

## THE BIRDS OF THE EVERGLADES AND THEIR NEIGHBORS—THE SEMINOLE INDIANS

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Would you like a glimpse into the primeval forest of America?

Then let us turn the slide and look upon a picture in the heart of America's Least Known Wilderness—the great Everglades of Florida.

We turn the clock of time back twenty-five years, only a span in the history of a community or a Nation.

We see upon this flame lit screen, massive live oaks, festooned with the swinging, wind-tossed moss, which, with the tall cabbage palms, cocoanuts, magnolias and India rubber and mangrove trees, make a framework or background; swaying, dangling, green and yellow and red trimmed vines, rare and brilliant orchids, wild coffee plants, the myrtle and the bay, with the wild lemon and the custard apple, make the scene a veritable fairyland of jungle beauty, a land of mystery that will ever lend a thrill to the name of Florida.

Butterfly colonies float here and there with feather-like lightness, as they rise from their island homes, making the scene a maze of yellow and green—a mosaic of wondrous beauty like a picture under glass.

The spotlight on this Everglade screen only shows a section of this great tropic jungle; this brief screen picture being only a fragmentary section of the vast aquatic wilderness.

From this, you can visualize the remainder of the bewildering and entrancing panorama of Florida's unexplored morass of prairie and forest.

### SEMINOLES AT HOME

The quickly shifting screen of this silent photoplay makes another turn, and we see far to the right in a secluded spot, palmetto thatched wigwams, glistening in the red lights of the camp fire. These are the wilderness homes of the American red man—the Seminole Indian—and add a pleasing embellishment to the scene; we see men and women and little children, brown skinned, brightly garbed and picturesque, yet strangely self-contained; we hear the century-old lullabies softly crooned by the mothers as they watch with careful eyes the toddling papooses; we see the older children playing backward and forward, their little brown legs twinkling through the shadows cast by the lurid flames.

Again we look and see a stoical brave rearrange the "red wheel" camp fire and cautiously add some new ingredient to the ever-ready Sofka Kettle—

the Seminole's tribal dish. The wayfarer—the Indian from another camp—is ever welcome—and the hospitable dish of sofka awaits all who should come hungry; the hunting dogs sniff the savory odor and with drowsy, half-shut eyes await their turn for their share of the evening meal.

### THE SEMINOLE'S SECRET HAUNTS

Let us turn another slide and look upon the cypress canoe "car lines." These are the secret channels cut through the watery saw grass prairies by the ancestors of the present Seminole.

Silently, slowly, a canoe cleaves the dark waters, with the Chief of the camp standing in the stern. Tying up among the lily pads, the canoe is hidden from view and the Red pilot approaches the camp.

Beware, adventurer, for this wilderness region gives out no secrets, and only the Seminole knows the treacherous hidden channels and haunts; to be lost in these swamps would be worse than death! There is no use for a compass, and it is a waste of time to think about it.

The view in this aquatic jungle, this last refuge of the Indian and the home of the bird and animal life, has not changed since Spanish and English invasion four hundred years ago.

In the wilds of the tangled Everglades, the heart of the big forests, throb a tribute of praise, and the glittering waters ripple a melody of love.

The stars twinkle down upon the sleeping papooses; the dirge-like, ancestral music of the Indians echoes through the solemn stillness of the night, as the braves and the squaws worship before the Great Spirit who has given this Everglade Country—properly christened with the Red man's name—Pay-hay-o-kee, or "grass water" country, to his red children.

The reel makes another turn and we look to see the wild animal life; now, the red fox cautiously slips through the tangled masses of vines and grasses; the gentle doe with her spotted fawn hunts for her lair in the cushioned, leafy retreats underneath some giant live oak; the black bear, with her chubby cub, scents the fragrance of the custard apple and the palmetto berry. Opossums, racoons, squirrels and the little brush rabbit and the cunning otter, all help to make this "home picture" in Florida's jungleland; the clear, crystal-like streams are full of fish, making feeding grounds for the water birds.

### A BIRD EDEN

Will the audience look upon the screen again? You may see a picture animated with life and color.

The great, blue heron stands in true fisherman style beside the channel stream ready to spear his evening meal; the little blue heron, the American egret, the crested heron, the snowy egret, with duck coot, mallard and var-

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ious colonies of fish-eating birds, are placidly wading the marshy overflowed prairies, feeding unmolested along the water courses of this great Everglade home of theirs.

Here, the birds from Alaska and Manitoba find even a warmer welcome among their Florida feathered kindred than do they in their own Northern homes, where food is a scarce article and the battle for a livelihood greater.

