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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL WILL BE TO  
studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation,  
and a refined taste for natural objects.  
August 14, 1873.

place in public estimation to-day, and it is well to keep in honored remembrance the noble life-work of Alfred Wagstaff—one of the pioneers who did so much toward attaining its present standard.

A PERMANENT TRIBUTE TO GEORGE  
SHIRAS 3rd

MORE than a year ago four wild-life protective associations agreed that some action ought to be taken to express by material evidence, to Hon. George Shiras 3rd, their keen appreciation of the great service he had performed for wild-life protection by first announcing the principle of the Federal Protection of Migratory Birds.

To carry out the thought a silver coffee service, suitably inscribed, was quietly presented to Mr. Shiras by the Boone and Crockett Club, the American Game Protective Association, the Camp Fire Club of America, and the National Association of Audubon Societies. The gift was a surprise to Mr. Shiras who, in acknowledging it, did not assent to the accuracy of the inscription which, in effect, said that his genius had discovered the distinction between animals that are migratory and those that are sedentary or local, and that as a result of this discovery the greatest single accomplishment ever made in wild-life protection had been brought about. He denied that the proposal to place migratory birds under Federal jurisdiction was the work of genius, and called it merely an illustration of the American attitude for meeting and solving serious problems as they might arise. He added that even if he had furnished the seed—the idea—it was those who had tilled the soil and knew how to gather the crop—the donors—that now deserved the thanks of sportsmen, nature lovers and agriculturalists.

While it is true that no single man may claim all the credit for bringing about this beneficent change, yet to the leader—to him who raised the banner that so many hastened to follow—must be given the chief honor.

*Editorial Forest and Stream  
Dec 1921*

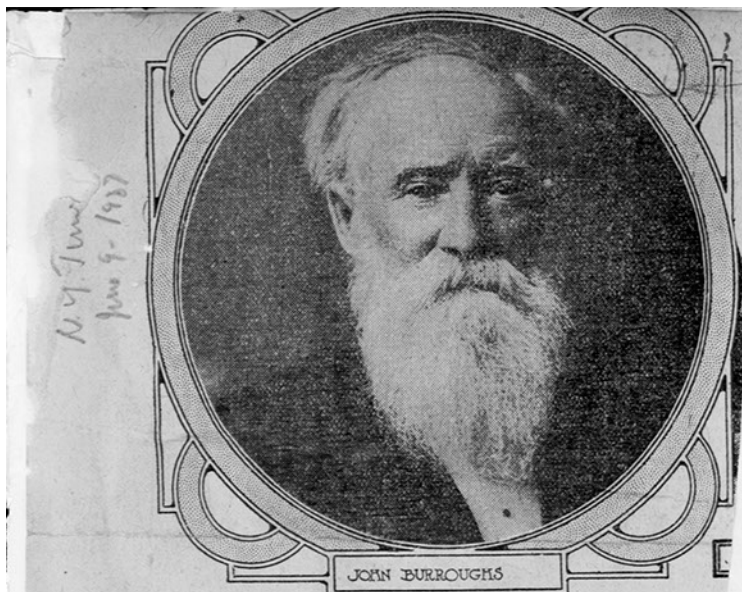
CO-ORDINATING CONSERVATION

The biggest accomplishment in wild life conservation ever achieved on this continent was the enactment of the United States migratory bird law, and the next in line the carrying through of the treaty with Great Britain which safeguards that law and guarantees Canadian co-operation. Co-operation among the wild life conservationists, particularly the game protectionists, brought these reforms to an issue and carried them through. Yet when the work was done the demand for co-operation had been nothing compared to what loomed ahead.

A few far-seeing men, every one of them a veteran worker for Federal protection of migratory birds, foresaw the need for co-ordination of the forces of the wild life conservation movement, to hold them together in support of what had been accomplished. There was a bigger job here than that of marshaling the hosts of sportsmen, bird lovers and wild life conservation officials for the migratory bird law campaign. For the success of that law depended upon its support the country over for years to come, and failure for it would bring about the collapse of the whole structure of wild life conservation, built with such great expense of time, money and sacrifice by the public spirited friends of the useful and beautiful among our wild neighbors. The leading spirit among these pioneers was George Shiras, III, the father of the federal migratory bird law. With characteristic breadth of vision he saw the right moves to be made. And with his usual energy he set about seeing to it that they were made. To-day, thanks to his leadership, real co-ordination of the wild life conservation movement is not only on the way but just around the corner.

And co-ordination means everything. It is the goal toward which every useful effort in wild life conservation has been bent. As in every other large movement the world over, between the two extremes of welfare work and war and of course including them, it is the hub without which there can be no wheel.

So here is to the day of the getting together of the clans who are saving our American wild life. In the hurly burly of war it needs must receive comparatively little attention, there being vastly more interest in saving more priceless heritages—although the wild life of a nation is among its greatest assets. Here is to the day of real co-operation in wild-life conservation work. May its arrival be perpetuated among sportsmen by giving it a name—Shiras Day.



N.Y. Times  
June 9-1927

## Veteran Naturalist Analyses Dr. Long's Animal Stories and Declares Them Impossible—Instances of Errors, Inaccuracies, Gullibility, and Absurdity.

**J**OHN BURROUGHS has his opinion of William J. Long. He doesn't like to express it—still, he can be successfully tempted to do so. Mr. Burroughs desires to be temperate in his remarks, but his desire is difficult to fulfill. Mr. Burroughs would not be harsh—but the shorter and uglier word is alone adequate under some circumstances.

In an interview with a reporter of THE NEW YORK TIMES at his home on the Hudson yesterday the venerable naturalist talked very fully and vigorously on the subject of the Rev. Dr. Long, his animal stories, and his controversy with President Roosevelt. Mr. Burroughs has no faith whatever in Dr. Long. He tried, he conscientiously tried, to speak as well of the Stamford man as possible. He varied his denial of the truth of the doctor's stories with wondering reflective conjecture concerning the psychological and mental processes which allowed him to foist his incredible yarns upon the world. Mr. Burroughs allowed for human credulity, gullibility, unconscious imagination, inaccuracy of memory, poor eyesight, and many such sources of error. He understood that Dr. Long really believed his own most remarkable yarns. And then Mr. Burroughs would analyze a statement made by Long as to alleged facts which he claimed to have seen with his own eyes, and show that the thing Long says he saw simply could not have

“I would not be quoted as charging Dr. Long with conscious falsehood,” Mr. Burroughs would pleasantly remark, and then proceed to a series of variegated and vigorous descriptions of a liar. The white-bearded patriarch of Slabside is kindly disposed toward all mankind, but try as he may to be polite about it, it is clear that he looks upon William J. Long as a man who is without the fear of the Lord before his eyes.

### Time to Rebuke Nature Fakirs.

“Dr. Long,” said Mr. Burroughs, “seems determined to make as much as he can out of the circumstance that his inaccuracies have been singled out for reproof by the President. I suppose it does advertise him and his books. He is a small mark for Presidential notice, but the vogue of the fake animal writers has become so great and so seriously misleading an influence, especially on the young, that it was time some sharp, decisive word was spoken. Mr. Long has been the fountain-head of it all, and as chief offender he is entitled to such notoriety as he can get out of the occasion.

“President Roosevelt read Long's books first when on the visit to the Yellowstone Park a year or two ago, when I was with him. He was made highly indignant by his instant perception of the gross inaccuracy of the books and the tall yarns which they contained. He concluded, and I agreed with him, that the man was utterly and throughout unreliable.

The President was much incensed over the impossible tales and would break out with exclamations characterizing them as they should be characterized. I knew Long would get a skinning some day.

“Mr. Roosevelt knows wild nature as very few men indeed know it. He is a hunter and he is a naturalist. He has been in the wilds a great deal more than Mr. Long has been, and he has learned more things about the habits of the wild beasts than Mr. Long has ever learned or imagined—and he has imagined a great many things indeed. It is absurd for Long to charge that he is a killer of animals only. He does kill game, as Long himself does, but he is also a student and an observer of the beasts. Long says he goes out with horses and dogs and guns and never gets within 300 yards of a beast. When we were in the Yellowstone, the President went out one day all alone and spent the day watching the elk, creeping as close as fifty yards. It was an illustration of what has been a lifelong habit of Mr. Roosevelt.

“Mr. Long has collected a lot of what he represents as bloodthirsty pas-

sages out of the President's books. He passes over hundreds of pages of matter which would have been very far from his purpose. He doesn't quote such incidents as one in which Mr. Roosevelt finds a deer struggling through the snow, and, going up, pats the animal and speaks to him encouragingly, singularly unfaithful, for the moment, to that brutal instinct which Mr. Long ascribes to him. As for blood-spilling, I don't for the life of me see how you are going to kill a deer or a bear or a beef or a chicken without some blood. How Long keeps his hands spotless I don't see. Mr. Roosevelt, when he was younger, probably killed a good deal of game. My impression is that of late years he has killed for meat only. He is far from being a butcher. He is one of the most kindhearted of men. He knows and loves the animals with a more discerning and intelligent love than that of Mr. Long. I dare say he would kill a bear for the sake of sport to-day. Any man with the nerve would. Mr. Roosevelt has faced grizzlies alone and killed them. It is rubbish, this talk of the scouts and dogs that will not let him get near the beasts.

### Doubts Value of Affidavits.

“The principal count of the indictment which Mr. Roosevelt makes against Mr. Long has to do with the latter's account of a wolf which killed a bull caribou by a quick snap under the stag's chest just behind the forelegs, where the heart lay.”

“The President was of course quite justified in declaring that this is impossible. It is absolutely so. Nothing like it ever happened. No wolf kills in that way; no wolf could kill in that way. The anatomy of the caribou would forbid. The wolf could not possibly get at the caribou in the spot described, and if he did, his fangs would have to be eight or nine inches long to reach the heart.”

Mr. Burroughs strode to a pastured cow, and illustrated the impossibility of an attack on the heart from a point behind the forelegs.

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"Mr. Long claims, I believe, to have procured affidavits from persons who have seen deer dead apparently from bites through the chest. I do not know whether he has procured affidavits from persons who saw a wolf actually strike a deer as indicated. It is possible that a wolf or some other beast might, after the deer had been otherwise killed, gnaw into the chest and get to the heart, but no affidavit or pile of affidavits could convince me or any one else who knows the anatomy of the deer and the habits of the wolf that this thing ever happened or could happen.

"To 'he like an affidavit' has passed into a proverb. There are no end of people seeking notoriety who would swear to pretty much anything required in a case like this—volunteer to do it, too. Then there are many others whose imaginations are really so active that, when a thing has once been suggested to them, they seem to remember having seen something just like it themselves. Mr. Long had affidavits for his yarn of the woodcock which set its own broken leg in clay and stood on the other leg while the clay hardened. These affidavits convinced nobody. He told THE NEW YORK TIMES last Sunday that somebody in Scotland had sent him a pheasant's leg, a wound in which had been bandaged with feathers, plucked by the pheasant from his own breast and back and glued with some mysterious substance; he showed your reporter the astonishing thing, I believe.

"Was there ever such credulity exhibited by a man pretending to scientific attainments? Who and what is the man who sent the bandaged pheasant's leg? Did he see the bird make the bandage? What is his capacity for observation? What proof of his responsibility have we? What assurance is there that the feathers did not accidentally adhere to the wound? What assurance is there that somebody is not playing a little joke on the gullible Dr. Long? Why, to talk seriously of a severed pheasant leg with some feathers stuck on it, which came from an unknown person across the water—to talk seriously of that as a piece of evidence going to show that a bird bandaged its own leg, is to go back to the silliest and most superstitious midnight of the Dark Ages.

"Let us stop a moment on this absurd story of the woodcock, and I will point out the underlying vice of Mr. Long's work.

"Long has a theory that there is a great deal of individual character among the birds and beasts. He takes great credit to himself for having 'discovered' the individuality of the animals. He declares that there are woodcocks and woodcocks, lynxes and lynxes, deer and other deer. That is to say, that an old trapper who has seen deer and wolves all his life and knows their habits far better than Long will know them in a million years—he says that the old fellow has no right to any conclusions as to what a bear or a wolf will do under certain prescribed circumstances; that some specimens will do one thing, and some another.

"This theory I and all naturalists and all hunters and trappers and all woodsmen, deny utterly and absolutely. We have been observing the wild beasts a great many years; man has been observing them for a good many hundreds of thousands of years, and it has remained for Dr. Long now in the fullness of time to discover that the whole race has been wrong in its immemorial conclusion that the wild beasts behave each in accordance with the instinct, developed through long ages, of its kind.

#### Dr. Long Ignorant of Darwin.

"And the crux of the matter is right there. We can't account at all for the lives and behavior of the beasts without allowing for instinct. Long can't, by endowing them with reason, account for all the features of their lives and behaviors. I wonder if he knows anything whatever of the principles of evolution and development—the principles by means of which all men of science now freely admit all living creation has progressed each race and tribe and genus to the position it at this moment occupied? Does he know anything of that? Does he know that it has taken ages to develop each instinct—the least, the most minute? Through long centuries of the struggle for existence, each developing breed has learned the things necessary for its survival. The preservative and progressive instincts have been created, of course, through slight, very slight, variations which proved advantageous. You know your Darwin—everybody knows it but Dr. Long, so I needn't illustrate. The point is that instincts have been a long time in the making, and that departures from them, advances upon them, are rare and exceedingly slight.

"Now, it is conceivable that if woodcocks, through some peculiarity of anatomy or environment, were peculiarly subject to broken legs; if, moreover, their habitat was a region with a soil of stiff clay, it is, I say, conceivable that under such circumstances, woodcocks might after the lapse of ages learn to smear clay on their broken legs and correct the fracture. I don't believe it would happen, but it possibly might. But an absolutely essential factor in the evolution of such an instinct would be the circumstance that all woodcocks for innumerable generations had broken their legs so frequently and regularly as to make the development of this exalted surgical instinct a necessity for existence.

"Now, this is not the case. Mr. Long does not claim that it is. What, then, is his claim? His claim is that an individual woodcock was endowed with the power of reason to such an extent that, reflecting upon the process of osteogenesis, remembering the function of the periosteum, recognizing the necessity of adventitious support for and encouragement of the bone tissue while the reunion of the fracture was under way, being familiar furthermore with the qualities of clay, especially its lack of cohesion unless mixed with

fibrous substances, its tendency to harden in the air and to disintegrate in water—taking into consideration, moreover, the fact that repose must be secured for the molecules of the clay compound till the action of the air upon it was complete—the woodcock, I say, thus reasoning, conceived and executed the surgical feat which Dr. Long had the happiness to witness.

"I don't believe it. No man in his senses is called upon to believe it, whether the tale is told by a solitary habitual romancer or sworn to in a stack of affidavits.

#### "Affidavits Is Not Lobsters."

"An Englishman visiting America once was regaled, among other entertaining and delightful narratives, with tales of the extraordinary size of the lobsters caught in our country. His credulity was so taxed that eventually, when on a visit to a New England fishing town, he announced his disbelief in the existence of these monstrous animals, and offered to wager that it could not be proved. It was agreed to leave the decision with the village squire, to whom the young Americans in due course submitted affidavits of certain who swore they had seen, handled, and partaken of this species of shellfish of extraordinary magnitude. The squire nevertheless gave judgment for the English doubter, couching his verdict in a phrase which I call to the attention of the nature fakery. 'Affidavits is not lobsters.'

"If Mr. Long were to secure and transmit to the President affidavits of such a character that they manifestly made probable the accuracy of his story of the wolf Wayesses, I should presume that Mr. Roosevelt would be impelled by his innate sense of fair play to make in some way proper acknowledgement of the fact. I believe that he would be delighted to learn such an astonishing fact regarding wolves.

