

LAUGHTERED for WOMAN'S VANITY



Brooding Egret—The dorsal train of nuptial plumage is hanging over the tail feathers.

World-Wide Hunt for the Beautiful White Aigrettes That Deck Milady's Hat and the Stories of Ruthless Killings That Fail to Touch the Heart



The Cost of a Plume—The picture tells its own tale.

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NEW YORK, Saturday.

AIGRETTES, those filmy white plumes so prized by women of fashion as hat adornments, have been accorded considerable publicity recently through the arguments advanced by wholesale milliners and the Audubon societies as to whether two consignments, smuggled into New York from Brazil, ought, under the laws, to be sold at auction or destroyed. Uncle Sam, as referee in the debate, has decreed that these particular aigrettes shall be sold, and Marshal William H. Taft is to preside at that function some time this fall, when society women will have a chance to bid against Fifth Avenue milliners for about \$1,000 worth.

These plumes have occasioned far more attention than their weight and bulk would seem to justify, for they are the lightest of lightweights. Yet, like all feathers for the millinery trade, they are bought at wholesale by weight, and New York dealers who purchase plumes at the bi-monthly auctions pay as high as \$35 an ounce for them. And this isn't so much when you consider that it takes about two hundred of the feathers to weigh an ounce.

By the time the retail milliners get them the profits of several middlemen have been tacked on and duties assessed, and under the new tariff there is a respectable addition to the rates—and the aigrettes finally placed on milady's hat usually bring whatever the seller deems and the lady's husband or father is persuaded to pay.

From the swamps along the tributaries of the Amazon to the Fifth Avenue window is something of a journey, but nearly every aigrette you see nowadays has travelled at least that far. The business of hunting for aigrettes, so far as North America is concerned, is no longer a profitable occupation. It was once immensely profitable—and a plume hunter who had shot the birds in all parts of the United States once boasted that he repeatedly gathered \$450 worth of the plumes in one day, and that if he didn't gather \$120 worth before nine o'clock in the morning he would deem that particular rookery not worth while and move elsewhere.

Passing of the Snowy Heron.

New the snowy heron (egretta candidissima) and the American egret (ardea egretta, or herodias egretta) are practically extinct along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and also along the Pacific in Oregon, where twenty years ago thousands of the beautiful birds flourished.

There was a time—say up to about thirty years

FAKE EVIDENCE TO ORDER.

WITHIN a few days a very conspicuous divorce case has furnished an excellent example of the wealth of evidence which may be collected for such trials. The layman in such matters doubtless often wonders at the number of witnesses which spring up on every hand, especially when persons of great wealth or social position are involved.

"The manufacture of fake evidence has come to be a fine art in New York," remarked a prominent criminal lawyer the other day. "An unscrupulous lawyer can buy witnesses by the dozen from scores of different occupations who will testify anything you please, and do it at a surprisingly reasonable figure. I do not mean to say that lawyers of any standing buy them, but the supply nevertheless is large. Nor do the lawyers have to look for it. It is brought ready made to their doors. Let a big divorce suit come up and the lawyers are at once besieged with offers by these accommodating witnesses."

"The witness supply is especially large, as might be expected, in the Tenderloin. If a bell boy is needed to identify the defendant, an elevator man to swear that the victim was out of bounds, a maid or a cabby to give the most damaging evidence from personal observation, they may be found here by the score. It is surprising how familiar a large class of such people have become with legal usage, and how skillful in manufacturing just such fake testimony. They come to us absolutely unsought with schemes of testimony worthy of a very clever lawyer."

HOUSEHOLD CHORES.

"**Y**OU needn't wait for me," explained the head of the house, "I have a dinner engagement, an important business affair, and no doubt I shall be kept quite late."

At breakfast next morning an ominous silence had fallen upon all. The head of the house had no appetite and was evidently far from feeling well. After a painful silence the husband, without meeting his wife's eye, essayed to start conversation.

"It's funny about that clock," he said. "It's stopped, and I'm sure I wound it last night."