Like a snowstorm beating across the horizon, you see a fluttering, white cloud of birds, literally thousands of them, veering to their roosting places, flecking the sky with an immaculate flare of moving wings; here and there, glinted by the rays of the evening sun, the horizon is heightened by color, pink or green and purple-hued birds follow in wake.

The red flamingo, the roseate spoonbill, the purple gallinule and the gentle paroquet, with her shimmering coat of green—all join their feathered kindred as they seek their sleeping quarters in the rookeries.

Countless thousands of migratory birds from the whole North American Continent flit through this glade region seeking peace and a refuge in this "Ornithological Eden"—the primeval woods of the United States.

Reel after reel turns, and we see upon the screen the sand-hill crane (the picket or watch-dog of the prairies); the whooping crane steps with majestic tread as he digs for larvae and worms; the wild turkey feeds upon the acorns! the white ibis, the limpkin, the sickle-bill curlew fleck the sky as they wing their way through these mighty woodlands, seeking their nightly rendezvous.

The reel of this photo drama of the Acadian bird region of Florida now makes its last turn. We look to see perched upon the loftiest tree of the woodland, the Bald Eagle. He is a habitant of Florida, and as such is our eagle—the emblem of our country and worthy of our protection and patriotic pride—one of the most interesting of America's wild birds. He is so large, so majestic, so full of fortitude, and flies with such swiftness, and yet such evidence of enormous strength, that we look upon him, impressed with the thought that he is indeed the "King of Birds."

From time immemorial the eagle, as a bird, has been the emblem of might and courage, and since the days of the Persian Conquest under Cyrus this regal bird has been adopted by nation after nation, as a military symbol.

With fanciful and poetic regard he was associated with Jupiter in the Roman mythology, but it is especially that human touch of love and devotion that exists between a pair of eagles, who live together in utmost harmony until separated by death, that should endear him to us all.

We look far to the northward, and, like a speck in the blue-lit sky, we see a winged creature. Upon the cragged, rugged edge of her nest, the mother bird sits with expectant look. She sees the flecked object in the air and from her eyrie in the lofty tree screams a welcome to her mate as he returns from his quest for food.

With flapping wings and an exultant call of delight, she turns the feed-

ing of the white and downy eaglets over to the male bird, while she, with majestic flight, seeks recreation and food.

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One of the many tragedies in bird life is the solemn and pathetic history of our national bird—the bald eagle.

A bounty of fifty cents for the head of every eagle killed! This law is granted to territorial Alaska, the excuse being that the eagle destroys salmon and game, while the intelligent biologist knows that the salmon killed by eagles have already spawned and are doomed to a slow death anyway.

The atrocity of the white American, in many instances, is beyond understanding.

Unless the American people act immediately to protect the remaining representatives of the Nation's bird, our majestic outdoor treasure will go, like the buffalo.

Surely, Florida, while not able to control the Bolshevik spirit beyond her own boundaries, may take steps to awaken a new public spirit and illuminate the minds of the sordid people of other sections by protecting and restoring the admirable and beautiful wild bird which is still a habitant of the Flower State.

Dr. William T. Hornaday, Director New York Zoological Society, utters a grave warning to the patriotic American in the extermination of the bald eagle, and says: "Surely his extirpation, in the country that chose him for a national emblem away back in Revolutionary times, should still hold him in reverence," and with patriotic spirit says: "Our eagle looks to perfection the heraldic part assigned to him. Such an eye! Such a nose! and such a noble sweep of pinion, he earns his keep anywhere twenty times over."

Let us add that the figure of the American eagle is the only symbol that is permitted above the Stars and Stripes on the flagstaff. Did he not, as our national emblem, give inspiration to the American soldier "over here" and "over there," and whether in vengeance for the ghost voices of the Lusitania or the moans from the Argonne Forests, the American soldier always stood ready to do honor to America's national bird as he graced the flag or a coat-of-arms.

### THE DEATH VALLEY OF THE EVERGLADES

Will the audience look upon the screen again? Less than a quarter of a century has elapsed since you viewed—the mystic pictures, where life, animation, peace and plenty prevailed—where the Red man lived in contentment, lord of his own rightful domain, the region assigned to him by our great American Government.

The wild animals found refuge and homes of safety in which to rear their young.

The bird life of the whole North American Continent found a winter

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playground, feeding grounds and a sanitorium promoting life and making them able to return to their northern homes, where they become the economic factors in all agricultural pursuits.

The photo scene has now reached a gripping climax; the lights are growing dim; dark shadows weave themselves on the screen, and the magic lenses of the camera are now ready to show us the "Death Valley of the Everglades."

The barrage is lifted from this smoke-wreathed film, and as we follow the lines we note this travesty upon progress in the sunny Peninsular of our Southland.