"Mr. Long greatly exaggerates what he calls the individuality of animals of the same species. Of course, no two animals of a kind are just alike. There are endless variations, but they are all minor. All of the cat tribe take their prey in the same way—they pounce upon it with their claws and then seize it with their teeth. From the lion down to the domestic cat this is the way, and no single cat or lion or tiger will vary this proceeding. They all do it alike, because, armed and built as they are, it is the best way. A panther might kill a cow or a caribou by pouncing upon its back or neck and clinging there, when it could kill it in no other way. Wolves and dogs kill their big game in another way, by seizing the nose or throat or by an attack in the

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rear. They may pull down or throw the animal by seizing it by the nose.

"I reject absolutely the theory that any individual wolf does vary this course to the extent of pouncing on the deer's back or biting it beneath the chest so as to try to reach the heart. Through long ages of experience each race of flesh-eating animals has learned the best way, considering their weapons and their organization, of capturing their prey, and they all do it that way. Now the way Mr. Long describes his wolf as doing is not the best way; it is simply an impossible way, and I could accept no man's word or affidavit on the affirmative of that subject till I had had a chance to cross-question him. It is so much easier to believe he saw incorrectly or for some reason may be trying to deceive me than to believe such a thing. I should doubt the evidence of my own eyes till I saw the feat repeated two or three times.

"I think that even President Roosevelt exaggerates the individuality of the different animals he has hunted. Hardly any two grizzly bears have behaved the same when he has wounded them. Occasionally one would charge him, while others would run away. But there is just about as much individuality, say, in dynamite cartridges. You may thaw them out before the fire or in the oven time after time and all goes well; then there comes a day when all goes ill; one of the cartridges by the fire or in the oven blows up and blows up your house and family. Some slight difference in the conditions or in the constituents of the dynamite, too slight, probably, for us to appreciate, or in the electric tension of the air, or in something, makes all the difference in the world in the result.

"So with two grizzlies whose lives and habits may have always run parallel. Some little thing in the character of the wound or in the physical state of the animal or in the position of the rifleman may determine one bear to charge and the other to flee.

"Differences between objects of the same class exist everywhere. But individually goes with reason and belongs to man.

"Instinct for the most part runs in a groove; it shows slight but unimportant variations, while the reason of man varies endlessly and widely. Because reason is developed from day to day it is a growth; it comes with experience, but instinct is substantially the same on the first day as on the last; it is an inheritance and is subject to only slight change.

#### Story of Long's Pet Coon.

"Man, as Hobhouse says, has educability, the capacity for mental development; this he inherits, but his knowledge he does not inherit, as the animal does. He must acquire it individually. The animal has not educability, but it has instinct; it knows certain things necessary to its welfare from the jump, or independently of experience and instruction.

"Mr. Long told a diverting yarn to THE SUNDAY TIMES about a pet coon of his which he watched through a glass while it caught and ate a chicken. He says it buried the feathers, and that when he approached when it was in the act of making way with another chicken it spread itself out on the fowl to hide it, and that it pretended to go to sleep.

"No coon ever did anything of the kind. Coons do not bury. Nor does a wild beast ever have a consciousness of guilt. A dog may have; dogs, through association with man, have learned a great many tricks; you can tell any story you like about a dog, with a fair chance of being believed. The whole action told of the coon would have been credible if the actor had been made a dog; it is preposterous told of a coon. It didn't happen. You sometimes notice a curious survival of the dog's instinct to 'bury' its food. It is generally unnecessary for the domestic dog to bury its bone. Yet it continues to do so. Stranger still, you will sometimes see a house pet carry a bone to a corner of the room, paw at the floor as if digging a hole, deposit the bone in the imaginary hole, scatter in imagination the loose dirt over the deposit, and trot away satisfied, leaving the bone lying in full view in the corner. Mr. Long's reasoning animal would have given that up long ago. The coon has some curious instincts. For instance, it invariably washes its food; no matter if it be perfectly clean, it washes it. Long got his animals mixed, I am afraid.

"What do I think of Long's story of the loon race? I don't think of it at all. It is too preposterous to admit of thought. It is in the same category as the wild yarn of the deer school to which the President paid his respects. Animals do play. They chase each other, they pretend to fight. They strive to outdo each other. I have seen two orioles sitting side by side emulating each other in song, and getting so worked up over it that they came to a fight. I have seen squirrels playing what looked precisely like a game of tag. Undoubtedly young deer and young birds and all young wild things learn from the parent animals.

"But to say that is one thing, and it is quite another to draw a picture of an out-of-door schoolroom in which Mamma and Papa Deer are conscientiously teaching their young deportment and giving them gymnastic exercises; quite another thing to represent a flock of loons as lining up, organizing a race, and applauding the victor. The games of the wild animals are never premeditated and organized. It is rubbish to intimate such a thing.

#### Science Versus Fiction in Nature.

"I don't want to discuss the man's honesty. You must allow for the possibility of incorrect observation, the stimulus of expectation, desire, and unconscious determination to see certain things, for the unreliability of memory, and especially for the unreliability of testimony from others on matters of this sort. On that point remark this:

"Mr. Long is always seeking the extraordinary and the sensational. That is what makes his books sell and gives him the sort of popularity he desires. He is an utter stranger to the spirit of the scientific naturalist who wants to learn the exact truth, the complete truth, and not the exceptional or strikingly picturesque thing. Mr. Long hears a wild animal story. He thinks it over, and does not see why it might not be true. Some day in the woods he sees something which awakens in his mind the slumbering consciousness of that story. His kindled imagination does the rest; he sees the drama he has been dreaming of enacted before him. He is not observing coolly to see the simple

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sible incident he has been told of—and he sees it. He doesn't take a camera along, I believe. If he did, his books would be much thinner—and less exciting at that.

"Or, having witnessed in the woods a little incident on the meaning of which he ponders until he has built it up into a lovely revelation of animal reasoning, he writes around and asks people if they have ever seen the like. Do you know anything of human nature? Do you know what imaginative people fishermen and dog fanciers and that sort are? Do you know anything of the power of suggestion? The eye of man is very likely to see what it is looking for. And the memory of man can supply any required recollections. A sober person remarked in my hearing the other day that no one ever saw a spook. He was wrong. Millions of people have seen spooks. If I believed in them I daresay I should see one tonight. I don't believe in them. Neither do I believe in woodcocks that perform surgical operations on themselves, or crows that hold courts of justice and kill or expel offenders.

"I confess that I am master of no theory which accounts for some of the incidents witnessed by Mr. Long. He tells us about an eagle which he pursued for days till he became so interested in the creature that he could not kill it, but still pursued, desiring at last only to place his hand upon the noble bird. One day he hid himself in the bushes; the eagle alighted near, he stretched forth his hand and laid it upon the arching neck. He tells how the eagle's eyes looked at the moment.

"Now, what were those same eyes doing all the while? Last week I went out into that field yonder and hid myself near a crow's nest I have been watching, thinking to see the old bird feed her young. I thought I was hidden effectually. Why when presently the pair swept into sight, they saw me half a mile away, and went circling round and round, and disappeared, refusing to come near. I spent half a day in my hiding place in vain. Are the eyes of a crow keener than those of an eagle? Mr. Long's eagle story is—well, I am not a controversialist. Let's pass it. We had better pass also such minor but tell-tale inaccuracies as his account of a red squirrel which carried nuts in its pouch. Woodchucks have pouches, but red squirrels have none.

"Isn't this a fine oriole's nest?" It was, indeed, a splendid specimen, constructed in what would ordinarily be considered the best style of pendant ornithological architectural art—a well-shaped bag of entangled strings fastened to a piece of a bough by cords and guyed by two other cords stretching to another branch.

"Here is another fine one." So, it was.

"There is nothing in the construction of these nests to excite anything stronger than admiration of the admirable instinct which has taught these birds to build so pragmatically, yet so well. That is the way orioles have built since man has known them. But now that Mr. Long has come among us, orioles have wakened up."

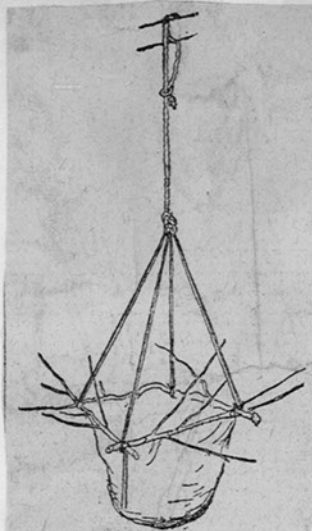
Mr. Burroughs produced the drawing shown on this page in outline. It is a sketch made by Mr. Clifford Johnson of what Mr. Long describes as an oriole's nest.

"This is a picture of a nest which hangs over Mr. Long's desk, or did a while ago, which came to him under what he intimates were touching circumstances. He says that it is the work of two orioles who in 1903 built in a buttonwood tree, after having been driven away from their favorite elm by carpenters. The buttonwood's branches were stiff and straight, unlike those of an elm, so they hit upon this device: They selected three sticks, laid them on the ground, and fastened them together in a triangle. At each angle they fastened the end of a cord, with a cord also fastened to the middle of the longest side. Then they gathered all the cords together, and attached to them a stout bit of marline. This scaffolding they then carried up into the tree and swung it from a thick limb. The marline was tied once around the limb, and the end was brought down and tied again to the marline below the limb. This second knot was a reversed double hitch—the device a man uses in cinching his saddle. Moreover, the birds, foreseeing the end of the marline might unravel in the wind, tied it in a single knot. Then they wove their nest.

#### A Remarkable Oriole's Nest.

"I think," said Mr. Burroughs, "I need only repeat Mr. Long's account of what the birds did in this case to convince any reasoning man or woman that the man is so inconceivably gullible, or believes that the rest of us are so inconceivably gullible, that his testimony is worth nothing. He has an affidavit for this, too. But his chief proof of the truth of the yarn is the fact that he has the nest and can show it. The knot in the end of the marline which these remarkable birds tied to prevent its unraveling is perhaps the supreme achievement of imagination in what I fear is a prosaic and fact-loving age.

"Those of us who participate in the age's love and respect for facts, move, when we go into the woods, in a world very different from that romantic one which Mr. Long finds. The wild creatures get up no private theatricals for our benefit. There are no well-organized games; there are no arts and crafts exhibitions. There is only a world of unreasoning wild things behaving as they have behaved since man has known them—each after his kind—bird of the air after his kind, beast of the earth after its kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind."



Sketch of Dr. Long's "Oriole's Nest"  
Mr. Burroughs says it was made  
man, not by birds.

Appendix B.

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UNPUBLISHED SATIRE ON DR. LONG BY MR. SHIRAS.

The article, referred to in the foregoing letters and appearing on the following pages, consists of two parts; the first a serious review of Dr. Long's spurious writings, and the second a burlesque on the <sup>being of</sup> skin and nature fakers, the key being; "That one who never told the truth in all his writings must obviously be one who <sup>C</sup> would always tell the truth, since, otherwise, the truth would sometimes be told by accident". Hence, the suggestion that Dr. Long was merely acting a part, for reasons set forth therein. Portions of this article were used later in a symposium of sportsmen-naturalists that defended President Roosevelt in a joint contribution appearing in Everybody's Magazine, September, 1907. (See Part Two):

July 24, 1907

Mr. Casper Whitney,  
New York City

My dear Mr. Whitney:

Ordinarily I would have no objection to your using in Outing any portion of my recent manuscript on Dr. Long, but owing to its great length all cannot be used, while on the other hand, arrangements have been made to cover the same ground more effectively by a symposium of scientific writers who would join in a combined attack on the fraudulent character of Dr. Long's writings.

In this plan President Roosevelt may refer to some of my conclusions, while I will use other parts in this combined article, thus rendering inadvisable any separate publication.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) GEORGE SHIRAS, 3d

(COPY)

Stoneleigh Court.

Washington, D. C., June 10, 1907.

My dear Mr. President:

Your letter of last evening came in this morning's mail. I shall, of course, be most pleased to lunch with you tomorrow on your return from Jamestown.

This morning I developed an "idea" regarding the best way of curing the moral jaundice in the Rev. Long and at the same time removing the scales from the eyes of a bewildered public.

Think it may please your friends, and perhaps singe the hair off the flowing mane of this "King of Liars". The title will be : The Rev. Dr. Long, the World's most famous Naturalist, Sportsman, Anthropologist and Wit.

Dr. Long can't be taken seriously -- he must be evaporated by a ridicule. All of which I will relate when we meet.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) GEORGE SHIRAS,3d

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,  
Washington, D. C.



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(COPY)

Stoneleigh Court.

Washington, D. C., June 25, 1907.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,

Oyster Bay.

My dear Mr. President:

Last week I spent several days writing out my views regarding the Rev. Dr. Long; using as a preface to the article the letter sent you on May 30th, and then showing by further investigation of his writings that he was not an impostor but only posing temporarily as a dreadful example.

On Saturday, I had a printer run off a proof, with the idea of discovering how much I had written, and whether it was adapted for a page in the Sunday supplement of those papers published in the larger cities. I thereupon discovered that the amount of material, or at least its treatment, far exceeded any such use. It was a magazine article in length, a newspaper article in style.

I tried yesterday cutting it down sufficiently for the purpose in view. But the result of reducing it one-half was only a botch and it became plain that it would have to be entirely remodeled, if it is to go into a page or less of any newspaper. My guides have been waiting me in New Brunswick about a week, and as I telegraphed Saturday that I would surely leave to-day, it is better therefore that I should go. Have mailed you under separate cover several proofs of the article. You will readily see a good deal could be cut out, not

T. R.

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only because of duplication, but because not germane or too frivolous. It was all written after you left for Oyster Bay, and, of course, contains nothing for which you are responsible. The concluding paragraph in the original letter has been somewhat modified, in order to take out the sting.

I leave for Boston to-night en route to New Brunswick; my railroad terminus being Plaster Rock, where I take a team for the Upper Tobique. I have given up the trip to Newfoundland until the last of September, so that my P. O. address from July 15th, will be Marquette, Mich.

Trusting that you are having a pleasant time, which will not be interfered with by looking over the enclosed papers, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) GEORGE SHIRAS, 3d

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(COPY)

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Oyster Bay, N. Y.,  
July 11, 1907

My dear Shiras:

I have not been able to arrange for the publication of all your article. I think it was admirable, and I laughed over the humor of it more than I have over anything for a long time. But I suppose the fact is simply that people know so little of the subject that the humorous treatment, especially at such length, does not appeal to them. Whitney wisht to publish in the Outing Magazine a portion of it, however, and I accordingly gave it to him. Won't you write a brief statement, as emphatic as possible, as to Long's worthlessness as an observer, to be used in connection with a final statement of my own in the matter in Everybody's Magazine? I think either Clark or Nelson has written you.

I hope you have had a pleasant outing and will enjoy all your summer.

Sincerely yours,

(SIGNED) THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Hon. George Shiras, 3d,  
Marquette, Mich.

(COPY)

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Marquette, Mich.,

July 19th, 1907.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,  
Oyster Bay.

My dear Mr; President:-

On the 15th inst. I returned from New Brunswick, and a few hours later your welcome letter came from Oyster Bay.

The day following I went to my summer camp at White Fish Lake, eighteen miles east of here, to develop my game negatives, returning yesterday.

I agree with you that the extent and character of the article sent you makes its publication inadvisable in its present form. There are some chapters that would probably amuse the public and some that they would fail to understand. I would not give it out for publication until I look over it again.

Mr. Clarke's idea of a composite article by persons familiar with the subject is a good one and I should be glad to furnish a brief summary of my views on Dr. Long's unreliability. I enclose a copy of a recent letter received from my guide - in Newfoundland - which shows that I did not err regarding the wolves and red squirrel.

When Dr. Long alleges he was following, for weeks at a time, wolves in Newfoundland this animal was extinct, or practically so; Squires is one of the best and most reliable trappers on this island, being one of the few who permanently reside in the

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interior, trapping in the most northerly and wildest portions of  
the country, where wolf sign would be instantly detected were the  
animals to be found on this island. Such audacity on the part  
of Dr. Long is simply astounding.

