

the winter prairie, without these wild earth-born companions for company! How much those who come after us will miss, by not having them to arouse interest, stimulate curiosity, and challenge insight!

PREDATORS

By Stuart P. Jordan

I HAVE OFTEN SEEN robin's eggs lying on roads, sidewalks and open fields and this spring was no exception. I was naturally puzzled as to how they got there and what bird dropped them. I was therefore rather surprised to see a male robin boldly alight on a curb with a freshly punctured egg in his bill. This observation might partially explain the *how* and *what*, but the *why* for me still remained unanswered.

Do male rivals attack the nests of victorious suitors?

Curiosity or Emotion?

By Cliff Shaw

HEMMED IN on either side by huge banks of snow twelve deer raced for their lives ahead of a speeding locomotive, near York Lake, March 27, ending in the death of three does.

Game guardian Harold Deighton explained that the engineer, in accordance with the law, stopped his train and bled the animals, then reported their death on arriving in Yorkton. When Mr. Deighton went out an hour later to recover the carcasses, he found that seven deer had returned to the tracks, "apparently seeking their dead companions."

We wonder what prompted those seven deer to again risk their lives. Was it curiosity or emotion?

GRASS

By John J. Ingalls

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic

wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

"Grass is the forgiveness of Nature — her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic became grassgrown like rural lane and are obliterated.

Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the outline of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the sense with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

In spite of protective laws and the fact that the broad-winged hawks are beneficial to man as rodent destroyers, any number of hunters and farm boys take pot shots at these slow wheeling birds. The situation is so serious according to the National Audubon Society, that "the senseless slaying of hawks has brought some of them within risk of extermination."

SQUATTER'S RIGHTS

ST. ALBANS, England, June 6 (Reuters). — Carl Jameson didn't realize what was going on behind his back. He just peddled his bicycle to and from work every day.

All the time a stubborn robin was building a nest in the saddle bag of Jameson's bike.

Tuesday he had to leave the bike until a young robin could fly away and leave the vehicle to him again.

"Would like to compliment you on this splendid production. It is much more attractive and convenient in the new form. The material also is of great interest." —E. L. Paynter, Game Commissioner.