### "FLORIDA EVERGLADES, THE CHIEF SLAUGHTER GROUNDS FOR THE BIRDS OF AMERICA"

Will the humane citizenship of America continue to permit the alien speculator, the Hun descendant, to influence the officers of our State to persist in the desecration of this mystical wonderland of the Continent?

Perhaps we Floridians do not realize that the picture at which we have been looking—the mystical and wonderful historical jungle known as the "Everglades of Florida"—is the only thing of its kind on the globe, as unique and weird as it is interesting.

There is a tang of romance at every turn; and drama, comedy and tragedy, are interwoven throughout the wild solitude.

Peace and war, laughter and tears, mirth and gloom, have all had their places in this mysterious treasure house of Florida, whose jungle secrets yet await the intrepid spirit who would venture into this Least Known Wilderness of America.

California has her Yosemite Valley; Montana glories in her Yellowstone Park; Arizona has her sublime Canyon, and each of these states makes the most of these great gifts of Nature.

Why, then, molest Florida's Scenic Wonders in the great Everglades?

### A MOCKERY OF CIVILIZATION

Will you look again upon the screen, now flame-lit and vivid, but a mockery upon civilization and humanity?

Today the one-time shadowy cathedral of forest beauty in this section of America's romantic and picturesque Everglades has become a scene of tragedy, marooned in a sea of dying saw grass.

Funeral masses of grey moss hang from the leafless skeleton bodies of the giant live oaks, these century-old trees—

"The trees that looked at God all day  
And lift their eyes at night to pray."

The palms are brown and sear; the vines once graceful in their wild

chaotic state are parched and gone, while the very soil has gone down in defeat and is reduced to a disintegrated, gray, ashy and worthless substance. The water in this "No Man's Land" has been removed by drainage, and this wonderland of the Everglades, with its romantic and thrilling mysticism, has become a scene of tragedy.

Dying fish by the thousands are seen in the fast-waning water courses; alligators and turtles are crawling away with shuffling strides, for the instinct of nature tells them to hunt new homes; mocasins skid across the trails, and only the stealthy fox, the raccoon and the otter are left to feast upon the fish and crustaceans that are so plainly visible in the sluggish streams.

The heron, the egret and other fish-eating birds are taking their last meals.

The Seminole Wigwams are deserted and the embers of the camp fires have long been dull and ashen.

Listen, and you will hear the merciless cry of the white spoilstaker—"move on, move on."

Like a death knell, it echoes through the dark forests.

Dusky red mothers and little children follow in the tread of the stoical braves as they pass on toward the lands of the Southern Cross—hunting new homes farther away from the white man and his drainage.

Far to the right we see a picture contrasting strongly with "Florida's Everglade Desert" as just viewed. Nature's balance wheel has been disturbed and the overflowed canals, together with subterranean outlets, make a region of marsh and jungle—uninhabitable—a paradise for the serpent and the alligator.

### THE LEGEND OF THE BIG SNAKE

At this point, most opportune is the Seminoles' legend of the Big Snake, whose workings have been watched by the Indians for centuries and have caused them to note the disturbed forces felt by the overflowing waters. These tempestous storms have caused many agricultural failures, and flank after flank of pioneer settlers have given up life and earnings—leaving only water-covered graves in these waste places of the Everglades.

Possibly no legend of American history holds greater interest than does the Seminole's dramatic story of the Big Snake, "so big no man can tell—head big ojus (much), with horns like the great owl and eyes that look like flames of fire. Long, long time ago Big Snake come with Indians to show them Pay-hay-o-kee (Grass Water Country) by the big salt water. My grandfather, old, old man, tell me. Me tell my boys." And so the tradition of the monster reptile has passed from generation to generation, and for more than four centuries has appeared at intervals to warn the red men against white invasion. With relentless fury he has unsheathed his armored sword, and, by the lashing of his great tail, caused a mighty tempest which frightened

the invaders away. During the past decades, while the paleface, with axe and compass, has invaded the sacred home of the Seminole, the Great Snake has been active, always appearing at the zenith of the white man's seeming success, and as he raises his dreadful head and the red flames shoot from his eyes, his powerful tail lashes the water of the under-currents, whipping up a whirlpool of debris, upsetting the white man's crude instruments and flooding the Everglades through the letting loose of cavernous waterways. This is the Seminoles' account of the American engineering expeditions who, with millions of expense, have entered the region to make despairing surveys for the white man's reclamation purposes and whose reports up to the present time read: "Upon 800 square miles of this unexplored country no white man has ever placed foot. With the great 'Everglade Geyser' in the heart of this aquatic jungle (see public documents filed in Washington), torrential quantities of water flood the region. This phenomenon, of nature, translated from the Seminole language, is, 'The Breath of the Great Spirit.'"