I return to camp in a couple of hours - visiting  
Marquette again next Monday.

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) Geo. Shiras 3d.

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## TWO VIEWS OF THE REV. DR. W. J. LONG

IS HE A NATURE FAKER, OR IS HE  
A FAKE FAKER?

### View I.—The Fake Naturalist.

The Chief Executive of Hereabouts, otherwise known as the Big Stick of the Real Thinkers, and the Angel of the New Light, worldly address Stamford, Conn., otherwise known as the Chief Basilisk of the Woozy Mesmerizes, have had a violent mixup. (Roosevelt vs. Long, 4-11-44 Conn. St. Reps.)

The Real Thinkers represent about two million sportsmen, naturalists and wild woods frequenters who have recently been greatly outraged at a sinister attack upon their beloved Chief. The opposing side, the Woozy Ones, is composed of countless millions of newly hatched nature lovers in the downy stage, who have arrayed themselves under the Chief Basilisk and his numerous subalterns—whose creed is: "Come unto me little wierd waifs of the woods."

The ardent desire of the Real Thinkers is to rescue their little immature brethren from the false shepherds—who well knowing the truth have displayed a wonderfully debased ability in always avoiding it.

A short while ago, the Chief of the Real Thinkers, in a short interview, and proceeded to ~~turn~~ around his neck a few of his unhealthy ~~parables~~ about nature that were not of a swallowable character, or fit for the downy ones. The Chief Basilisk, taken by surprise, was only able to retort in three interviews an open—very wide open—letter, followed by a Sunday syndicated article of unusual length and more than usual avoidance of the real issues. As a humble member of the Real Thinkers, who happened to be loafing about when the Busybody's Magazine blew up, I have felt impelled to produce a record made on the spot, and before the issue had expanded into a general review of Natural History as it is now, in the middle of the year 1907. The appended philippic to the Big Chief is, I fear, somewhat out of date, because many new and remarkable discoveries have been made in the animal world since its transmission. To those, however, who are secondarily in search of knowledge, and primarily in search of who was the necessarily alternative *i. e.*, The Prevaricator or The Slanderer, the letter may be of some use.

### A Letter to the President.

Washington, D. C., May 30, 1907.  
My Dear Mr. President:

On my return from a six weeks' cruise in the Bahaman waters, after photographic specimens of Man-of-War birds, I read with great pleasure an article in a June magazine decrying the flagrantly false character of certain so-called nature stories with which the general public have been inflicted the past several years. Of course, naturalists, sportsmen and persons fairly familiar with wild life have not been imposed upon by the more meretricious class of writers, though thousands of school children and those little acquainted with the wilderness have taken in good faith much which has appeared in the more reputable papers and magazines.

### (1) The President's Interview.

In the article referred to, you are quoted as indignant at the widespread and continued reiteration of these alleged truthful portrayals of animal life, and some of the grosser absurdities in those stories are referred to by you, special attention being called to the fanciful creations of the Rev. Dr. W. J. Long.

In yesterday morning's paper I notice that the ex-Reverend gentleman has bitterly arraigned you as a base libeler of his veracity and that you have used your commanding position to crush a poor but honest man, whose income and whose character are alike imperilled. While I think past events clearly show that you do not confine yourself to reproving any form of moral depravity in the weak and lowly, the attempt of this imposter to screen himself behind such a sympathetic barrier while deliberately attacking you personally and in your official capacity very clearly shows the venomous nature of this ex-gentleman of the pulpit. He says, in the open letter referred to, that "in every preface I have stated—and I now repeat the statement—that every incident I have recorded from my own observation is true so far as an honest and educated person can see and understand the truth." And, again, he declares "if I have spoken falsely in any book or word of mine, if I have intentionally deceived any child or man regarding animal life, I promise publicly to retract every such word and never write another animal book."

These solemn assertions that all his stories are absolutely founded upon fact become distressing to those familiar with the fictitious character of practically all of his writings; and this because the person in question, owing to his education and calling, renders his insincerity all the more reprehensible.

Having underwritten with his word of honor all the fictitious stuff turned out by him in the past few years, it is hardly possible that you feel inclined to enter a rejoinder direct or indirect. Unless you feel impelled to do so because the author, loudly asserting his honesty and his poverty, has set up special claims for consideration from one who has been pictured as the base libeler by reason of his high office.

### (2) Dr. Long's Incredible Stories.

Sometimes it is proper to unmask the hypocrite who seeks shelter behind the plea of weakness in order that the really dangerous character of the skulker may be shown. The Rev. Long's books and his syndicated articles in the Sunday press are read by thousands of people. If these fabrications are the source of substantial income, they are also the source of much misinformation and require stern protest from men in the position to end such charlatanism. Many sportsmen and naturalists have protested in vain against this ever-increasing school of nature fakers, and if by reason of your extended experience, in the way of nature, you have lent your aid in helping to pierce the callousness of the worst offender, so much more are you to be accorded praise for the performance of a necessarily disagreeable duty. It is hard to prove a negative; and when the Rev. Long asks that direct proof be supplied that he did not see these various and miraculous antics of animals, fish and birds, it becomes doubly difficult in his case because he seldom, if ever, gives dates, places, and the names of his companions in these very secret, sylvan haunts where such wonderful things are witnessed nearly every month. But if direct proof cannot be gathered from these mystic, and doubtless mental, realms, no writer ever afforded more circumstantial proof through the inherent improbabilities of these occurrences than the Rev. Dr. Long.

2)

As the above criticisms are general, it is proper to make a few observations upon the material portion of Dr. Long's last letter. Your specific criticisms have driven this inspired nature writer to the attempt to prove one "incident" which you saw fit squarely to question, and, in his foolish effort to give it weight, hazards the existence of all his other writings upon the establishment of its correctness. One may, therefore, assume, under the influences that generally control a person selecting his own weapon, that, when he stands or falls upon the verity of this alleged occurrence, he presumably selects the least vulnerable of his many miraculous anecdotes. He rests upon the proposition that a timber wolf, while pursuing a caribou or deer, can spring upon it and pierce the heart with its fangs. Not only does he say it is true, but he further avers "I have known from my own observation and from the testimony of my Indians that wolves sometimes kill in this way."

He then proceeds to tell how this physically impossible feat is performed—  
 (3) The Writer's Source of Knowledge.

In view, however, of the fact that my name was mentioned by you in reference to the usual manner in which wolves destroy running deer, I feel it may be proper to briefly outline, to some extent, the source of my information—for I believe you may have given my former conversation some consideration in reaching your conclusions. My observation of deer began in my thirteenth year, when the first one was killed on the shores of a small Michigan lake, south of Lake Superior. Since then I have been thirty-seven consecutive seasons hunting deer, caribou and moose, with rifle and camera. After some fifteen years with the rifle, the camera was largely substituted, and it was a pleasure when the glass negatives finally exceeded the trophies of the gun. I have now hundreds of negatives of deer, and many additional ones of caribou and moose, representing twenty years of day and night photography with the camera and flash light. Hundreds of days and hundreds of nights have been spent in Michigan, Canada and Newfoundland watching for big game, until I have had thousands of wild animals under direct and close personal observation. With the exception of Newfoundland, the hunting territory has always been in the midst of the wilderness more frequented by the gray or timber wolf than any other, probably, on this continent.

(4) The Timber Wolf Nocturnal

No less than two thousand deer have been killed by wolves the past five years in the general region of my Michigan camp, and therefore a life-long study of these destructive brutes has been greatly intensified of late, and every possible device that ingenuity could suggest and from every source obtainable has been employed in recent years to curb the terrific destruction of these ravenous beasts. Yes, permit me to say, in all these thirty-seven years I have seen but twelve wolves, and with the aid of my guides we have only succeeded in shooting, trapping and poisoning a total of fifteen, which, by comparison with others who have lived all their lives in this region, may be considered lucky.

Dr. Long never had any trouble seeing wolves—following, he declares, particular ones for a whole season. He makes the wolf diurnal, and seeking cover for his night's rest. This is such a fundamental error that, aside from his other gross absurdities, it indicates the great probability that he never saw a wild wolf in his native haunts.

While these brutes infest the Michigan district by the hundred, and with a bounty averaging from twenty-five to fifty dollars, the adult wolves have been seldom destroyed. Dozens of shooting companions, who have visited at my camp during these many years, have never seen a wolf, though their tracks could be noticed daily and the howling packs heard frequently at night. The past five or six years from fifteen hundred to two thousand local licenses have been issued annually to deer hunters located in the two counties that comprise the wilderness about my Michigan camp, and this does not include the non-resident hunters. This vast army has hunted practically every nook and corner in this territory, and so far as I can now recollect few have ever seen a wolf, although frequently reporting the finding of carcasses of partly eaten deer.

(5) Evasive Character of the Wolf.

In Lake Superior, eighteen miles east of my camp, there is a large island, some six miles by four in diameter, containing originally many native deer. It has had naturalized thereon caribou, moose and elk. A year ago last September I noticed a good sized wolf track on a sand beach bordering a little lake. My report to the game keeper was received with some doubt as to the character of this animal since it was necessary for a wolf to swim many miles from the main shore. When the snow came in October, however, the half eaten carcasses of fourteen deer and caribou were found. Thereupon twenty of the best shots and still hunters in this region were employed to exterminate the animal. In the first three weeks, hunting from dawn to dark, the wolf was seen three times, being wounded on the second occasion, and finally dispatched by a lucky shot when seen the third time. The cost of destroying this one animal, with splendid tracking snow, and on an island only partially covered with dense growth cost the owners the sum of \$1,200.

Now, while it is of course unnecessary to bring these matters to your attention in order to disprove the Rev. Long's ability to see things, it is nevertheless the widely prevalent opinion that wolves are easily seen in daytime. On the plains, the coyote, and occasionally a gray wolf, may be observed in the open cattle ranges, beyond rifle shot, but these are not the beasts Dr. Long interviews or speaks of piercing a deer's heart. The fact is, the timber wolf is practically nocturnal, even though it may occasionally run a deer in daytime. The Rev. Dr. Long, in his few peregrinations in the wolf country, not only saw wolves the moment he got there, but witnessed their many wonderful antics without apparently raising a finger to lessen the ravages of these murderous brutes.

(6) How Wolves Kill Deer and Caribou.

The instance he originally cited, as convincing you of moral perversity, through your expression of incredulity, was where a white wolf pierced the heart of a running caribou. Assuming that he and his Indian guides have actually seen wolves in close contact with deer or caribou, although there are few wolves in Newfoundland (even if he does depict them almost battering down the doors of the fisherman), one may consider the manner in which this initiatory but mortal heart wound was inflicted. The modus operandi is as follows, according to the Rev. Long in his book: "A terrible rush, a quick snap near the stag's chest just behind the forelegs where the heart lay, the big wolf leaped aside, and sat down quietly again to wait. As a sequel of this attack, and patient waiting, the caribou obligingly gave up his life. This statement, Rev. Long says, is true, and you express the opinion that it was a mathematical impossibility, besides being contrary to an animal's habits when thus dangerously wounded."

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(7) The Heart the Best Protected Organ.

The heart of the deer or caribou hangs high up and well forward in the cavity formed by the breast and shoulder blades, partly surrounded by the lungs. It is by far the best protected organ in the animal's body—though a long bladed hunting knife will penetrate it when driven into the chest at the lower junction of the throat and breast bone—however impossible it would be for an animal to reach it from the front. A fair sized hunting knife will reach the heart when driven between the very narrow interstices of the ribs just back of the shoulder blades, and for a wolf to insert his fangs into this cavity far enough to grasp the heart between the upper and lower jaws, it would be necessary to tear away the outer hide, then break and tear out six inches each from the three ribs next the shoulder, and joined together by an intercovering of flesh, and after this was done, push the greater portion of its head into the large wound thus made, in order to seize the heart. Like the ribs of a ship, extending from the keel to the lower deck, the ribs of the deer are firmly imbedded in the **breastbone below and the backbone above.**

The Rev. Dr. Long seems to have ignored the ribs entirely when he speaks simply of the wolf tearing away the "breast cartilage." The Long deer must be of the invertebrate, soft-shell variety. Snapping a great gaping wound into the ribbed side of a running caribou, where piercing the jugular or cutting the hamstrings would require no miracle, goes to show that Dr. Long is capable of seeing things of rare character.

(8) How Dr. Long's Wolf Kills.

Having, however, come to the conclusion that this proposition required a little further elaboration, he therefore adds in his long, rambling letter assailing you, the following regarding the "snapping" powers of wolves: "Sometimes a single snap tears open the breast cartilage and a wrench lays the heart bare. If the first snap fails, others follow quicker than a man can open and shut his hand and the heart is cut before the deer is fairly aware that he has been gripped." That a deer can have its tenacious outer hide flayed, its tough ribs demolished by a gaping hole half a foot square, mangling the lungs, then have the wolf insert its head into the cavity and grasp the heart between the upper and lower fangs—before it is fairly aware that it has been "gripped"—only indicates how absurd it is for such a timid animal to jump ten or fifteen feet when a tiny twig is broken by a hunter, and yet be totally oblivious to a wolf dallying with its internal organs. This truthful James then continues to say, in effect, that this kind of snapping and gripping is a reality, and represents in the highest degree the truthful character of all his previous stories. Now, if a deer were made of rags, and the ribs of such a floating character that they could be blown aside by the angry breath of the wolf, and the animal further had the claws of a tiger or leopard, with the protruding tusks of the boar, one might easily see how he could hold on to a bounding deer and by vigorous lurches pierce the heart cavity in the way that would excite enthusiasm of the Rev. Dr. Long. With the wolves, most of us know, nature has given them the feet of a dog, and the power of only grasping the lower limbs, the throat or such portions of the body that can be readily seized between the jaws. It is hold on or let go with the wolf every time. The flat, firm and smooth sides of a deer, where buttressed against the ribs, are proof against the penetration of the wolf's fangs, when the deer is upright and running, though in some instances it may get a mouthful of hair, scar the sides with its front teeth, and at times hold on long enough to help drag down an exhausted deer. That he can persistently "snap" his way into the "in-

nards" of a jumping caribou, requires either claws or sustaining wings, with a weapon like a sword fish, which can be inserted at the right point. Then this kind of "wolf" could reach the heart. A traveler recently returning from South America told of bees a foot long, and six inches around the body, that lived in the regulation bee-hive. When asked how they got into the hive, this voracious traveler replied, "That is the bee's business."

(9) Likely to be Treed by a Rabbit.

However, when a man like Dr. Long can be chased around all afternoon in fear of his life by a skulking lynx; who can so enrage a bull moose by giving the premature call of the cow, in the summer trout fishing season, that the bull-moose, out of sheer revenge, stood for hours on a bar separating two lakes and prevented this astonished ex-divine from getting back to camp until nearly dark—why, one reaches the opinion that he is just the man who will one day be treed by a rabbit.

(10) Red and White Fakers.

The certificate of the Indian, used in Dr. Long's letter, wherein the former says he saw a wolf kill a horse by biting it in the heart, only shows that there are red fakers as well as white. A horse standing upright, and tied to a tree, might have its heart laid open by the numerous strokes of an ax—if the wielder had plenty of muscle and accuracy. But it would be a pretty sick looking horse long before the heart was reached.

False Teaching Dangerous.

If Dr. Long's sincerity, to put it mildly, was as pronounced as his literary ability, he would be a credit to the country—but, unfortunately, they seem to exist in reverse proportions. Thus making him all the more dangerous, as now plainly evidenced, by the warm support given him and his ilk in many of the best secular and religious papers, and by thousands of warm-hearted conscientious people, who see in his graphic but dangerously misleading fables the outpouring of a sympathetic soul, whose supposedly long intimacy with forest life has afforded him an unusual insight into those secrets that they seem to think have escaped the sportsman, the trained field naturalists, and the thousands of other men spending much of their life in the woods. He should be regarded as a perverted fictionist and soon will be—if those who really care for a reign of common sense and common honesty in the literature of American Natural History do their duty.

