in order, or fed to keep it alive. It is the most wonderful invention ever used to keep down the enemies of the farmer, and I will deposit One Thousand Dollars in your bank which shall be yours if what I claim for this plant and bug destroyer is not perfectly true.”

“Will you sell this wonderful thing,—and at what price?” asked Mr. Smith, eagerly. “I as well as all my neighbors will buy a large supply of these valuable assistants, for to have so many weed seeds and injurious insects destroyed each day will make a very great saving in a year. What will one cost?”

The stranger pointed to a fence post nearby on which stood a bob white. “There, Mr. Smith, that is the thing which destroys every day during the summer the weed seed and injurious insects. Mr. Bob White is your friend and will destroy your weed seed and kill your most serious insect pests; he will not ask you for any food, not even for a place to roost in; he humbly asks that you do not allow his man enemies to take his life. He is good, beautiful and true. He is faithful and will remain on your farm, spending his time wherever the weeds and insects are thickest.

He has been known to eat 500 grasshoppers in a single day. Another day he ate over 100 chinch bugs. In three hours on an afternoon he ate 568 mosquitoes. Mr. Smith, Bob White is the best friend you have on your farm; not a hen in your flock will destroy as many of your weeds and bugs; not a cat or dog on your place will protect your interests as well. What are you willing to do for a friend so valuable as Mr. Bob White?"

"Stranger" said Mr. Smith, "I shall not allow any man to injure Bob White in any way. A bird that is so valuable shall be treated as a good friend should be treated. If when weed seeds and insects are scarce Bob White would care to have some wheat or corn I shall gladly have him use all he wants. I shall try to repay his good services by giving him protection and any other favors I can render him."

---

#### *THE LESSON PENNSYLVANIA LEARNED.*

Nearly thirty years ago the farmers in Pennsylvania decided that the chicken hawks and hoot owls were doing too much damage to the poultry and game birds, and that a bounty should be put upon their heads. They passed a law to pay fifty cents bounty on each hawk and owl killed. In two years one hundred and eighty thousand hawks and owls had been killed, and ninety thousand dollars of the people's money had been paid in to those who slaughtered these birds.

It was calculated by careful men that the farmers save one dollar in poultry for every twelve hundred and five dollars paid out in bounty.

Two years after the passage of this hawk bounty law, the farmers saw their error; they begged the legislature to



repeal the law. Their fields and orchards were becoming so overrun with rats, mice, and insects which had suddenly become so numerous because their natural enemies had been destroyed that great injury and loss to crops and fruit made all see that the hawk law had been a great mistake. The law was repealed; but even now the hawks and owls have hardly been able to become numerous enough to hold these pests in check.

The farmers of Pennsylvania now know the benefit of having the hawks around. And they protect all but four kinds which really do harm. There are good hawks and owls—and bad ones. We must learn to know the good ones from the bad ones.

---

### AN APOSTROPHE TO THE BIRDS.

(By The Pilgrim Bard.)

*I am a child of nature.  
Perchance 'twere this; this wild free spirit that's within me,  
That causes me to worship, to adore  
The things that nature doth inculcate.*

*I've head the sweetest strains of great musicians  
Vocal and instrumental  
That erstwhile threw the public  
In contortions, but 'twas to me as the sounding brass  
Or tinkling cymbal.*

*And lo, I steal away to nature's fastness  
And while the breeze of springtime whispers softly  
I listen to the twitter and the carol  
Of Birds, the sweetest strains man's ear e'er greeted.*

*Oft I bethink me of the transmigration  
 Of souls, (a dogma that I take not to o'erkindly),  
 But were it true that when the soul departed  
 From this terrestrial clod, it would re-enter  
 Some living creature of divine creation,  
 If so and I my future state might dictate,  
 I would my soul in many parts divided  
 Be given to my friends the sweet song warblers.*

*Oft in the lone wilds my gleaming camp fire  
 Gave light and cheer to erstwhile desolation.  
 Encased in blankets and a guiltless conscience  
 I sweetly slept. What was it came to waken  
 The weary Pilgrim from his peaceful slumbers.  
 'Twas twittering song birds, with their sweetest carols.  
 God bless the birds, God keep them from destruction.*

---

### THE BIRDS' SONG.

Song has ever touched the higher emotions and the sentiments of man. It reflects the workings of the heart and soul.

The love of man for maid is told in song. The mother's low, sweet song to the little babe is without doubt the beginning of the child's inspiration. The Christian acknowledges fealty to his Christ and God by song. Every phase of life has its song.

But song is not from man alone. Who knows the value of the rhythmic chirp of the little bird? It may touch some chord of the heart of man and inspire him on to better deeds and larger service. The sad and mournful notes of



the nightingale perched on the most Heavenward branch may enrich and cheer some sad and aching heart. Who knows how many are blessed and hearts made lighter because these songs fill the world? Let every bird live and fill the world with its song.

GRANT B. GRUMBINE.



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