May we not pause long enough to give a cursory review to the history of nations and see in the many calamities that have come to speculators and their followers that the prophet's rebuke is as true today as when uttered thousands of years ago: "Thou shouldst not have entered the Gate of my People in the day of their calamities nor have laid hands on their substance in the days of their distress." And further, we who believe must know that a Higher Power has been looking over the interests of the innocent red owners of the Everglades.

#### THE ATTITUDE OF THE SEMINOLES TOWARD LIFE IN THE EVERGLADES

The photo scenes have now reached a climax. To the drainage speculators, the jingle of dollars outranked the flute-like sounds from the minstrel of the forest—our peerless mocking bird—the spring call of the robin and the gladsome, rippling melody of the cardinal.

Man's inhumanity to God's lesser creatures went on and on unchallenged, and now we read the startling statement: "Eight hundred million dollars of agricultural products are destroyed yearly by the insect life in the United States!"—these insects being the natural food of our feathered friends.

The sordid, practical man may lay aside sentiment and forget for the time the God-given rights of our bird and animal life, but when he studies the economic side he finds himself ready to ask, "Must the citizenship of this continent suffer because the vast winter home and natural sanctuary of the feathered tribe has been taken from our little policemen of the air—our allies in this great agricultural land of America?"

Will the reclamation of a portion of the Everglades ever repay for the ruthless slaughter of the bird life in the Southern Peninsula of Florida? A little study and investigation will answer this question.

## EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS OF FOOD PRODUCTS DESTROYED BY INSECTS!

Compare this vast sum with the total of the great war drives, viz:

The Red Cross funds, the Y. M. C. A. drives, the Y. W. C. A. expenditures and the Salvation Army contributions. All these uplifting, Hun-destroying and life-saving "armaments" were given freely by Americans to save the whole world from the tyranny and domination of the criminal autocracy of the Prussian.

The vast amount of money given by the United States for the salvation of the world is small as compared with the yearly losses in agriculture by the insect pests.

Because man has permitted the ruthless slaughter of our winged allies, the balance sheet of the Nation today shows a yearly loss of \$8 per capita—an \$8 loss to every man, woman and child in the United States alone!

### THE HOMING PIGEON—A PATRIOT

During the World's War, and even in today's service, we must recognize the value of the little winged couriers—the homing pigeons, that made history equal, in many instances, to the American soldiers, for they, too, risked life and, though shell riddled, blinded and crippled, made their way back to the base camp, bearing code messages beneath their little wings which saved thousands of lives.

No engine trouble stopped these little American aeroplanes in their long-distance flights and their lightning-like air sprints.

Aside from their value as winged couriers, this temperamental little feathered tribe is endowed with characteristics that are Godlike: love of home, love of mate and devotion to the offspring make him the most puritanical of our forbears.

No curfew law is needed for him, no Reno divorce courts enter his records, for once mated he remains mated for life and never wavers in his love and constancy.

Shall we go on killing, and women, alas, continue to adorn themselves with the forms or feathers of these lesser and endearing creatures?

Is there anything more grewsome or criminal than for a mother to wear the wings of a bird that perchance saved the life of her soldier son?

### FLORIDA'S SANCTUARY IN THE PRIMITIVE DAYS

Let us now turn the slide backward, and refresh the memory with the scenes of primitive Florida.

We see a land of wild and darksome beauty and mysticism—it is the ornithological Eden of America.

We look upon a rookery where countless thousands of feathered beauties chatter and chirp as they seek the right foothold on their roosting places.



Seminole Indians pass near by, brightly garbed and picturesque.

Does the red man disturb the birds in their rookeries? Does his rifle-shot cause an uprush of wings? No, the creaking of a broken twig or the whirr of a bullet may cause some little drowsy head already tucked under the wing for its night's repose to start for a second, but quickly the little eyes shut, for the birds of the Everglades had no fear of the brown-skinned man in those primitive days, for were they not all folks together, living in these secluded homes close to nature, for the red man was quite as much a part of nature as the birds and animals about him—for each protected the other.

In those days of peace and contentment, these myriads of birds, together with the wild animals, had their pickets—their "wire-tappers"—out upon the prairies.

These were the colonies of sand-hill cranes—those watch dogs with the eagle eye, whose clarion call gave warning that some enemy was near, perchance a white adventurer.

With the bugle note of the crane, the deer sought cover, the birds in flight sought the safety of the air, while the stealthy Seminoles, with that inherent fear of the Cacaasian, hid themselves in some secret haunt until the intruder passed out of sight.

The Seminoles in Florida's primeval days conserved the game by the rigid laws as taught them by their ancestors—knowing that the onward rush of the white man must be met, and that, as his forefathers had been thrust on and on, to survive or starve because of the driving brute force of the Cacaasian with his bullets and bloodhounds, his care for the bird and animal life became an economic as well as humane feature, and slaughter was unknown before the white man or the negro encroached upon his region.