Yours very sincerely,  
GEORGE SHIRAS, 3d.



VIEW II.  
THE FAKE FAKER.

The Rise of the Nature Faker.

Some fifteen years ago there came before the public, a most brilliant writer of animal stories. His original training as a Canadian naturalist gave his productions an attractiveness and a reality which made him famous and his bank account corpulent. This revelation in animal sagacity, wild love, and the bitter tragic ending of most forest denizens created a most profound impression and likewise a most precocious horde of imitators—who, neglecting the writer's original foundation as a naturalist, aimed only at the terminus—the bank account. Hundreds of these fictitious interpreters of wild life came into being. Competition soon drove those weaker in imagination or more honest in their make-up, from the field. Ninety per cent of the reading public, residing in great cities, or adjacent suburbs, could not tell "a hawk from a handsaw"—but, nevertheless, evidenced one of those great redeeming traits in civilized man, their love and interest in the wild things of the distant forest. This latent element was stimulated more and more as they read the weird tales of the woods. Instinctively, they sought the productions of those alleged to be based upon actualities in wild life, gathered by personal observation. The sportsmen wrote for sportsmen—and as successful hunting meant accurate shooting, and shooting meant killing, and killing meant bloodshed with the death of the wild thing—they would have none of it. The trained naturalist, usually erring on the side of exactness and somewhat prone to be prosaic to the uninitiated, also failed to gratify this great army of young and old, who sought to learn of the emotions—with the hates, the loves, the cunning, and the tragic plots of death or escape, which nature permitted, in her wise counterbalancing of wild life. So it came to pass that in a period of ten years more utterly false and alluring allusions in natural history have been spread broadcast in the popular magazines, daily papers, and in the so-called nature books of the public and private schools, than in all the time in which the printed word of man has been used to perpetuate the learning of each progressive period. There were many able and brilliant writers, capable of doing this great work well, and the discriminating encouragement of the public would have increased this class to a point sufficient for the needs of all. But the ready and nefarious nature faker, has almost made extinct the early school of nature writers. Even the originator of these delightful animal stories had to give up and devote his time to more prosaic work.

The protest of our most intelligent and manly sportsman, the keen and logical discussion of our best field naturalists, and of many other accurate observers, of non-scientific training, were all without permanent effect, when met by the vehement assertions of these meretricious fakers that all was gospel truth in their animal narratives. The more they were attacked, the more easily were the Woozy Ones stampeded, en masse, into the folds of the unworthy shepherds.

This was the situation when one Rev. W. J. Long, of Stamford, Conn., suddenly entered the already over-crowded field of nature writers. What was his purpose? Was it for money easily earned in preying on an already highly deluded class—instead of praying for the public where the more substantial rewards were postponed to a later but better world? In order that this enigma may be solved, it will be necessary to tell the story of the Great Discovery.

The Doctor as an Anthropologist.

Now, it seems, that the Doctor knew how futile it was to fight the nature faker with ordinary weapons for they thrive on abuse, and daily grow dearer to the woozy ones. How could he destroy this unholy alliance—how could he strengthen the much smaller army of the Real Things? How fortunate it would be if both results could be accomplished by one man and in a reasonable period of time. He saw a chance. He would become a fake faker. He would join the parasitic tribe. He would ingratiate himself into the wide-open hearts of the Woozy Ones; he would anger and arouse the Real Things to a degree that would insure their remorseless activity for all time against the nature faker. But this could not be done in a day or by any ordinary fireside musings. One thing he must always do. Never tell the truth in a single instance and yet so tell his tale that every sportsman and naturalist would see its falsity while every Woozy One would see the wonderful presentation of the truth. To write a few good stiff ones, coming from a man of spiritual calling, would doubtless make the Woozy Ones tame enough to eat out of his hands in a few days, but this was not the question. How could he, a humble resident of a humbler town, turn out stiff ones week after week and yet not sometimes tell the truth, thereby partially placating the Real Things and at the same time exciting suspicion in the Woozy Ones.

Therefore, he must fit himself for this campaign by knowing nature to its innermost secrets. Then, and only then, would he be safe. As truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, he was perfectly aware that sooner or later in telling some improbable tale he would, as a matter of fact, be telling the established truth. Therefore, he must leave home and immerse himself in the Distant Forest. While the Doctor's numerous biographical sketches show that he spent many years in Germany, France, and Italy, has anyone ever seen him there? Biographies are all right in their way, but this kind of biography was not in his way at all, for it concealed his presence in the Distant Woods. Just how he lived and just what he did during these many years only his future truthful account will disclose—but one thing is certain that not a bug, a bird, a fish or an animal escaped his critical examination. This is why he is invulnerable in what could not occur. Now one may ask, what good can come of it all, this or justify such fearful sacrifices? Let me tell a happening from my own county, which occurred in the year 1869, and was doubtless known to the Doctor, as he was then three years of age and unusually precocious.

The First Fake Faker.

The Pittsburg papers on a certain day in 1869 contained the startling announcement that on a morning of another certain day a local inventor, who had been secreting himself from his friends for many years, had finally invented a flying machine and would at 10 o'clock on a day mentioned, give a practical demonstration of capabilities from the top of the big bridge spanning the Allegheny River. About every one came, even infants in arms, that they might, when the tongue became the means of expression, tell all about it later on. At 10 o'clock sharp, a figure carrying the paraphernalia under his arm, climbed on top of the bridge, midway between either shore. After a few preliminary flourishes a bag was opened, and a fine domestic goose went sailing into space until it fell with a loud splash into the middle of the river. There was a pause of about ten seconds—then, without even taking a vote, both thickly tenanted shores agreed that the man must die. Expectant, up-turned faces surrounded each end of the bridge to catch him going or coming. But this man was an anthropologist. He not only knew the credulity of man, but he knew his unreasoning rage when he was hoaxed in broad daylight, with a lot of witnesses about.

5) So the inventor snud down a rope into a boat manned by a confederate and rowed away. At the end of the dangling rope he left a note, saying "I always knew there were a lot of durned fools in Allegheny County and thought I would take an inventory." That is the reason you can't fool Pittsburghers; Now, Dr. Long was, also, an anthropologist. He knew that when his pets had been filled with strongest kind of nature revelation for six or seven years and then discovered it was all sawdust, what would follow. Every one would register a vow never to read a single line about wild life that did not come from the class o-k-ed by the Real Thinkers and he knew that the real naturalists and the real sportsmen who hated him like the Devil's Own would forgive him and become his friends for life. But let us take up the history of the plan, in order that not one scrap may be lost in a record that should be made of this wonderful man.

#### The Doctor's Wonderful Discoveries.

The Doctor very properly decided that in depicting bugs, birds, animals and fish no space should be devoted to the known things in Natural History. Each revelation must be new, startling, and become the foundation of an entirely original school of nature observation. He would be the clearing house of the unknown, and the chronicler thereof. His long studies have so antedated this article and his writings have become so numerous, that several volumes would be required to describe in a proper and praiseworthy way his hundreds of explorations and thousands of new discoveries. A few of them may be noted briefly and some space reserved for a more elaborate consideration of his highest and brightest achievements.

The Crow.—In his chapter on "Crow's Ways," the Doctor, in describing this cunning, marauder of the farmer's fields and the ruthless murderer of young bird life—naturally paints it white—with a confiding and approachable nature.

He gives an account of a musical crow—of a gymnastic crow—and of the kindly crow, that "warns the plover, the duck, the deer, and the bear" of approaching danger. He describes a bunch of crows that played Button, button, who's got the button! all afternoon. He has seen, close at hand, all these lynx-eyed crows—never less than fifty at a time—by squatting down in the vines. In vino-veritas. This, of course, refers to the crows.

The Wild Goose.—The Doctor describes a two-hour interview with a wild goose family on a Newfoundland Lake—where this wildest of wild fowl sojourns a few months, when rearing its young. He immediately made friends with the mother and its goslings, and when the gander approached, attacking him viciously with its wings, the mother goose "suddenly uttered a low call with a curious accent of reassurance." The gander then understood that the Doctor was on the visiting list and apologized. This is the particular goose which always winters on the middle Atlantic Coast, where, after a hundred years of well-earned experience it has become so imbued with the dread of man as to seldom fall a victim of his wiles. The transformation, therefore, that takes place at its nesting waters and at a time above all others when it greatly dreads the approach of man, only goes to show that the Doctor in addition to a keen eye has a mesmerizatic presence.

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The Owl.—In an article on the owl he describes this bird as nature's favorite fool—"which thinks every furry thing which moves must be game—sometimes the rat he is hunting turns out to be a skunk or a weasel; sometimes your pet cat, and once in a lifetime it is your fur cap or even your head, and then you feel the weight and edges of its claws." Since the owl has the reputation of being able to see the projecting tail of a tiny wood-mouse beneath a protecting leaf—this is a good one on the owl. He then describes how one seizing him by the head, had torn his scalp so that a surgeon had to stitch the same. With this touch of experience, applied so forcibly to a portion of his body where his reasoning power is located, it was not strange that several years afterwards when visiting a lumber camp he was able to account for similar mysterious injuries inflicted upon the heads and other portions of the body of a large gang of men in the lumber camp. They thought the woods contained hobgoblins and "would not venture out at night." The Doctor considerably showed them that it was merely an owl which mistook their heads or furry caps for live game. Thereupon there was much rejoicing. The Doctor saying of one hoodooed individual, after the disclosure had been made, that he "jumped up with a yell, and danced with joy in the snow." This is another good one on the lumber jack.

The Salmon.—In his preface to Northern Trails, the Doctor says: "For years I have followed and watched the salmon from the sea to the headsprings of his own river, and back again to the sea." He knew the salmon from the deposited egg until the formerly deposited egg had in turn deposited its own eggs. How cunningly he can reverse the facts is well shown at the start off, where he writes of the salmon as it breaks from its shell: "Beginning life with hunger he was nibbling at the shell, when it broke and let him out. As the egg covering remained on its tail, he whirled like a whisk and swallowed it." A poor deluded fishcultivist of only thirty years' experience says "the young salmon leaves its egg tail first and not head first; that it never eats its shell, and never 'eats' anything for more than five weeks—sustaining itself entirely after its release, by a ventral absorption of the yolk adhering to the lower part of the body." After having gotten the salmon out of its shell, the Doctor describes its many adventures, one of which may be mentioned. He says he discovered several very high waterfalls that were impassible to the salmon in the ordinary way, but nevertheless he found out that they were able to reach the upper pool by climbing up the steep cliff between the descending waters and the rocks. He made this discovery by going in there himself and speaks of what he saw as follows: "We came upon salmon everywhere; on the stones, in deep hollows of the rocks, struggling up the scarred and pitted face of the cliff itself." While this shows remarkable climbing ability on the part of the salmon, it seems a dreadful waste of energy. All the salmon pools at the base of any Newfoundland falls have a good foot trail leading above to the upper course. And, therefore, one wonders why the salmon did not take the trail with its beautiful scenery, low grade and where no descending water might hurl them back when they perhaps had nearly climbed to the top.

Referring again to the preface, the Doctor apologizes therein for not following the salmon to their winter resort in the deep basin of the Atlantic Ocean, and says, that while all the prior part of his salmon history "is entirely true to fact—yet beneath the breakers and beneath the tide no man ever followed them, and I was obliged, therefore, either to omit this part of his life or picture it best I could from imagination." And he thereupon proceeds to depict its imaginary life within the sea.

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Now as the Doctor never before indulged his imagination, one can but wonder what would be the result if the imaginary part could be compared with that portion of the salmon's life that was "entirely true to fact." Some people would back imagination in this contest, simply because one so experienced as the Doctor and who has never imagined anything before ought to come pretty close to the truth in his first and only guess.

The Wolf and the Lynx.—In those wild animals that are rarely seen by any visitor to the woods, the Doctor is of real service. In the case of his Wolf and the Lynx experiences he gives much information, based upon intense, close, and protracted personal observation. A brief analysis of all his discoveries, regarding these animals, will show that they far surpass all the written words of man and all the present experiences of the sportsman and the naturalists living to-day. When, therefore, one or two of the incidents which he relates, with indignation in his eye, says in his open letter to the former, that he can get eye witnesses to prove that a wolf can snap the heart of a bull caribou in a single snap, and that while these witnesses "are far away in the North I will follow them to the end of the earth and find and bring out their sworn testimony." This has the true and real ring—of the Ringer. How much better it is to seek out, around the North Pole, some wandering Indian, instead of resorting to stale books on natural history—the writings and the diaries of thousands of sportsmen—or the field notes of numerous experienced naturalists. How much better this is than ever, go to one, small portion of this country—upper Michigan—where there are recorded the names of ten thousand licensed deer hunters, who have annually hunted deer in a district where at least six thousand of these animals have been killed by wolves in the past three years. If the Doctor himself has seen caribou and deer killed in the way he describes, surely there ought to be at least one upright and experienced sportsman—one reliable field naturalist—that would have seen the same performance, or if he had not, would, at least, be willing to say that this manner of killing a caribou by a single snap was a physical possibility. But the Doctor has gotten so addicted to relying upon Indian affidavits that he neglects to look elsewhere. After all, it would seem, that the Doctor makes too much out of this one incident about the wolf, and the one about the lynx—for when his full revelations are read about either of these animals, the mere snapping power of the wolf and the scratching power of the lynx become minor features in his biography of either. To those, therefore, that would become well acquainted with either of these wild animals, the following pages may be of some assistance, as they contain many valuable accounts of the Doctor's observations.

### A New Variety of Wolves in a New Found Land.

When dear Dr. Long began preparing his artificial lure for the Wozy Ones and his counter-irritant for the Real Thingers his mind naturally turned to wolves. The very old and the very young have always been fascinated by wolves, whether dressed in sheep's clothing, in grandmother's nightgown for little Reddy or ~~simply~~ <sup>attired in the native language of the explorer.</sup> He knew, however, that it would require great care to avoid the truth about this particular animal, which, by reason of unremitting persecution and persistently enforced experience, had gotten to know about everything that was going on in the wilderness and a good deal that was happening in the United States Senate. The best way, therefore, was to invent a new variety of wolves in a distant country where wolves were practically unknown. Even then it was a stiff proposition to think up something that was actually impossible under all conditions and in all minds and alleged minds; for facts and rumors about wolves were extremely thick in all countries and were never subject to custom duties. But he got there finally with both feet, his hands and considerable portion of his ears. This is not slang but a mere coincident expression implying the full use of those limbs and organs so useful in walking up to strange things, shaking paws with new acquaintances and listening intently for new developments. So he created the great White Wolf of Newfoundland, in ~~the manner~~ <sup>the manner</sup>

Having been a little late starting the big White Wolf began getting around at a lively clip, was so opposed to race suicide that the hillsides of the country were soon dotted with sheep-like herds of little White Wolves.

Thus it was, when the Doctor arrived one moonlight night, in the little port of Harbor Woe that he did not have to wait long to begin his story. As the anchor descended the loud clanking of its rusty chains made all the wolves sit up and take notice, for be it known, they hated the woods and always made it a point of sleeping on the headlands, where there were no mosquitoes. But let me tell the story in the Doctor's own graphic language, as it appears in "Northern Trails," p. 1-11.

"We came careening in through the tickle of Harbor Woe. There in a disconsolate rock-bound refuge of the Newfoundland coast the Wild Duck swung to her anchor . . . tugging impatiently and clanking her chains . . . presently the moon wheeled full and clear over the dark mountain . . . while far away like a vague shadow a handful of gray houses hung like banners to the base of a great bare hill."

Here all can see the stage, with its everlasting moon and gray houses, dark mountains and as yet no wolves, but don't be impatient.