"You are mistaken," said his wife icily. "You wound up Willie's music box instead and it played 'Home, Sweet Home.' (All daylight. The clock in the hall has also stopped, but I find that you screwed your cork-screw into the barometer.)"

ago—when the snowy heron frequented swamps and marshy lands in New York State. Never so plentiful, their numbers decreased year after year as the value of the plumage was appreciated, and finally, though too late, the game laws were made to include a provision that the plumage of the white heron should not be sold or had in possession for sale in this State.

This law, undoubtedly framed for domestic birds, was brought up recently by the National Association of Audubon Societies as a legal bar to the sale of imported plumage, but the milliners' contention is that it applies only to the native birds. Efforts to have the last Legislature pass a measure which provided that the "feathers or plumage commonly known as aigrettes, or the feathers of plumage of any species of the heron family, whether obtained within or without the State, shall not be bought, sold, offered or exposed for sale at any time" failed by a narrow margin.

As recently as twenty years ago snowy herons were found near Stone Harbor, near Cape May, N. J., but the Jersey coast is now bare. Recent investigations of the Audubon societies disclosed one rookery, containing a few snowy herons, near Beaufort, N. C.; three rookeries, containing five different species of herons, not a great many miles from Charleston, S. C.; and one rookery in Florida. There are no rookeries, so far as the Audubon societies are aware, in Georgia.

Populous Rookery.

In the large South Carolina rookery one hundred snowy herons have been counted, several hundred gray Louisiana herons, several hundred of the small green herons, about one hundred blue herons and about fifty of the black crowned herons. The last named variety is regarded as a great delicacy by the poor whites and negroes, who manage to make many a meal off the birds, which must be shot surreptitiously, as they are protected by the game laws of South Carolina and infractions are vigorously prosecuted.

In an effort to preserve a few specimens the Louisiana Audubon Society is watching over a rookery on Dutchman's Island, so named after William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, where six or eight pairs of snowy herons are constantly guarded by a warden. The island is in the Gulf and is within the Breton Island Reservation. The society hopes to largely increase the colony.

Naturalists say there is no real reason why the snowy heron and American egret should not be common if accorded protection in all the coast States south of 41 degrees north latitude on the Atlantic coast and south of 45 degrees on the Pacific coast. After the breeding season stragglers have been known to wander as far north as Nova Scotia and Ontario.

The birds insist upon solitude, and their colonies

The aigrettes appear at mating time on the male and female adult birds alike. The millinery men say the feathers are gathered off the ground by South American or Australian hunters where they have fallen in moulting and that the birds are left alive to grow more feathers. The followers of Audubon declare that the plumes lost by the birds are practically valueless, as by the time they are ready to part with them they have become frayed and stained. Hence the hunters slay the adult birds when the feathers are at their best, and as this is in the breeding season, the young herons and egrets are left in the nests to starve or drown in the marshes.

Each of the snowy herons and egrets in its prime bears about fifty of the lacelike feathers, and this

Societies protested, arguing that this would be "against the public interest." The Treasury Department later decreed that the plumes should be destroyed, whereupon the Feather Importers' Association of New York protested, arguing that a dangerous precedent would be set, involving all imported plumage, and citing a ruling made by the Secretary of the Treasury in 1903 that no law restricted importation of aigrettes and another by John C. Mendenhall, Attorney General of New York, to the effect that he knew of no law prohibiting the sale of imported aigrettes in this State.

Mr. Cunnison undoubtedly construed the existing statute as applying only to the domestic birds. In the Treasury Department's latest decision it is merely stated that the plumage can be sold, as there have been no prosecutions under the State law for several years.

Don't Regret the Agitation.

Although the Audubon Societies have not been victorious, they do not regret the agitation. "The general trend is toward, and public sentiment against the indiscriminate slaughter of these birds is increasing," says B. S. Bowditch, who acts in the dual capacity of Special Inspector of Wild Birds and Animals for the Department of Agriculture and Chief Clerk of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

"Woman's vanity is at the root of it all. You can touch a woman's heart on anything that doesn't concern personal adornment, but when you ask her to sacrifice fashion, you are asking about the greatest sacrifice that can be asked of her."