#### A TRAGEDY OF THE FOREST AN INTERLUDE

The following story as related by a Chieftain of the Seminoles shows that in the heart of the savage, human love, tenderness for God's flying creatures is a strong feature.

This tragedy of the dark cypress forest of the Glades occurred several years ago. The Chieftain was on his way to some work and was attracted by the cries of the young birds, and found that a small rookery of the beautiful white heron had been completely destroyed by white plume hunters and the ground strewn with the mutilated bodies of the parent birds.

From the tall trees, overhead, the starving nestlings were spending their waning strength calling for food.

The pitiful scene touched the heart of the strong red man, and he paused in his journey to find food for the helpless birdlings.

As the Chief related the circumstances he said: "Little birds, cry, cry all day; no water, no fish till the little Indian boys caught minnows and daily climbed the lofty trees and fed and watered the young egrets."

Certainly an evidence of the superiority of the savage mind over the civilized and so-called Christianized white man.

As we close our eyes to this picture, question marks (???) flaunt themselves before us, as they seem to ask: "Who are the barbarians of this twentieth century, the Cacaasian or the red man of the primeval forests?"

### EVERGLADE BIRDS IN DOMESTICATION

(With a brief reference to some of their human characteristics)

To think of the Everglades brings always to mind the Seminoles. The Indian's way, always, of showing friendship has been to make a present of something from his own domain and, particularly, because he knew it would be especially pleasing, has he sought to make gifts of some wild bird or animal from his homeland.

A characteristic letter is self-explanatory:

"My good Friend,

Littly white birds we send. Indians all well.

Your friend,

Billie Bowlegs."

The egrets, now white and beautiful as a poem, came in a crate made of green palm stems. The birds were given their freedom on the lawn and soon were as gentle and as contented as the collie dog, learning to respond to their names, which, in honor of the donor, were Mr. and Mrs. Billie Bowlegs.

They at once showed a decided individuality in their natures. The male would eat what was given to him, but the female was capricious, and, like a spoiled, unruly child, would beat her wings and shake her little head and beg with a loud, clattering voice, refusing to eat bread and milk because she preferred raw beef and minnows. These herons loved companionship, and daily showed how full of confidence and how charming so shy and wild a bird could become under habits of domestication.

Their devotion to each other was indeed beautiful. The male always showed a chivalry and unselfishness to his mate. At the feeding hour she, more shy and timid, would stand just back of Billy at the dining-room door, while he would enter and take bites of beef from the table and then throw them down to her. These white-plumed egrets, with their dark, piercing eyes, their spotless figures adorned in their bridal veil of long, silken plumes, present a picture that an artist may envy.

Time will not permit more than one little incident, but a little domestic infelicity is recalled that furnished amusement to their owners. It was in the Springtime. By an instinct of nature they played at nest building, gathering twigs and moss and carrying them about the yard, chattering like two children playing "keeping house."

For several days both birds were observed to be busy at intervals rolling and placing a cork, as a hen does an egg before setting. On this particular

morning Mrs. Billie approached her liege lord in a cooing and coquettish manner, running her long beak gently through his well-plumed, snow-white feathers.

After a conference of beak to beak and a chattering accompaniment by a great ruffling of feathers, a decision seemed to be reached, and Mrs. Billie, with head erect, walked off in the most assertive manner, leaving Billie to sit on the cork. They had chosen what was at that hour the shady part of the lawn for this improvised nest, and for a while Billie at intervals ventured to leave, but would be quickly driven back by Mrs. Billie.

He at last seemed convinced that no such thing as a "strike" would be tolerated, and settled calmly down upon the nest, while Mrs. Billie sought the shade of an orange tree.

All day long the male sat on the cork—the hot sun by noon had reached the nest and was giving off intense, suffocating heat. Poor Billie panted and suffered from this. After waiting for a test of his endurance as well as proof of his obedience to his spouse, the mistress, in humane laws, interfered and drove Mrs. Billie from her comfortable shaded quarters underneath the orange to where Billie sat. Billie was chased off his seat of torture, and, flapping his wings and with the greatest clatter of delight, rushed to the pool of water as relieved as any "hen-pecked," while the little suffragette went to the nest, and, after the most prim and affected fashion, settled herself on the cork. These nesting days only occurred occasionally, reminders, perchance, of some ancestral instinct in the far-away Everglade forest.

#### BETTIE AND DIXIE, TWO SAND HILL CRANES

Let the camera make for you another picture. We see a tropical yard where the yellow-hammer, the woodpecker, the thrush, the cuckoo, in search of the caterpillar on the mulberry trees, the doves and even the quaint little screech owl, all with jays, mocking birds and cardinals, are flitting about hunting for the evening meal.