"A long interval of profound silence had passed and I could just make out the circle of dogs sitting on their tails on the open shore when suddenly, faint and far away, an unearthly howl came rolling down the mountain."

Things were beginning to get interesting; here were slathers of dogs sitting on their tails, and unearthly yells rolling down o'er earth and rocks, while the Wild Duck was in the bay, safely beyond collision. But where was the owner of the unearthly howl? and the Doctor sitting on the quarterdeck, anchor down, the supper eaten, and only a howl hurled from the dark battlements above to show for his long journey and he all ready for the wolves. But listen. "Suddenly Noel pointed upward and my eye caught something moving swiftly on the crest of the mountain. A shadow with the slinking trot of the wolf ~~glided~~ <sup>glided</sup> from the ridge between us and the moon. Just in front of us it stopped leaped upon a big rock, turned a pointed nose up to the sky sharp and clear and the terrible howl of the Great White Wolf tumbled down upon the husky dogs <sup>and set</sup> them howling as if possessed."

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This time it will be noticed that the howl was better directed and hit the dogs in midribs. Why notice such trifles, when the Doctor says: "This was my first (and Noel's last) glimpse of Wayesses, the huge White Wolf which I had come a thousand miles over land and

But a man who can see a wolf at night half a mile or more away with the dogs half sitting on their tails, is entitled below sitting on their tails, is entitled to see one the first moment he strikes the Newfoundland coast. Especially as the inventor thereof of the Great White Wolf.

But the Doctor was not satisfied with this moonlight view of the howling wolf, so he adds retrospectively: "All over the Long Range of the Northern Peninsula I followed him guided some times by a rumor, a hunter's story or postman's fright, and again by a track on the shore of some lonely unknown pond or the sight of a herd of caribou flying from some unseen danger."

As the Island of Newfoundland is considerably larger than Ireland, the Doctor was entirely justified in picking up rumors, stories from the apparently gunless hunter or kindly suggestions from letter carriers who were doubtless found at times mired in the great swamps of the interior.

Now there was another thing he was determined upon from the start and that was the new White Wolf should be wholly diurnal in its active movements, though it might be permitted to sit about in the moonlight and meditate. If there is one thing that is overwhelmingly settled in wolf history it was his intense dislike for the face of Old Sol. Therefore, the Doctor, in his various wolf epics, depicts this animal as always avoiding the somber shades of the huckleberry bush—the main timber or the jagged rocks of the Newfoundland coast. In this way he was always able to write down their movements for home use and at the same time make the Real Thinkers wish they were dead. The successful skirmish of the White Wolf with the stag caribou has been given undue prominence of late and cast many more of its superior performances in the background.

After Wayesses showed how he could snap the life out of a caribou by a single snap he developed more and softer snaps. The biggest snap of all was when he took to catching juicy plover, wild ducks and geese as they preened themselves for a few minutes in the Newfoundland lakes on their migratory flights.

#### The Wolf as a Wild Fowl Hunter.

The Doctor having converted his particular brand of wolf into an "all-dayer," it naturally opened the way for many diurnal achievements. First he turned them loose on plover, that shyest of all shore birds on the Atlantic coast. "The plover," says the Doctor, "come in hords sweeping over the Straits of Labrador, and when the wolves surrounded a flock of these queer birds and hatched nearer and nearer, sinking their gray bodies in the yielding gray moss till they looked like weather-beaten logs, the hunting was full of tense excitement. Though juicy mouthfuls were few and far between" ~~in this island~~. It must have been a beautiful sight, moreover, to have seen these wolves "weather-logging" their way through moss so thick that it would require a microscope to find a plover therein if they were ever known to alight upon anything other than mud flats and stubby meadow grass.

But it is as a duck hunter that the wolf shows what can be accomplished by mental acuteness and physical gymnasts. "After the plover came the ducks \* \* \* and the young wolves learned like foxes to decoy the silly birds by arousing their curiosity. They would hide in the grass while one played and rolled about on the open shore till the ducks saw him. Nearer and nearer they would come till a swift rush out of the grass sent them off headlong. But one or two always stayed behind with the wolves to pay the price of curiosity."

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While an open-water duck—the Broad bill—can some times be tolled to within long gunshot range by the use of a retriever running back and forth on the shore, the marsh duck of Newfoundland, as is the case everywhere else, will immediately take wing when anything like a fox or other night hunting animal is seen near. The ability, therefore, of these wolves to jump out of the grass and catch such birds on the wing shows that they possess the same "snapping" power and the same agility heretofore shown when piercing the heart of a caribou with a single snap. But the Doctor knew all this would please the Woolly Ones and cause agony in the ranks of the Real Thinkers.

However, it was a wild goose hunter that the wolf is seen at its best. "At night the great flocks would approach a sandbar well out of the way of rocks and brush and everything that might conceal the enemy and go to sleep in close little family groups on the open shore."

In order that this bird may be more fully identified one must interrupt by saying that this is the wild goose which spends two-thirds of the year on the Atlantic coast waters between Long Island Sound and the Carolinas. It has absorbed such bushels of experience that even the best wild fowl hunters in these waters have about given up hunting them. But to proceed with the creeping wolves. "A rush, a startled honk! A terrific clamor of wings and throats and smitten waters. Then the four shadows would rise up from the sands and trot back to the woods, each with a burden on its shoulders."

When it is recalled that the wild goose always seeks open water at night or only roosts on detached sandbars and islands, these wolves are to be congratulated and their pride properly recognized as each trotted home with a ten-pound goose astride his shoulder.

#### The Wolf as a Cat and Pig Hunter.

The Doctor having educated his downy followers about the wolf as a hunter of wild fowl and frozen lynx and that he never hunted the caribou except as a last resort, proceeds to prepare a few menu, so that many months might pass without resorting to venison after the wild fowl had wended their way south. In "Northern Trails" (page 124) the Doctor says: "When all else fails, follow the wolf in hungry days." And just to show how this might be avoided as long as possible the Doctor describes the following scene: "The little fishing village was buried under drifts and almost deserted. A few men lingered to watch the boats and houses. By night the wolves would come stealthily to prowl among the deserted lanes and the fishermen asleep in their clothes under caribou skins or sitting close by the stove behind barred doors would know nothing of the huge gaunt figures that flitted noiselessly past the frosted windows. If a pig were left in its pen a sudden little squalling would break out in the still night. If a cat prowled about or an uneasy dog scratched to be let out there would be a squall, a yelp—and the cat would not come back, and the dog would never scratch the door again." This sad conclusion rather reminds one of the pathetic saying: "The mill will never grind again with waters that have passed." Had not the doors been barred, the owners might have passed also.

But revenge might have passed also. But revenge finally came when another raid was made on the cat. "As the lop-eared cub dashed after a cat that shot like a ray of moonlight under a cabin a window opened noiselessly—Zing! Then a bow string twanged with short warning in the tense silence. With a

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### Two Wolves With but a Single Squirrel.

While it is impossible here to follow the Doctor in all his rounds of Newfoundland after one particular wolf and those many others, which he treated, as a side line, in wolf proclivities, yet there are several touching incidents, going to show such startling diversities in wolf nature that they should be briefly alluded to; as they represent hitherto unknown facts not discovered by most of us who have only spent a few months each year hunting or fishing in this remarkable island. While most of the old guides up there will tell you there "ain't no more wolves in Newfoundland," the incidents cited will prove that the remnant left are well worth seeing. The Doctor having shown, in his prior discussion of wolves, that it was necessary for the mother wolf to keep an eye on the Old Man so that he would not, in a fit of indiscretion, eat his own offspring, proceeds to tell of an affecting scene of this character. Once a big man wolf and his dutiable son were hunting together—in midwinter—that terrible period of famine, as the Doctor says, when wolves are unable to catch any of the thousand of caribou by reason of deep snows and frozen lakes—conditions which, in other countries, lead to such fearful destruction in the deer family, at the mouths of these "snapping" creatures. In the case cited the hunt was of no avail and the cub saw from the hungry look in its father's eye that its finish was near at hand. It was useless to run away, for this would but invite catastrophe. But let us hear the Doctor about it:

"A queer thing happened. The cub was lying motionless, his head in his paws, his eyes wide open when something stirred near him. A red squirrel came scampering through the scrub bushes. Slowly, carefully the young wolf gathered his feet under him, tense as a bow string. As the squirrel whisked over head the wolf leaped like a flash, caught him and crushed him with a single grip. Then with the squirrel in his mouth he made his way back to where the big leader was lying, his head in his paws, with eyes turned aside. Slowly, cautiously the cub approached and with a friendly twist of his ears he laid the squirrel at the big wolf's very nose, watching till the tidbit was seized ravenously and crushed and bolted in a single mouthful" (p. 134). This brought about a pleasant reconciliation and the scene closed.

But what is there about the story that appeals to the real naturalist? Not the conversion of the cannibalistic father—not the fact that the red squirrel hesitates to venture out in the zero weather of midwinter—not the agility of the wolf in catching such a lively creature, where rabbits galore were in every thicket. It was something better than that, showing the Doctor's remarkable perspicacity. There are no red squirrels in Newfoundland.

### The Wolf's Chaperone.

One now turns from that baser view of the Wolf's character—where hunger impels him, at times, to gobble up his full grown offspring—to its better and nobler side. The story of a wolf escorting two plump little Indian children, who were lost in midwinter, on the caribou barrens—back to their parents' cottage,—was one of the Doctor's stories that excited the incredulity of the Chief Executive. The latter said it was the "wildest improbability". This naturally aroused the Doctor's pretended ire, and he is now seeking witnesses in the Polar Bear district. The story was as follows: (Page )

Two children had gone hunting into the interior and finally succeeded in shooting with a bow and arrow a fine caribou stag—where a few feet away a band of hungry wolves were also sampling a similarly fine stag. The two small arrows settled the children's victim, which walked off a few feet, and bled to death; while the one captured by the wolves was the particular caribou killed "by a single snap through the heart"—hence these two bloody tragedies were being given on nature's stage at the same moment—and for one price of admission. Before departing for home, the children "tied a rag to a pointed stick, which they thrust between their own caribou ribs to make the wolves suspicious and keep them from tearing the game while the little hunters hurried away to bring the meal with the dog sledges." The wolves silently witnessed this terrible performance and when the children started for home one wolf was elected to go along to see that the children did not stray from their very broad and very crooked path that led to their parent's cottage. As was suspected by the wolves the children soon lost their way; thereupon the chaperone wolf took the lead and it was not long before they were in sight of home. The party was described as follows: "There the wolf stopped; and though Noel whistled and Mooka called cheerfully, the wolf would go no further. He sat there on the ridge his tail sweeping a circle on the snow behind him, his ears cocked to the friendly call, and his eyes following every step of the little hunters. Then he turned to follow his own way into the wilderness." Since this beautiful scene was met with jeers of the sportsman naturalist—the Doctor in his open letter to the Executive says that this story is unquestionably true, because the Noel of the tale is the Noel of to-day, who acts as his faithful guardian and guide and in whose veracity he has no doubt—especially as the Indian told him this adventure "quietly and without boasting."

However, the Doctor does not depend upon this alone and says in his letter to the Executive: "I have heard of three or four similar cases," and "once I myself was followed for hours by a young wolf, which so far as I could judge from his actions, only showed timidity and a curiosity which at times seemed half friendly." Therefore, according to this proof, personal and in the abstract, the wolf chaperone must be accepted as an existing fact; while those who scoff at it only display that degree of ignorance which proves the necessity of a new and enlightening school in American Natural History.

Now the interest of the somewhat timid naturalist, who are more concerned about trifles than the serious things in wild animal life, is directed solely towards one feature of the story, viz., which was the half friendly end of the wolf—that with the snapable teeth, or that with the wagable tail?

The sportsman on the other hand don't care a rap about either the chaperone question or the "half friendly" attitude question. All they wish to

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### The Fierce but Freezible Lynx.

Only the accurate knowledge of the lynx made it possible for the Doctor to avoid telling the truth—once in a while—about this animal, when he weaved his wonderful stories for the temporary delusion of the Woozy Ones. One such scene in Northern Trails bears repeating—where a lynx, treed by a band of cruel wolves, a cold February night—was subjected to a "silent, appalling deathwatch" until it fell off its perch frozen by the rather balmy salt water breezes of Newfoundland. The lynx, as the Doctor well knew, is the one animal that is really cheery about its ability to ward off intense frigidities in any form that may be thrown at it. When its progenitors drifted down from the North Pole on an iceberg and were forced hastily to get off on the Newfoundland coast when the iceberg was scuttled by the heated rays of the sun there was no way of getting back to a congenial climate. Hence the ridiculous amount of clothing this poor creature was to wear at the seaside resort of the Boston sportsman. It has special, non-removable earmuffs, a thick double-breasted overcoat and hair pads on its feet that make one think of the pedal extremities of a rheumatic plantation darkey, ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~has~~ ~~tied~~ ~~them~~ ~~up~~ ~~in~~ ~~four~~ ~~or~~ ~~five~~ ~~yards~~ ~~of~~ ~~castor~~ ~~oily~~ ~~sacking~~. When the lynx scoots up a tree on a cold winter night and cuddles down on a warm snowless limb while the wolves take up the "appalling death watch," the only real danger is due to mirth, apoplexy, ~~or~~ ~~that~~ ~~deadly~~ ~~snuff~~ ~~which~~ ~~so~~ ~~often~~ ~~induces~~ ~~sleep~~ ~~under~~ ~~distressing~~ ~~circumstances~~ ~~even~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~bench~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~highest~~ ~~court~~. This was all known to the Doctor when he wrote the tragic conclusions: "The tense muscles soon grew weary and numb in the bitter frost . . . At last powerless to hold on any longer the lynx tumbled off into the wolves' jaws."

But it is the lynx as the cruel harasser of man that appeals to the Doctor. It was the tragic scene of one cruelly dogging the Doctor all afternoon in a New Brunswick forest that led the Chief of the Real Things to take down the "Notched Stick" and administer a complimentary swipe or two. Then it was that the lamp was knocked off the kitchen table and the present conflagration began. Doctor Long says he was misunderstood about the lynx (which, of course, he most wished). It was not his life that he would save—it was his trousers! For he said: "I was alone and unarmed, with some fresh meat that the starving lynx wanted. He was a big brute with long claws and he had followed me for miles. He was so near once that I could see his big claws working nervously and I remembered suddenly that I had only one pair of trousers within 40 miles and the thermometer was shamefully below zero. Few single extracts from the Doctor's books contain so many pregnant ideas likely to excite the Real Things and at the same time please the Woozy Ones.

Take, for instance, the trousers part. When one gets into a place so distant from civilization that the nearest gent's emporium is 40 miles away, it means necessarily a radius of 80 miles with the Doctor the center of attraction. Now when one attains to such total exclusion—the lower outer garments always go by the name of "pants," trousers are on the black list in the Great Loneliness. But on the other hand, "pants" would kill his influence utterly with the Woozy Ones, hence the injection of this double barreled irritant and soother. But if he were unarmed, where did he get the fresh meat? Was it possible that the gent who gave him the fillet mignon also had but one pair of trousers? A man 80 miles from nowhere and with only one pair of trousers even although they be trousers endangers his standing with the Woozy Ones. This is *one* of the few serious mistakes the Doctor has ever made. Of course we all know the Doctor, like the rest of us, travels light and comes back loaded. This is really how he has accomplished things. But the few lines above quoted are still pregnant with thought and suggestion. Why did he not throw the meat at the starving lynx and save the trousers? Was it frozen too hard with "the weather shamefully below zero" for the lynx's powers of mastication and might he retaliate in consequence? Having heretofore shown the ease with which a lynx can be frozen stiff, why didn't the Doctor sit down a few minutes in a kind of a death watch or was it because "his big claws working nervously" prevented his dangerous legs from getting out of working order? Could the Doctor see through the heavily furred mittens of the lynx in the evening gloaming and single out each nervously working claw that are ordinarily invisible to man in daylight with the use of a rake? Just such a genius as this proves the acute knowledge of the Doctor, where in four lines he can set the Real Things wild and make the Woozy Ones dance with joy.