The Audubon Societies' records teem with accounts of the ruthless slaughter by plume hunters. A. H. E. Mattingley, of Melbourne, who visited a rookery in New South Wales to obtain a picture of an egret, or "white crane," as the birds are styled there, feeding its young, draws this picture, and presents photographs to prove his statements.

"I could see large patches of white floating in the water or reclining on fallen trees near the rookery. As I drew near, a sight met my gaze that made my blood fairly boil with indignation. There, strewn on the water weed and adjacent logs, were fifty carcasses of large white and smaller plumed egrets—nearly one



Brood of young egrets that are starving owing to destruction of parents by plume hunters. They are imploring passing egrets that are carrying food to their young to feed them as well.

PHOTOS BY A. H. E. MATTINGLEY



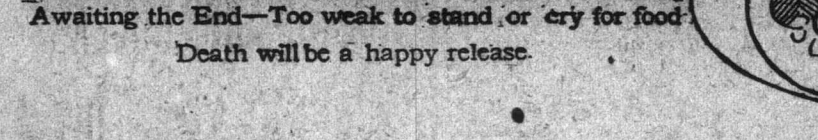
Parent egret feeding its young.



Parent egret feeding its young.



Parent egret feeding its young.



Parent egret feeding its young.

Fatherless and Motherless—No one to feed them—Growing weaker—One already dead from starvation and exposure.

Awaiting the End—Too weak to stand, or cry for food.

Death will be a happy release.

are usually well away from towns and railroads. The wholesale plumage dealers use this argument as the reason for the birds' scarcity, asserting that the roads of civilization in Florida, for instance, have driven the birds to South America. The birds select bay bushes or sparrowberry bushes in marshy ground for their nests, which they build of rough twigs, at from two to twelve feet above the marsh. They lay from three to five eggs.

The snowy heron is a smaller bird than the American egret, and its plumage, shorter and recurved, are more valuable. The heron's length, from the tip of its black and yellow bill to the end of the tail, is from twenty to twenty-seven inches, whereas the egret is from thirty-seven to forty-one inches. These dimensions are exclusive of the aigrettes, which in the case of the egret are straight and extend from their base at the top of the bird's back just below the neck to far out over the tail.

is true of the almost identical varieties found in Africa, Southern Europe, China, Japan, Burma, Ceylon, India, the Philippines, the Malay Peninsula and Australia. The birds feed on shrimp, small fish, crawfish, aquatic insects and others forms of life found along shores and swamps.

That the work of plumage hunting is going on wherever the birds are found is shown by the fact that the largest aigrette house in New York uses \$25,000 worth annually. In England, where the hunters send their spoils to be auctioned, aigrettes are called "ospreys," and this is the current commercial term for aigrettes in bulk. Naturalists say this term is misleading, as an osprey, or fishhawk, is a far different bird.

When the customs officers seized the aigrettes last spring it was at first decided to sell them at auction, as in the case of other smuggled goods. The Audubon

third of the rookery, perhaps more—the birds having been shot off their nests containing young. What a holocaust! Plundered for their plumes! What a monument of human callousness! Two hundred young left to die of starvation! Seventy at least of the nestlings had fallen into the water below and been miserably drowned.

Similar accounts are given by William L. Finley, who is the Northwestern field agent of the societies, of ravages by hunters near Lake Malheur, Oregon. And Professor T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the North Carolina Audubon Society, gives this account: "I had expected to see some of the beautiful herons about their nests or standing on the trees near by, but not a living one could be found, while here and there in the mud lay the lifeless forms of eight birds. They had been shot down and the skin bearing the plumes stripped from their backs. In four nests young orphan birds were clamoring piteously for food. The next spring I visited this site, but found only the old nests falling into decay. When man comes, slaughters and exterminates, Nature does not restore."

SONGS.

BY JOHN ERNEST WARREN.