Central in the scene are two rollicking young sand hill cranes, who are dancing and bowing as they tease the collie pup.

The baby cranes, direct from the Seminole's land of Okeechobee, are developing into stately, beautiful birds with an intelligence equal to the high-bred dog, each bird showing an individuality of its own.

Dixie, from a petted, indulged, downy toddler, following the good-natured cook around, pulling at her apron to be either fed or put to sleep in her arms. When mature he becomes a rollicking, teasing creature with a decided aversion for any sort of petting.

Betty, on the contrary, assumed all the finer characteristics, delighting in being caressed and uttering soft little chirps while enfolded in one's arms, while Dixie, not three feet away, looks on and as Betty is released approaches and gives her a few punches with his beak, as much as to say, "You will

never make a suffragette—you are too much of the old-fashioned home woman."

Accustomed to the freedom of the house, they go from room to room. The bathroom is a delight, where they examine the different parts of the bright fixtures and then go through a stunt all their own, as they pull a towel from its place and, in turn, rub themselves, first Dixie, then Bettie, drawing the towel over the back and under the wings, over and over again, as they go through these towel gymnastics.

Their liking for musical tones becomes a matter of real interest. Dixie, the male, is the aesthetic, music-loving bird. While his master plays on the guitar he will stand by the half hour at his side listening intently and ready to pick at the guitar strings at a change of a tone or key, then growing quiet again, with head erect if the chord is attuned to those of his own being.

Betty, on the contrary, moves around, attracted by a chord but apparently indifferent, picking at anything near by or pluming her feathers, as the fancy takes her.

### GREAT BLUE HERONS

Will you look at another picture? Here you see three baby birds of the great blue heron family. They have come from the same Everglade nest; they are ungainly, almost bare of plumage, with long legs, scarcely able to support the slim body, that seemed burdened with the wide, spreading wings.

A few months pass and we look again upon the scene to see three handsome birds, with heads tufted with silken feathers, eyes bright and steely, while the plumage on the breast and back have become a silver gray color, streaked with white.

The female is slender and gentle in appearance, but is proving herself the militant ruler of the yard. From the first she has shown a violent antipathy to the odd bird and makes his life one of constant retreat.

For the bird of her choice she shows the highest affection, yet rules his every wish, and for this reason they are named Mr. and Mrs. Candle. When Candle, by chance, secures the first bite of beef, Mrs. Candle immediately runs to him and takes it from him.

The third bird does not dare come within range of the pair, but watches for his dinner, grabbing it and running out of sight to eat in peace. Finally poor Snapper, the odd bird, is completely cowed by the browbeating he receives from Mrs. Candle, and occupies a different part of the yard. Loving human companionship, they stand by the hour near their owners as still as if carved out of wood—the only motion being the ruffling of their plumage by the breeze.

Two words, "Come on, come on," they understand, and with a responsive "qua-qua" they meet their master, half running and with outstretched wings, delighted as children at his homecoming. The love that exists be-

tween Mr. and Mrs. Candle is indeed endearing, and with that clattering "qua-qua," the only language they possess, they demonstrate their affection toward each other many times during the day.

With beak to beak and long necks distended, they caress and kiss with a degree of happiness that would make any lovesick Lothario green with envy.

All the while stands poor Snapper, solitary and forlorn, with "no one to love, none to caress." The writer being absent from home for a period of several weeks, finds upon her return that the master of these shy birds has educated them to a point threatening to distraction. Gradually they have grown more gentle and less timid, until upon the first evening of her homecoming Snapper stands at one corner of the dining table, where the other two birds stand neck and neck at the opposite angle near the door.

As badly spoiled as self-indulged children, when put out at one door they quickly walk around the house and come in the front way, traversing the length of the house with heads up and stealthy tread.

### BARN OR WHITE OWLS

Let us turn the slide once more. With pulsing heart we look upon this picture and realize that the more we study the creatures less Godlike than ourselves, the more we feel an indulgent care and kindly sympathy for them. The screen shows three young white owls of different ages, but all hatched from the same nest.

After hatching one egg the owl lays another, whose hatching is left to be done by the young bird while it feathers.

The oldest owl is almost mature—in full feather, and beautiful, with its large, black eyes, whose almost human expression is well set off by the snow-white face.

The second bird in size is an ashy, dull white, the down on his face giving him both a weird and viscious look.

The baby of the nest is scarcely half the size of the oldest bird and has a sharp, narrow and long face, with a weazoned, monkey-like expression, snow white, looking like a ball of wool. He cuddles under the larger bird, who assumes a responsibility over him much as an older child watches over the younger ones of a family.