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### The Doctor and His Faithful Indian Guides.

At first it was hard to discover the reason the Dear Doctor always verified his discoveries in wild life through the aid of copper-colored attendants.

Now sportsmen or naturalists use Indian guides, owing to their retirement to the Happy Hunting Grounds after several hundred years combat with the seductive ways of his white brother. There are a few left, but they keep away from the suburbs, so one is now seldom chaperoned through the forest by Poor Lo. But this is a digression. The reason the Doctor always has Indian guides is because the aborigines are without a written language and hence must impart their knowledge from father to son. They smoke—dry out—and perpetuate the tribal lore of a thousand years and hang it up in a tepee for family use or visiting friends. In the pure state, Indians are a religious race—though be it superstitious. Single out and talk to a real Indian trapper about his life in the Wilderness and he will begin with accurate observations, but as the hours pass and the campfires dwindle down into a red glow a change takes place.

His mind is switched off from his tongue and the soul of the red man speaks; he fails to differentiate truth from what we would call fiction, but what, in his mind, is the Old Testament of his dead brethren. This then is the reason the Doctor always clings to his Indian guides. ~~he~~ ~~knows~~ ~~that~~ ~~if~~ ~~he~~ ~~employs~~ ~~white~~ ~~guides~~ ~~they~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~of~~ ~~two~~ ~~classes~~—one who would rather go without flapjacks for breakfast than lie, the other whose principal joy in the Wilderness consists in filling up tenderfeet with "hair raisers." Now the true Indian may sometimes be a hair raiser, but he never deliberately lies, however willing to pull off your topknot. If caught after such an encounter as like Washington never hesitates to tell the corner that he did it with his little tomahawk. This is why there are no red lies but plenty of white ones and

this is why the Doctor can in all honesty circulate Indian lore and yet not be guilty of moral tergiversation.

It also shows the advantage of keeping a pure Red Indian in cold storage at hand—for the prompt and effective corroboration of any weird tale the Doctor may have to tell in the few remaining months of his martyrdom. No matter who questions his veracity about the wolf killing a caribou by a single snap through the heart, there is the Indian to do it one better by a horse killed in the same easy way. It is a horse on every one every time.

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**The Migratory and Voracious Frog.**

The Doctor writes beautifully on the frog. Everybody knows the frog—everybody loves the frog—from the lower rib to the first tolet. The frog is terrestrial—aquatic—aerial, and subterraneous. He contains great possibilities, with a few assorted nature notions, presented by the Doctor; some he keeps, some he returns without thanks. Here is its story, as recorded by the faithful scribe of the Connecticut Shore.

"One afternoon Simmo and I ran the canoe ashore \* \* \*. In a secluded bay full of lily pads, where a lot of big frogs seemed to be camping. I sat down to watch them until dark. There were scores of them, perfectly natural and unafraid, for probably no other man had ever seen them or ever found the place." This seclusion puts Fictional Possibilities in the front row—with a rain check, in case it gets too wet before the play is over. Again, "I stayed ten days in that camp until Simmo grew rebellious." While this is better than "Ten Nights in a Barroom" it seems an awful waste of time for a middleaged naturalist with more than ten million kinds of wild stuff to write up; but still frog legs are good, even if it takes time to eat up the whole bunch.

And again, "besides his regular diet of beetles and water grubs \* \* \* he goes hunting regularly after crawfish, young frogs, and turtles, an occasional sparrow, or duckling, and fish of every kind." This affords the frog a menu of seasonal and extended variety. While he eats fish "of every kind"—the exact variety of turtle is left in doubt. Would it not be a shame for a one-cent frog to eat a five-dollar terrapin?

And again, "one night when I was trying to find my canoe, I came upon a frog migration. Dozens and dozens of them all hopping briskly in the same direction. They had left the water, driven away by some strange insect, and were going through the woods to an unknown destination that appealed to them so strongly that they could not but follow." One can suspect the reason, for an animal brought up on microscopic bacteria, such as turtles and ducklings, might easily be aroused and terrified by a malarial mosquito, so that he would take to the woods, in droves, and gladly follow the Finger of an Unknown Destiny.

Third, and last, call "I used sometimes to set a candle on a piece of board for a float, when the rippling waves set it dancing gently." With a fine breeze blowing, and the ripples a rippling, how brightly and long a candle must have burned on the wierd waters of this little lake. That is the reason brakemen and automobilists always use candles. The brilliant and sputtering candle then summoned forth its victims. "Presently two points of light begun to shine \* \* \* his eyes growing bigger and brighter. And then two more tiny points, and two more, until twelve or fifteen frogs were gathered about my beacon as thick as they could find elbow room. \* \* \* Sometimes one would put his nose solemnly into the light. There would be a loud sizzle, a jump and a splash." This creates some doubt whether it was the "strange insect" which caused the "migration." Did not the tallow dip of the beef barons of Chicago cause all the trouble?

A frog's eyes do not shine or glow, by artificial light, the Doctor was evidently writing with his good left hand.

But, as a house cleaner of the inner man, the frog is seen at its best: "One day I tried the effects of nicotine and gave the frog some of Simmo's black tobacco \* \* \*. He ate it thankfully as he did everything else I gave him. In a little while he grew uneasy, sitting up and rubbing his belly with his forepaws. Presently he brought his stomach up into his mouth, turned it inside out, to get rid of the tobacco, washed it thoroughly, swallowed it down again, and was ready for his bread and beef."

As this occurred in midsummer, in a distant and unexplored New Brunswick lake, one must ask—Where did the Doctor get the beef? Was it the same "frosb meat" that he was carrying about, in midwinter, when the starving lynx threatened his only pair of trousers? This is the real mystery.

The Doctor having discovered bird's legs sticking out of the mouth of some of his frogs naturally wanted to see the swallowing act itself. As usual, he did not have to wait many minutes. Soon a frog came swimming along, deep in the water, "with only his eyes showing"—towards a sparrow drinking at the edge of the shore. This is how the Doctor describes the finale when the frog was a few feet from the doomed bird: "He hurled himself out of the water. One snap of his mouth and the sparrow was done for." While a frog holds the light weight vaulting record on land, he has been awarded the booby prize in being unable to jump one inch out of the water. The Doctor therefore intends that this frog should illustrate how a man jumps over a fence by pulling on his boot straps.

**The Odorless Invisible Nature Faker.**

Dr. Long had, in his extreme youth, discovered that all wild animals possessed a fearful dread of Man's Scent. No difference what a man's character might be at home he was always exceedingly rank to the Beaver and the Bob-Cat. And when their noses indicated his presence in the immediate vicinity they lifted their tails and went into the next county. This knowledge of wild animals gave the Doctor a great advantage over the ordinary nature faker and therefore he made a special effort to teach the deluded ones that no wild animal not even the wolf or the bounding deer could smell a man a shoestring's length away. That this, his affected view coincides with the real view of the modern nature writer was well shown only a few days ago in an article appearing in a reputable ladies' journal, much patronized by the female nature lovers. As this article was printed since the great controversy has been raging, it is well to review the same. A youth on his first night in the woods unacquainted with the surroundings of his camp at dark and in a dense forest heard a tree fall half a mile away. He listened intently; he thought more intently and the explanation came. The nature books of the normal school had produced its fruit. He knew that the beaver had felled a giant of the forest from the swampy wood. His old guide from his excusable ignorance or dense drowsiness had either not heard or mistook the means of the hissing swish of the falling tree. Here was a chance unassisted and unguided to do some fine work.

He would therefore steal out of the back door of the tent and creep softly away in the moonlight that always shines for those intent on studying nature. In half an hour the gleaming beams disclosed the well-rounded and stick covered wing of the beaver dam. He had never seen one before, but he had a diagram of the same in his mind. Thereupon he seated himself quietly in an orchestra chair to the left and prepared to write up things when nature's curtain ascended. After a few minutes of patient waiting a grandfather beaver poked his head up through the surface of the moonlit pond. He looked about, but the silent figure of youthful man, more than 20 feet away, was unnoticed and unsmelt. He sounded eight bells by the flap of his tail and those below knew all was well. They began to bob up in every direction. Two worked at the dam and two waddled by the silent figure after rustic cornices for the nearly completed dam. A sound was heard on the right hand circle. A cruel lynx without a reserved seat appeared seeking an acquaintance with some of the furred beauties before him. The gun was leveled in the moonlight, fired, and the villain was dead. A bear that had been standing unnoticed behind the silent figure with only an entrance ticket and looking over the shoulder of the silent one as he immolately pointed with his long finger at the bewhiskered gentleman on the opposite side of the hoare was greatly nettled at the explosion and with a horrid howl retired through fire exit B into the outer forest. This rough-

*invisible*

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and covering every foot of ground for 50 yards would only have approximately represented the penetrating power of man's scent in a place where these the keenest of all our wild animals were grouped about this supposed youth in the supposed forest. Now the idea of an odorless naturalist was really inspired by our Doctor and he regarded it as one of his most brilliant ideas in his attempt to portray the impossible. Wherever he went he was immune to the nose of all animals and that, too, when he humbly confesses that he generally had but one pair of trousers on a six months' trip into the depths. How the Doctor must have been tickled by the story of Dr. Roberts.

#### The Fisher—The Annihilator of the Deer Family. 6/5

The Doctor having shown, to the satisfaction of the Woozy Ones, that the wolf by reason of its predelection for grass-hoppers, rovers, duck and frozen lynx had lost its taste for venison, it became possible, under this condition of affairs, to start a new line of animal discoveries, as every day distressing reports were being received about the large number of deer carcasses, mangled and torn, being found throughout upper Wisconsin, Michigan, and the Central Canadian provinces, all supposedly killed by wolves. He knew of a little animal averaging about ten pounds in weight, with short legs, little claws and small mouth and a lovely disposition. It was the Fisher, which heretofore was supposed to sit up nights figuring out how he could crawl up on a sleeping rabbit and paralyze him by a bite in the neck before the rabbit was on to the situation. In order to get the best results out of the Fisher, he presented him with some new ideas and then this animal began its bloody career.

To show how befogged was the public knowledge about the fisher and also the real extent of his discoveries, the Doctor writes: "The earlier naturalists, catching rare glimpses of the fisher and trusting to their own knowledge rather than to the Indians' better understanding, probably called him fisher because they confused him with the Otter." And "because he is so little known to the naturalist, let me describe him just as you meet him in the woods." How Audubon's spirit, and the field naturalist's in the present tense, must be humbled at their lack of knowledge of an animal now so rare and formerly so numerous.

But the Doctor's joke, in the paragraph quoted, lies in the sentence that "he" has found the fisher "just as you meet him in the woods." Have "you" ever seen one in the woods? Or has any one else, except some old trapper who may get a momentary glimpse of him as he steals quickly away beneath a log or an overhanging bush. However, as is always the case with our more timid animals, the Doctor has not the least trouble in seeing them frequently, and in the broad glare of the midday sun. In one instance he writes of "snapping his finger" at one and on another occasion saw one trailing a rabbit, which when within a few feet of him, and without seeing him, "Simply leaped, whirled in the air like a flash, and came down in his tracks facing the opposite direction."

But this extreme agility in reversing end was so remarkable that even the Doctor is forced to say "it was the quickest action I have even seen." This incident is a most forcible example, however, of the Doctor in his great role of an odorless and invisible naturalist.

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However, it was with the fisher as the annihilator of the deer family that we must devote our attention, for here it is that this animal with its reversible proclivities gets in its deadly work.

The Doctor says that the fisher has "the agility of a squirrel, travelling long distances overhead, when following game, leaping from limb to limb, and like a squirrel he can jump from an immense height." When he hits a rabbit on a fifty foot drop it makes the ground tremble. He then proceeds to tell the following story about the fisher killing deer, and its superhuman ingenuity.

"Newell found where the fisher had killed a deer on the crust, and followed the trail through the soft snow that had fallen over night. Half way through the swamp the hunted fisher discovered another large deer and leaped straight at him. The trail showed it was not his usual, crafty hunting, but a straight, swift drive and probably a savage snarl to add to the terror of his rush. At the first startled bound the buck sank to his withers. A dozen more plunges and he lay helpless. The fisher raced along and leaped at his throat, and gave the death wound. He watched for a moment, crouching in the snow, till the buck lay still; then he ran on again without stopping to eat or drink." (Page 250 ante.)

Just imagine the scene for a moment—a small animal gorged with the flesh of another supposed deer, that can drive out a big buck until it becomes buried in the snow, enabling this little animal to give him "his death wound." This really puts the wolf and bull caribou tragedy in another class. That a rabbit-eating fisher, with short legs, small mouth, slender and rather short teeth, can so grasp or pierce the great neck, covered with a winter's thickness of heavy hair, that the jugular vein is severed and death immediately ensues from the hemorrhage, makes it a "snapper" that should cause a white wolf to turn red with envy.

But let one ask, Why did this animal do such a dastardly deed and then run away without partaking of his victim? This is answered by the Doctor, who says:

"Now, the curious thing about this killing is that the fisher was running for his life, with no time to lose or throw away. He had already killed one deer and had eaten more than he wanted, and with an enemy after him would disgorge some of what he already carried rather than take more to make him heavy." And then the Doctor says that the explanation given by another old trapper must be the true one:

"The black cat must have thought or felt in his own dumb way that by killing a deer and leaving it untouched he might satisfy and turn aside the enemy that followed his trail."

This explanation the Doctor accepts and says he has verified it elsewhere. The fisher knew how to bribe.

In concluding the tale of the fierce fisher, the writer says:

"Foxes are always hungry, and when the fisher takes to killing deer on the crust two or three of them will hang on the trail of a big fisher and live for weeks on the proceeds of his hunting." A picture of a deer (on page 262), with a fisher over its prostrate form and the foxes sitting about, ends this description.

When the Woozy Ones read how the fisher kills two or more deer a day, and how he has even supplied the fox tribe with their winter rations, they must wonder at the foolish action of the State and county authorities offering big bounties for wolf scalps, and at the same time protecting the fisher during the breeding season, more especially since the wolves only eat wild fowl, frozen lynx, and, at times, escort little lost children back to their homes.



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**The Burroughs-Long Mixup.**

Having now succeeded, as he hoped, in marshalling all the naturalists and sportsmen into one compact, fighting body, filled with a dogged determination that would long survive the time when he must throw off the mask and return to his interrupted mission, in the vacant pulpit at Stamford, Dr. Long nevertheless saw the necessity of permanently enlisting several of the more conspicuous leaders in the ranks of the "Real Thinkers." If he could only explode a cannon cracker of such a devilish improbability, under the rustic chair—say, of the Sage of Slabsides—he felt sure that the latter would come out through the window, if necessary, looking for the miscreant, while the Air, Forest and Stream, and all the universe would be filled with denunciation. Now, he knew that the furtive little bird of the mildewed and gloomy thicket—the wood-cock—was a frequenter of the New England States, for it loved the second growth and despised the stately forests of the uneducated interior. Hence it must follow that the silver-haired Philosopher and Mr. Long Bill were chums and, therefore, any humorous but false predelection attributed to a bird largely found and enjoyed in the browned-toast territory of Mr. B would bring this defender of the Eastern wilds to the front. An unadulterated whopper, like pure dynamite, is always best for stirring things up. Therefore, in 11,000 Sunday supplements of the people's press he told the simple story of the woodcock with a broken leg setting it in a plaster cast of mud.

But would the Sage bite? Was it too strong? Had he at length administered an overdose for the Real Thinkers? Alas, history shows that the owner of Slabsides did not let the fly touch the water, but took it in weeks. But Dr. Long had other work to do; so he produced a hatful of affidavits that this thing, of every bird being its own doctor, was really a matter of every day occurrence, and apologized for intruding into a nature story discussion, such trite

*vide pg 3 Appendix A  
on Burroughs  
article*

**Dr. Long Dislikes Controversy and Respects the Presidential Office.**

When the flood tide of fakerism came, the doctor was ready and plunged boldly in. What matter its strength, its flotsam and jetsam. He saw the time when the sands would be bare and that his feet alone would touch the golden shore.

The President, unaware of the Doctor's real intentions, stood up on the bank and hurled a few fierce words at him, daring him to come on shore. He said very plainly that any man who would so fabricate about the snapping wolf, the soft-shelled caribou, and the fierce but freezible lynx, ought to be drowned. After dark the Doctor concluded to come ashore and make much of this aforesaid unkindly action of the Big Chief, for it gave him an opening to stir things up.

His opening address was as follows: "I have no desire for a controversy with the President of the United States. I have a profound regard for that office, which is not affected in the least by anyone occupying the same." Having thus shown this intense, innate regard for the office, he then, in order to eliminate utterances that might induce a controversy, which he disliked, in the same degree as he respected the high office, sent a night message to one Lawson, knowing well that anything that savored of the controversial would be blue-penciled.

The following are a few extracts from the Good Man in his address to the Woozy Ones, about the President's interview: "You he knows nothing is not only venomous in spirit, while its literary skill makes it fit for the waste basket." And again, "The article is one behind which he conceals his colossal vanity \* \* \* using his position to attack a man of whose spirit he knows nothing it not only venomous but a little bit cowardly." While these words were well calculated to arouse the Woozy Ones, the key for the proper translation is concealed in the President's ignorance of his "spirit." It is this "spirit" which he would reveal later to the glad surprise of the Real Thinkers and the humiliation of the deluded ones. It was a great piece of work. He had substituted "venom" for the square deal—"colossal vanity" for a pure and vigorous life—"a coward" for one who had recently battled for the freedom of an oppressed race and was willing that his life should pay the forfeit, if God so ordained. Was not it better that one should be temporarily harmed if, in the end, permanent good was to come to one and all? It was this idea that influenced the Doctor. His affected creed therefore must be "always bear false witness against thy neighbor—with malice for all and charity towards none." This gave him lots of room in avoiding controversy and strengthened him much in his contest against one whose "literary skill" was wholly sacrificed by the employment of plain but vigorous language.

However, this need of suppressing controversy made it, also, equally necessary to suppress many funny little facts that otherwise would contribute to public disorder. So he called the Big Chief of the Real Thinkers a murderous barbarian, in the hunting field, and gave out the impression to the Woozy Ones that any wild pet mistakenly sent to the Maisoy Blanche would meet with Horrible Cruelties—for there was a dog there named Pete, whose sole function was to drive the Gifts around the Bloody Lot, while the Second-termer cracked them with an Awful Stick. This created a new sensation in the ranks of the W. O's, followed by sorrowful editorials in certain of the secular and religious press of the country. Here was where suppression of the few little facts counted more than the much-talked of nine points of the law and therefore helped the Doctor much toward the consummation of his plan.

B

**Dr. Long Suppresses Some Damaging Facts About the President.**

Having now shown to his deluded ones that the Big Chief of the White House was sitting up nights devising future assaults upon the gentle creatures of the forest—when his term ends—we turn to a page in the Doctor's note book which was surreptitiously extracted while he was bathing in the river Jordan, and which there is now no need of returning to him, as the facts contained therein are indelibly impressed upon his mind.

He knew that the Master of the White House had not killed a single, innocent, wild animal or bird for more than fifteen years—but he suppressed it.

He knew that, during all this time, only "varmints," more or less dangerous to man or beast, were the ones that fell before the aim of the Rocky Mountain traveler—but he suppressed it.

He knew that the occupant of this high Exalted Place had no sooner warmed his seat than Game protective acts surged out of every door—but he suppressed it.

He knew that, in his term, there was set aside hundreds of thousands of wooded acres of game and bird Refuges, in many different States and Territories—but he suppressed it.

He knew that, under Presidential initiative, dozens of Island Reservations for breeding wild fowl and sea birds had been set apart and that hundreds of thousands of additional birds were gladdening the hearts of all—but he suppressed it.

He knew that the President of the American Bison Society, for the preservation and restoration of this noble animal, was likewise the Chief Executive—but he suppressed it.

He knew that different Tracts, under Executive suggestion, had been set aside for the home of this disappearing race—but he suppressed it.

He knew that, even in the distant Island of Laysan, more than four thousand miles away, the President has put an end to annual slaughter of more than ten thousand fowls of the sea—but he suppressed it.

He knew that ten years before Long's Northern Trails had been thought of the President was openly advocating the use of the camera for the gun—but he suppressed it.

He knew no other man, in office or in private life, had ever accomplished a scintilla of the good for the racked and worn remnant of animals and birds—but he suppressed it.

He knew that Federal action was never so pronounced in the enforcement of all the laws, regarding game or otherwise—but he suppressed it.

He knew that within a year more than five hundred Federal indictments had been found against fifty different roads for the maltreatment of the dumb—but he suppressed it.

He knew that, in the States, more game protective acts had been passed through Presidential encouragement and the aid of the Federal staff than in any similar period of the entire United States—but he suppressed it.

He knew that in the District, the Presidential home, not a bird of any kind, not a single living thing, could be killed in any way or at any given time—but he suppressed it.

He knew that, in the future, as in the past, no one will beat the President in helping save the birds, the animals or their homes—but he suppressed it.

He knew that nature fakers were getting it good and hard, and that the one who hit the hardest blow was never going to quit—but he suppressed it.

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**The Doctor as a Modern Hunter.**

The Doctor, in describing some hunting scenes that are supposed to have occurred a decade or more ago, upon the frontier, where the elk, the antelope and wild fowls were nature's rations for the ranchman, the explorer, and the sportsman, and which scenes he interpreted in a way best to make them appear disagreeable to the readers of his rapt circle, says: "One who loves animals and has studied them grows sick at heart at the record. It would not seem so atrocious if it were not invariably accompanied by preaching on the heroism and manliness and the moral virtues that are developed by hunting."

Since the Doctor's so-called nature books were all written long after the supposed events that he described, and in that later period when, with the tremendous increase in population and the gradual disappearance of the game, an altogether new and stricter standard of sportsmanship had developed—largely under the influence of those older sportsmen who now realize either the improvidence of former methods or the greatly increased danger now threatening the remnant of the game—we may naturally expect that his methods of killing will at least be in accord with the best modern doctrine, and not in any way either approach or fall below those methods of earlier years which he so strongly denounces.

In his later book—Northern Trails—which, we may assume, represents the Doctor's ideas brought down to date, he describes an alleged trip on a little schooner along the western shore of Newfoundland. When one day whales began disporting themselves about the boat, a magazine rifle was loaded up, and the crew and his guides bombarded away at the whales, right and left. The Doctor was of the opinion that they were not very good shots, and when one whale came nearer than usual, he took up a rifle and sent a steel-jacketed bullet through this giant creature. As probably every one knows, the whale in a mammal, warm-blooded and the largest of animal life now in existence, weighing many tons. But let us describe this last mentioned scene in the Doctor's own language:

"One day when from an enormous depth a big whale shot its length up out of the ocean, I grabbed the rifle thoughtlessly—having jibbed at the others for their poor shooting—and took a quick crack at the monster before he had fairly settled down to travel. The steel-jacketed bullet caught him fair on the hump, glanced through and went skipping out exultantly over the sea. Then so quick that it made one rub his eyes, the hugh form had disappeared, and the sea thereabouts looked like a basin of soapsuds!" Thereupon the Doctor says the skipper yelled out, "that tickled his backbone." And, in conclusion, he remarked, "One problem was settled—the whale has feelings, no doubt about that." (page 283.)

On the following pages he gives a description of one of these whales accompanied by its calf, and describes the maternal solicitude of this great mother for its clumsy offspring:

"I saw one day a mother whale lying on the sea suckling her little one \* \* \* The tenderness and rare devotion of this hugh monster for their little ones is the most fascinating thing about them." Yes, exactly the same tender devotion that a mother doe has when feeding her little faun, and if a shot were fired through it at such a time, it would attempt to lead the faun away, even though the bullet "went skipping out exultantly through" the woods. The only difference between a deer and a whale is about ten thousand pounds, and one is edible when killed and the other worthless.

ago, when the Florida rivers were alive with animal and bird life, and how, as the excursion boats wended their way through these tortuous streams, a continual bombardment from daylight to dark was directed at every living creature. The mother egret fell from the nesting tree, and its young ones starved. The giant alligator, basking in the sun, was bored through and through with a rifle ball, and it, too, excited great applause at the sight of the river turned into "a basin of soapsuds;" and when, a day or two later, its reeking carcass came to the surface, to pollute for miles around the sylvan scenery, it told the tale of accurate shooting. Soon all these wonderful creatures were gone, and to-day Florida is almost barren of its animal and bird life, and, if redeemed, it will be due to the wise Federal legislation passed at the express instance of our great bird lover—the President of the United States. Already several breeding islands, set apart on the Indian River, under Executive order, has led to a wonderful increase of the pelican and other birds of a like kind approaching extinction. Now, these acts of the summer excursionists of long ago, when birds and animals were so abundant, represented not so much a barbarous cruelty on the part of the shooter, but rather that lack of education and real conception of their acts, which in those days made impossible a proper understanding of the situation.

Therefore, the Doctor's very recent record about the whale will be left to speak for itself. One might, at considerable length, describe the sufferings of these great creatures as they sank below the surface with the biting salt water entering the wound and the little calf following the red streamer of its mother in the rapid flight—but this may be regarded as a biased interliniation, and thus can be largely omitted.

Now, let us look a moment at the Doctor when he was hunting real game and not whales. In the middle of winter and during an intensely cold day, he went hunting caribou on snow shoes, with a rifle in one hand and an ax in his belt. He said: "It was a morning, still, cold and lifeless, that I left the big lumber camp on the Dungaroon and struck off easterly for the barrens. I was after caribou, but two miles away in the woods I ran across old Newell, the Indian, moving swiftly along on the fresh trail of the fisher."

"This," the Doctor adds, "was a new kind of hunting for me, so I left the caribou gladly and followed the old Indian. Indeed, it was probably the sight of my rifle and light ax at my belt that caused Newell to issue his invitation." Then follows an account of the deep snows, the heavy drifts into which the fisher plunged to escape his pursuers; the intensely cold weather that caused them to halt for a cup of hot tea before ending the pursuit, when they found the fisher asleep under a fallen log, covered by deep snow. And the final act is described as follows:

"Unstrapping the light ax, I moved cautiously over to one end of the log, while Newell crouched at the butt and began shoveling aside the snow with his snowshoes." After the fisher was killed, the scene ends with a picture of the two returning to camp, on snowshoes, with the Doctor carrying his rifle. Now what significance attaches to this scene? A few words describes it. A hunter with a rifle, an ax, on snow shoes, after caribou, in midwinter, with deep snow, great drifts, and intensely cold weather. The Doctor, however, was diverted from his caribou hunt by the incident already described. In the ethics of sportsmanship, from the time of Adam to the present, it is the one unutterable act to hunt deer, on snow shoes, when the stags are gaunt and hornless and the doe is heavy with young, and each utterly defenseless in the deep snows of winter. This seems an instance when such an immemorial rule was ignored—but none will believe it.

Another midwinter hunt after caribou is described in a recent article of the Doctor's appearing under date of June 2d, from which the following summary is taken:

As in the former case, he is armed with a rifle, on snowshoes, and the hunt is made under conditions which show it to have occurred in midwinter.

"I had followed a wandering herd of caribou too far one day, and late in the afternoon found myself alone at a river some twenty miles from my camp. Somewhere above me I knew that a crew of lumbermen were at work; so I started up the river on the ice to find their camp, if possible, and avoid sleeping out in the snow and bitter cold. It was long after dark, and the moon was flooding the forest and river with a wonderful light when I at last caught sight of the shanty. The click of my snowshoes brought a dozen big men to the door. After staying over night at this camp, the Doctor says: "I found my caribou the next day and returned to the same lumber camp before sunset."

However, let it be said that while the sportsmen of this country have refused to accept the Doctor's statements about wild animals and birds, they are likewise fair enough not to accept these statements about himself; for here, just as in his description of wild life, his alleged caribou hunts carry within the written account their own inherent improbabilities. For if one goes tracking caribou in midwinter and at a time when it is always illegal, and is found with an ax and a gun, the game warden does the rest. And, again, all sportsmen know that in following any wild animal through the woods in the short hours of a winter day that he never finds himself before dead at a point twenty miles away in a dire line from his camp, as the Doctor says, he was, for this would mean from thirty to thirty-five miles circuitous tracking on snowshoes, without rest, without eating, and with no time wasted in picking up the tracks where the animal doubled, or with time spent in stopping to look ahead. Therefore, the sportsmen all know that the Doctor, or any other tenderfoot, never made this hunt in the way in which he describes it. And they also believe that he would not kill a defenseless caribou under the conditions existing at the time he describes his hunt. They may be willing to believe, as in the case of the thoughtless sportsmen travelers of years ago, that he and his guides wounded the whales—but this is the limit. There are times when it is much better to have your statements misbelieved than believed.

Of course, all this was not bearing false witness against thy neighbor—for "he spoke not of these things."

As the Doctor has said frequently, "I, too, am a hunter," let me reprint a paragraph or two of an article written exactly one year ago, advocating as times past the use of the camera in hunting wild life, in which sportsmen are referred to:

"Sportsmen the world over constitute a high order of citizenship; generous, self-reliant and brave, they have done much in keeping up the virility of the race and in leavening those destructive influences of over-civilization. Would any one suppose if President Roosevelt, after his graduation from aesthetic Harvard, had spent his life within the narrow sphere of his birth, that his career would have been the same? Or if he had merely lived within a Dakota ranch, with his hand upon a branding iron and his mind upon the cash value of each season's roundup, that his nature would have been the same? Self reliance, quickness of purpose and of action and a broad view of man, as Nature's noblest creation, seldom come to one who forms but an insignificant unit in a conventional assembly of mankind."

Some years before this article was written, however, the President wrote the following as an introductory to a book of wild life, illustrated with the camera:

"I desire to express my sense of the good which comes from such books, and from the substitution of the camera for the gun. The older I grow, the less I care to shoot anything but 'varmints' \* \* \* If we can only get the camera in place of the gun and have sportsman sunk somewhat in the naturalist and the lover of wild things, the next generation will see an immense change for the better in the life of our woods and waters."

And this is the man, who for fifteen years has killed no innocent thing at who sportsman originally as he has become the leader in the advocacy of wild life and in the advocacy of those means for best studying and enjoying it, that has been pointed out as not now in "sympathy" with present nature fakers. Since the Doctor says he a sportsman, or rather a "hunter," let us take up his kindly trail in order that we may see the manner in which he distinguishes the vital spark, not decade ago—but in the past three years.

#### The Doctor's Animal Products Guaranteed.

The purity of the W. J. L. Brand of animal and fish products are explicitly guaranteed and underwritten. There may be 25 varieties, but there is only one standard of purity. The lynx, the wolf—white or gray—the caribou, the fresh salmon, or any mixture or compound thereof, are guaranteed to pass Inspection Laws. No adulteration—no diluting—no second hand inferences or doubtful material. Essence rather than bulk—the heart and not the vociferous bark—are the standards followed at the factory of The Stamford Producing Company, Unlimited.

To prune away—throw away—and discard the overly ripe or the underly green entails extra cost but insures permanency and satisfaction.

The following guarantee appears upon all packages in bulk or one pound samples:

Stamford, April 1, 1907.