All day long these wise little owls from the Everglades sit quietly, making no sound, but at night, when turned loose, they flap their wings and come up in the gentlest way to take food from the hand and drink water from a spoon, placed between their beaks, with as much ease as a person possibly could. After eating to their satisfaction, we see them return to their box, where they sit for an hour, peering out, and swaying their bodies backward and forward as if rocking themselves to sleep. To study the wild bird in domestication, and to observe his trustfulness and love for human society, ought to make man adore him.

## A FLORIDA GALLINULE VISITS NEW YORK CITY

Can you picture a little Florida purple gallinule making an extended visit to the big city of New York? This is the story:

The steamer Comal was bound from Tampa to New York. When the ship reached the Gulf stream off the coast of Florida the keen eye of a sailor saw a tiny object, storm-tossed and weary of wing, alight upon the bow of the ship. It was a gallinule, and, on being captured, this beautiful bird at once became the center of attraction upon the steamship. From the good-natured, hospitable chef came a flank of beef and a large fish. The High Cost of Living had not struck America then.

The little gallinule, now confined in a box, did not comprehend the food value from the ship's pantry, and would not as much as look at the feast spread before her.

Later, we purchased the bird, in order to have the right to protect her.

During the remainder of the journey she was subjected to "forced feeding," just enough bread and milk to sustain life.

Upon reaching New York, a large cage was provided, and soon this shy, wild bird with her iridescent coat of purplish blue and blush green, with her carmine beak and pink-tinted, grey frontal shield, seemed a very New Yorker.

Her dress, in its harmonious color blending, outshone the Paris gowns of New York's gorgeously-dressed women.

She apparently enjoyed life at the Hotel Imperial, eating their yellow corn muffins with ravenous satisfaction.

Her bathtub she used every morning—the curtain pole she selected as her dressing quarters, which she reached by climbing the curtains.

The care she gave to her exquisite plumage would have done credit to New York's fashionable "beauty parlor" experts.

This little visitor from Florida was in no way perturbed by "Broadway's White Lights" nor the Italian hand-organ serenades on the street underneath her window. Neither did the noise from the rushing elevated trains disturb her repose.

The little gallinule was gentle and affectionate, and at the end of two months she was brought back to Florida, where it was decided to give her back her freedom.

When the little bird was turned out of her cage on the shore of Tohopekeeliga she ran along for a few steps, then, with a whimsical look and a turn of her head, she would stop, as much as to say, "Do you mean it—am I free?"

Then running a few steps farther, she would stop again with the same questioning look, until she approached the lily pads.

These green, luscious-looking clumps seemed to bring back home mem-

ories, and, slipping into the seclusion of the lily leaves, she vanished, entering that liberty that every wild creature craves and inherits as its natural rights.

### EARLY FLORIDA VISITS RECALLED

To many of you who visited Florida in the early days, memories of flashing scarlet and gold-tinted wings made the air gorgeous as a Spring sunset.

You recall the scenes as viewed from the steamers upon the St. Johns and the Kissimmee rivers, when the flamingo, the roseate spoonbill, the gentle paroquet and the ivory-bill woodpecker, disturbed by the chug of the engine, flew from their resting places and, alas, you, with humane hearts, remember the heart-throbs of pity as these lovely birds fell—victims of the callous-hearted sportsman.

Where is the affectionate paroquet today? Extinct, as the dodo! Gone down in defeat because of the man with his gun.

Today, if you would study the paroquet, you must go to some museum of natural history, and here the little stiff and stuffed forms appear. In the Smithsonian Institution the resting attitude of the paroquet is shown, as prepared by the curator, in a hollow log. His parrot-like feet are attached to the slivers of the tree and with head hanging down, where he is taking his sleep—alas, his long, last sleep.

It was the pleasure of the writer to study the Florida paroquet many years ago.

Little Polly, with her shimmering coat of green, seemed attuned to the pure breath of the tropics.

Within twenty-four hours after she was purchased from a negro boy for the sum of 25 cents, she became as gentle as a kitten and showed almost human attributes in her wisdom, really becoming a charming little nuisance when she insisted upon crawling to my shoulder, to pull hairpins or to be cuddled and petted, for her affectionate nature seemed to insist upon responsive love and attention constantly.

The spoonbill, the flamingo, the ivory-bill woodpecker—all of these matchless birds, denizens of the Everglades, have followed in the wake of the paroquet, the magnificent and stately white whooping crane and the countless other birds that lived and reared their young in the forests of Florida—America's matchless and picturesque American jungle.

Shakespeare makes more than 600 references to birds, and were we to take from Wordsworth his bird verses, how sadly mutilated would be the writings of our great English poet.

As for priority of the bird's rights over man in the creation of the world, let us read as follows: "And God created every winged fowl after his Kind; and God saw that it was good and this was the evening and the morning of the fifth day."

This beautiful world, made for man's enjoyment and use, was not complete until in its crowning perfection He made the birds.

Among the notes of John Adams Audubon appears most interesting reading regarding the once splendid bird life of Florida.

At St. Augustine, on the St. John's River, and south Florida, he tells of pelicans, cormorants, egrets, herons and terns, all happy in trees, swamps, or on the water.

"Great flocks of birds, thousands in every flock, everywhere," he writes. "There we were, the nests of four hundred cormorants over us. Rose-colored curlews stalked gracefully beneath the mangroves. Great herons rose at every step we took, and each cactus supported the nest of a white ibis, while great flocks of birds overhead as they passed seemed like clouds. The air was darkened by whirling masses of winged creatures, while on the water floated thousands of beautiful purple gallinules."

Today, the vandalism of man has destroyed these God-given treasures of the air, and the true believer must see that in the many disasters that have befallen the fair State of Florida the same Ruler who watched over the sparrows, that "not one of them is forgotten before God, or shall fall without the Father's knowledge" is still keeping accounts of the wanton slaughter of His creatures—with the balance sheet black with the criminalities of man.

### MAN'S INHUMANITY

Like the vulture, sweeping down upon the lamb feeding at its mother's side, commercialized graft, with "land grabbers'" outfit, has swept down upon the great domain of Florida's interior Everglades, destroying the refuge of the bird and animal life and filching from the aboriginal inhabitants—the Seminole Indians—their governmental treaty rights, which rights became in the hands of Florida's politicians mere "scraps of paper."

Who have been the beneficiaries in this so-called development scheme? Certainly not the great masses of the American people.

Florida, today, has millions of acres of untenanted land, tillable and drained, awaiting the homeseeker. This fact makes the entrance into the tropical swamps of the Everglades unnecessary as well as vastly expensive.

If we pause to consider the great changes that have come to the migratory bird life of this continent through the work in the Everglades during the past generation, and picture what it will be if railroads, canals and automobile routes make easy access into the hitherto inaccessible haunts and feeding grounds of the bird life of this Glade country, then, truly, it will be the very "slaughter ground" of our feathered friends.

Thousands of our visitors will carry back mute evidences of their thoughtless indifference and gross ignorance of the wonderful function of this tropic bird life.

We shudder to think of the destruction that must follow the completion



of the transportation now under construction into these hidden wilds. Assuming that reclamation has been a gross mistake, the remedy now lies in the voice of the American people.

Since that July day in 1776, the world knows that the American people can be depended upon; and to see to it that the region of the Everglades which is yet untouched by drainage shall remain in its present bewildering wilderness beauty, should be the aim of every loyal American.

### AN APPEAL

Can we, dare we, as citizens of Florida and America, continue to stand still and fail to secure homes for our best friends—our feathered comrades and incessant allies in the agricultural world?

Florida today owns approximately 1,250,000 acres in the Everglade district, and this Florida of ours, this land of silvery-voiced birds, this sanatorium for the rich and the poor, for the people from the North and the South and the East and the West, can well afford, from an economic standpoint, as well as from a humanitarian, to dedicate this great and mysterious tropical jungle to the American Nation.

Even today the Big Cypress section is an empire of pristine wonder, prehistoric in its dramatic and weird jungle setting.

Eptomized in the terse verbiage of one of Florida's most sympathetic friends:

"To cut the Big Cypress up into lots and acres, would be like turning the Yosemite into an onion garden; it would be like turning the Yellowstone Park into a factory town."

An Everglade Preserve would not only protect and save the remnant of America's wild life, but would have an educational effect, not to Florida alone, but also to the thousands of visitors from other states. It would be of great economic value to America. It would become a world-famed tribute to the Land of Flowers.

Reservations for the helpless creatures within the boundaries of America are being purchased at fabulous prices in other states. Let the American of the twentieth century acknowledge his kinship with all the earth in the protection of God's lesser life; then, and not till then, may man uphold the dignity of the position in which the Creator of the Universe has placed him.

Florida today owns thousands of worthless acres of water and jungle, and the voting citizenry of the State, if once awakened to the great needs of the bird life of the entire country, would surely set aside a sanctuary in the Everglades that would be unrivaled in the North American continent and would burnish the shield of the Flower State to a radiance that would shine before the eyes of the whole civilized world.

Such a reservation, under the control of the Federal Government, would atone, in part, for the cruelty of the past years and remove the shadow of dishonor that has so silently, yet so surely, crept over the beautiful inscription on Florida's Great State Seal, which reads, "In God We Trust."

AND SO THE CURTAIN FALLS!