To the Woolly Consumers:  
Pry open the contents of this volume carefully and the consumer will find himself face to face with new animals—white wolf, fisher, salmon, wild goose, polar bear, and a score of others, big and little—that stop their silent hunting to look at the intruder curiously and without fear \* \* \* to see without prejudice just what things they are doing and then understand, if possible, why, for instance, the big Arctic wolf spares the bull caribou that attacks him wantonly; why the wild goose has no fear at home; how the salmon climbs the falls they cannot jump; how the whales speak without a voice; and what makes the fisher confuse the trail or leave beside it a tempting bait when you are following him \* \* \*. Every smallest incident recorded here is as true as careful and accurate observation can make it. In most of the following chapters, as in all previous volumes, will be found the direct results of my own experience among animals; and in the few cases where, as stated plainly in the text, I have used the experience of other and wiser men, I have taken the fact at first hand and accurate observers and have then sifted them carefully, so as to retain only those that are in my mind without a question as to their truth. In the long story of the White Wolf, for example—every incident in the wolf's life, from his grasshopper hunting to the cunning caribou case, to the meeting of wolf and children on the storm-swept barrens, is minutely true to fact and is based squarely upon my own observations and that of my Indians."

The above written guarantee appears upon the prefatory page of "Northern Trails."

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**Will the Doctor Return All Contributions?**

Now, as to the apparent commercial profit the Doctor got by printing his pretended animal stories in the Press of the people. While most of us, personally, would be entirely willing, after he returns to his pulpit in Stamford, that he keep the "green" goods for himself, believing that any paper which has become the official organ of the Woozy Ones should be heavily fined, yet, as might be expected of one of his former calling, the Doctor will say nay to this practical but necessarily indelicate proposition. When the masquerade is over, and the Woozy newspapers begin to wall about being done up, each and every one of them we have reason to believe will receive a note from W. A. Long, Trustee, stating that at the "Christian National Bank" there is a refund on deposit to their credit of Blank Dollars and Blank Cents, with interest compounded thereon monthly. Thus will justice be tempered with mercy.

**Will There Be a New Natural History.**

When moving day comes and "The House of Many Fables" must be vacated for all time, there will be many surprised hearts and many vacarshelves. The private Chippendale of the Woozy Ones and the Oak Nature Libraries, in the schools of the City and Surburban youth, will have great sorrowful spaces when "The Wild Tales I Have Known" and all the other works of the discredited tribe have found their way to the crematory furnace. Now, this was all foreseen by the Doctor. He knew that Nature faking would be at an end, so when it became necessary to immerse himself in the forest for years and years, during his supposed educational jaunts in the foreign capitals, he has doubtless made ready for these pathetic final scenes. When writing reliable fiction he could, of course, write reliable facts. When one set of fiction books was ready, another set on actualities of wild life was prepared. In a few weeks every one looks for a new fifteen volume Compendium of Natural History, covering everything, from the humblest bug to the mightiest beast. And all trust that it will be dedicated "To President Roosevelt, the admonisher of Tame and Wicked Man and the lover of Wild but Honest animals, from a pretended enemy, but an actual friend, who spoke, in words of jest, that he might later 'let his light so shine' that his 'works' would, in the Library of Time, bear silent witness to his love and respect for the people's President and the brave Chief of the Rea-Things."

# A MEMORIAL

OF THE  
Albany Chamber of Commerce, Albany, N. Y.

(The following Memorial, written by Former Governor Morris H. Glynn, was unanimously adopted by the Albany Chamber of Commerce at its meeting last night, and an engraved copy ordered sent to Mrs. Roosevelt.)

In the death of Theodore Roosevelt the people of Albany mourn the loss of a neighbor and a friend.

The nation grieves for a statesman, the world for a great dynamic force, but we lament the man. Our grief, though, finds solace in the faith that our sorrow will change into song as time brings to the fame of Theodore Roosevelt the regal coronation it so richly deserves. Here in Albany he served in the Hall of Legislators, here he lived in the Executive Mansion, and from here he went on his way to the Presidency, and so we feel that while New York gave him to the nation, Albany gave him to the world.

As old friends and neighbors we love to hark in the reflected glory of his world-betling honors; but now that tapers have sounded, the lights are out and the leader leads no more; now that the drums are muffled and the flags flutter at half staff—we of course envy in his deeds that filled the eye of the world and in his words that fired the hearts of men, but above this exultation, we, his old friends and neighbors, voice our pride in the fact that Theodore Roosevelt died the most distinguished private citizen in the world.

Chance, circumstance and a kaleidoscopic combination of events may bring a man power and place, but only a great heart, a great head, and a kindly hand can keep a man as great in private life as he ever was in the panoply of power. In all history Theodore Roosevelt is one of the few men whose power did not depend on place. The source of his power was locked within his own breast, and made him the most influential man of his time, the most picturesque American since Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. In office or out of office he was great because he had in him the stuff which has made men live in the pages of Plutarch for two thousand years—in office or out of office he was great because he had in him the stuff which Thomas Carlyle says makes hero-worshippers out of mankind, in him the stuff Ralph Waldo Emerson finds so commendable in "Representative Men."

Impulsive, brisk, full of intensive vitality, direct and to the point in his consideration of any subject matter, aggressive to a marked degree, ever ready to accept the challenge and fight to the last ditch, convincingly eloquent of speech and certainly commanding with the pen, ever doing the unexpected, battering down precedent and brushing aside the conventional, intensely loyal to his friends and unrelenting with his foes, born leader of men, an ardent advocate but a just judge, foremost in the field or on the platform or in the exercise of executive functions, turning from one activity to another with the greatest of dexterity, yet performing each duty thoroughly and satisfactorily—Theodore Roosevelt was the most magnetic, the most interesting, the most multifarious man of the age.

He was a unique combination of the lamp and the lance, the cloister and the field. He was a man of action and a man of thought. Books, nature, politics, everything under the sun appealed to him and into every realm of learning he dipped to his heart's content. But he never forgot "the proper study of mankind is man." He had qualifications that linked men to him with hooks of steel or else drove them into open ranks of opposition. He said what he thought and did what he pleased. His independence was his administration; his courage, dash and boldness made him a national idol. He did big things and will loom large in history. When in the right he was almost invincible and even when "pulling against the tide" he came pretty near being unbeatable. He

was a crusader and to politico-social problems he gave an impetus from which posterity will reap golden fruit. He was human, intensely human, and that was the secret of his marvelous popularity. He was a man who feared no man, and yet loved all men. He stood four square and came what might "he knew his friends and his enemies knew him."

His character is his monument and "a square deal" the epitome of his life. He never allowed age to rob him of his youth and from this sprang his exuberance of spirit whose contagiousness gave him the largest personal following in America. In play time he played, in work time he worked, and in fight time he fought and fought like a lion. He dealt hard blows but never dealt a foul one. He made no pretense of being a superman—he was content to be an ordinary, everyday man with the ordinary man's virtues and the ordinary man's faults. And therein lay his greatness, for he possessed the common traits of the common man to a highly uncommon degree. All his life long, in public life and in private life, he fought "short weights" and "false measures." And to his credit be it said that after thirty years of immaturity he compelled interests that had been short-weighting and false-measuring the public to burn their bushels and hide the scales.

In the sum total of life it is not the isolated deed that counts—it's the grand average, and Theodore Roosevelt's average was handsomely high. He was as versatile as the seasons, as spontaneous as the breeze. From tracing the lineage of a fossil in the rocks to hunting the tiger in his native lair, from the silence and seclusion of the study to the rush of the field and the tumult of the forum—Theodore Roosevelt scored the highest average of any man in public life the whole wide world around. His mental acquisitiveness was insatiable, but avarice for knowledge was his only cupidity. He led the vanguard of the specialist; he sought the mountain-top of the generalist, he followed Samuel Johnson's advice "to survey mankind with extensive view from China to Peru," and though little given to imitation, he imitated Lord Bacon and took "all knowledge for his province." His courage, robust and unbreakable, led on opposition and grew on strife. Out of difficulties, vexations and defeats he made stepping stones to higher things. The world loved him for his virtues and so do we—but we also love him for his faults.

"Faults, yes his heart throbb'd warm  
With pulses human  
But caring envy's self might scarce  
The faultless that dumbly vouch'd him  
As such and true man,  
And only made men love him all the more.

"Notes in the sunshine, foam-bells on  
the billows,  
Cloud shadows sitting o'er the  
mountain crevices  
His faults but marked the mighty  
slight, the motion  
Of a grand nature in its grand  
rest."

The world has lost a great man, America one of the most illustrious of her sons, and mankind a most ardent benefactor. From the furthest most ends of the earth come messages of regret, sympathy and condolence. Universal is the recognition of his greatness; universal the grief at his passing. The gleam has gone from his eye, the eloquence of his voice is hushed, the throop of his impulsive but generous heart is stilled and he lies cold in death. He has entered upon eternal sleep within the quiet precincts of the cemetery at Oyster Bay and the great problems of life will never more rouse him from his "lowly bed." But he leaves behind him a life memory in which is clustered the work of the mighty. His is "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die."



W. J. Oct 26  
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## ROOSEVELT'S LIFE TOPIC OF ADDRESS

### George Shiras, 3rd, Tells Rotarians of Characteristics of Famous President.

Theodore Roosevelt, whose birthday will be commemorated tomorrow when the nation observes Navy Day, was the subject of an interesting address before the Rotary club yesterday by George Shiras, 3rd., of this city, one of Roosevelt's personal friends.

Colonel Roosevelt, said Mr. Shiras, never was known to be overcome by disappointments, once he made up his mind to reach a goal. He never became discouraged, the speaker declared, even though he met with many obstacles and reverses in the solution of a problem.

To illustrate this characteristic of the famous American president, Mr. Shiras recalled his personal experiences with him. Mr. Shiras first met Roosevelt in 1903 and knew him intimately until the colonel died in 1919. It was during this period that Mr. Shiras, in pursuing his studies, as naturalist, of wild animals and birds, did a great deal of his extensive traveling in the United States, Alaska, the Hawaiian islands and elsewhere. And Roosevelt was determined to induce Mr. Shiras, if possible, to make a permanent record of his work by writing a book.

How Roosevelt kept "everlastingly at" Mr. Shiras in urging him to write a book and not limit the reports of his work to magazine articles was revealed in several personal letters, written by the colonel to Mr. Shiras, which were read to the Rotarians yesterday.

#### Was Roosevelt A Genius?

Mr. Shiras referred to Roosevelt as a genius, a term, however, which the latter declared did not apply to him. In this connection Mr. Shiras summarized the ability and accomplishments of Roosevelt by recalling a conversation he had with the colonel. Mr. Shiras said:

"On one occasion I spent a night at Oyster Bay with Colonel Roosevelt, and in the evening we sat on the side porch facing the Sound. In the course of the talk my host spoke disapprovingly of those who referred to him as a genius, a term he declared was most inapplicable and objectionable in his own case.

"If there is one thing, he said, 'that may have exemplified my career, it is what can be accomplished by most persons through hard work and making the best of every opportunity.

"My rule," he remarked, 'is a simple one—do the best you can with what you have and do it now.'

"An epigrammatical appeal for conscientious work and a terse warning against the besetting sin of procrastination.

#### Not "First Rater."

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"Why," exclaimed the colonel, 'I have been a second or third-rater in everything I have tried to do and any accomplishment must be credited to industry and not to any providential endowment arbitrarily separating me from the rest of the community.'

"Nevertheless," I remarked, 'you are a genius, and a conspicuous one at that.' And thereupon I endeavored to summarize his remarkable and varied achievements as best I could:

"Author, editor, historian, lecturer, legislator, ranchman, sportsman, naturalist and explorer, athlete, police commissioner and co-worker with Jacob Riis in social betterment, rehabilitator of the navy, a successful military leader and a foremost promoter of international peace, the chief executive of a great state and of the nation, a conservator of natural resources, a statesman and active political leader, the foe alike of capitalistic tyranny or industrial demagoguery, a human link between all grades of mankind from kings to pugilists and, finally, one who, by his exemplary private life and moral teachings, made an impress on the country and the world in general, quite as valuable as his successful discharge of many public duties.

"In conclusion I pointed out that while he may not have taken a first prize, allotted only to the specialist or one peculiarly endowed, he had taken so many second and third prizes that he far outpointed any competitor, and therefore was, in fact, a genius—a genius in versatility—the greatest of all, from the standpoint of mentality or of public service.

"Well," declared the colonel, 'I'm glad to see you admit that I never stood at the top in any one of the many things I endeavored to do and I therefore accept your apology.'

"And then he chuckled in his inimitable way."

#### Is Working On Book.

In concluding his address on Roosevelt Mr. Shiras made known that he had been working for some time on the preparation of copy for the book which the late president urged him to write. He has written about 500 pages of manuscript, Mr. Shiras said, and hopes to be able to complete it for publication before long.

Mr. Shiras has been a member of the Marquette Rotary club since it was organized and it has been his custom to address the club once each year. For several years Mr. Shiras has been the club's foremost leader in its work for civic development and the upbuilding of Marquette. He has insisted that the club adopt a

**SHIRAS SPEAKS  
AT MARQUETTE**

**Interesting Reminiscences of  
President Roosevelt.**

At the regular meeting of the Marquette Rotary Club Monday, October 25th, George Shiras III, just back from an operation at Rochester, entertained the large assembly of members and guests with many anecdotes of President Roosevelt, with whom Mr. Shiras enjoyed an intimate friendship over a period of years.

**A White House Memory.**

"On one occasion I was dining at the White House with the President, Secretaries Taft and Root, and others," said Mr. Shiras, "when the conversation turned to the subject of the country's wild life. It was about the time that the so-called 'gray wolves' of the senate were doing everything in their power to smash administration measures. I related an incident of my hunting experiences, when some of us sent out a tenderfoot in quest of wolves, after carefully sprinkling him with assafetida to throw them off the scent. There had been no sign of wolves around the camp for years, but the city man came back shortly with a monster wolf carcass, having bagged two in one afternoon.

**The Gray Wolves.**

"This story made a hit with the President, and he remarked to the diners that he wished he had some of the same assafetida in Washington to be used on the gray wolves there."

At the time of the famous Roosevelt libel suit, the colonel was the guest of Mr. Shiras in his Marquette home. One evening when Mr. Roosevelt was writing in the library, he asked his host if he knew to whom the letter was being sent. It proved to be written to Mrs. Shiras, who was absent at the time, but who later received and treasured the gracious acknowledgment of the Shiras home's grateful hospitality in a time of stress.

**"Do It Now."**

Mr. Shiras told of a visit to the Colonel at Oyster Bay, when the latter propounded his rule of life which afterward became famous:

"Do the best you can with what you have, and do it now."

In a number of letters written by the President from 1906 to 1908 to Mr. Shiras, and read by Rev. Chas. H. Boyd, the suggestion was repeat-

edly made that Mr. Shiras set down in permanent book form the record of his wide experiences as a traveler and naturalist. Mr. Shiras is doing this. Besides his monograph on the white-tailed deer, well-known to lovers of life in the open, he has contributed some 450 pages to various issues of the National Geographic Magazine, with nearly 400 illustrations from photographs taken by himself.

**In High Regard.**

President A. F. Jacques, of the club, in his introduction of the speaker, referred feelingly to the high regard entertained for one of its leading citizens by the people of Marquette. Mr. Shiras, who makes his summer home in Marquette, leaves shortly for the south.

**WHITE HOUSE SENDS  
SYMPATHY ON DEATH  
OF EX-JUSTICE SHIRAS**

George Shiras, III, son of the late George Shiras, Jr., retired associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, received the following message of condolence on the death of his father from President Calvin Coolidge last night:

White House  
Washington, D. C.  
Aug. 2, 1924.

Hon. George Shiras, III,  
4841 Ellsworth avenue,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please accept sincerest condolence on the death of your father. It marks the end of a remarkable life and a most notable career of public usefulness.

(Signed)

CALVIN COOLIDGE.