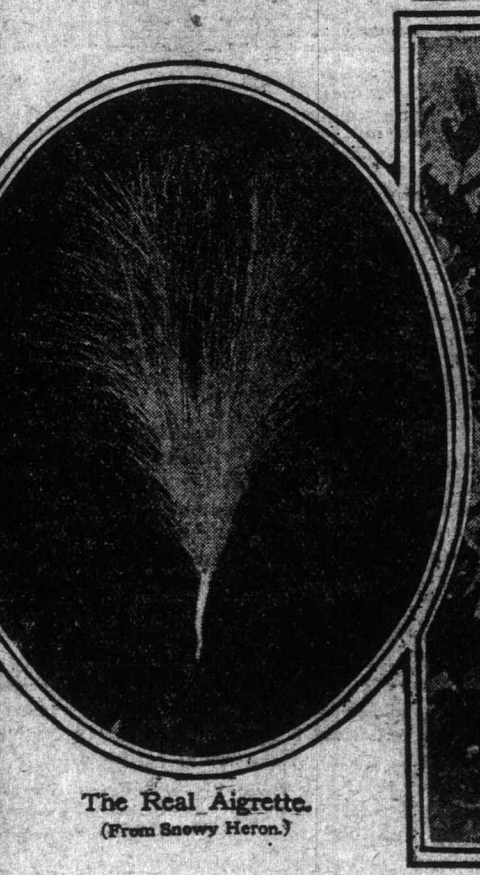
ONE happy day my heart went to you, dearest! One golden day your heart became my own. To me you were the dearest and the nearest. O, tell me, dearest, whether has love flown? Love is not dead, dear heart, nor is it dying; It's sleeping where the morning glories blow; It will find us, sometime, somewhere, dearest, sighing— O, love will come again to us, I know.

LAST year the skies were bluer, The fields were greener, dear, The river's song was truer. Last year. Last year my heart was lighter, And life was brighter, dear, Because my soul was whiter. Last year.

UNDER the olden, golden skies, One summer day in bygone years, I looked into your sweet, true eyes— And in them I saw love, through tears. The birds were singing on the wing, My heart was singing in my breast; No queen you envied, I no king, For love was our sweet, blessed guest. Life flowed on like a river's song, One summer day, my dearest dear, The day was short, but love was long; The river's song was sweet and clear, The song my heart sang was as sweet And sweeter than the new morn'g haze, Love made the melody complete, One summer day, one summer day.



Snowy heron, bird that furnishes the aigrettes—Nearly extinct in this country.



The Real Aigrette.

(From Snowy Heron.)



The Snowy Heron.

ST. JOHN TRAVEL BROWNED ON

I. R. McLaren Goes the Ice at Mu River

DRUG SALES

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Last night L. R. MacLaren, traveller for the Canadian Company, Ltd., and Angus Murray River, were drowned in the village of the same name, accompanied by MacLaren's team, left Murray River at ten o'clock to drive to Murray River. That was for heard of them till ten o'clock, when some one saw a hole in the ice in the river, the empty sleigh the dead body of the horse caps and MacLaren's valises on the spot and later MacLaren's body was not yet found. The accident occurred only a short time after MacLaren had been married with a grown-up son, the second double drownings in three weeks, the other McIntyre and her hired man in Charlottetown harbor.

The late Mr. MacLaren resided in Charlottetown, where his wife and three children were living. He was about 40 years of age and had been with The Canadian Drug since December, 1907. He travelled chiefly in the Maritime Provinces. He was in the city on his way to Prince Edward Island. The deceased is survived by a large number of relatives and friends, and a widow and family.

THREE SUDDEN DEATHS IN HARTLAND

G. W. Hatfield, Mrs. Joseph Ride Victims Heart

HARTLAND, N. B., Monday. G. W. Hatfield, of Middle Simonds, dropped suddenly or heart disease, at the age of 40, after a long illness. He was a well-known farmer and a member of the local church. He was survived by a wife and six sons, one of whom manages the business at head of the produce firm of Scott.

DEATHLY GRAMP STOMACH WAS

A BAD CASE THAT GRAMPS AND STOMACHS ARE CURED

"The distress I suffered last summer was so severe I meant death," writes P. O. of Guys Hill P. O. "I was with plan and a hundred members having Nerville and took half a teaspoon of water. In five minutes and my stomach deranged and entirely."

For cramps, flatulence, disorders of the stomach Nerville knows no equal. It is used every where in the market, that's proof merit. Large bottles, price 25c. All dealers of Ozone Company, Kingston.

GIDEON T. CARTER

AMHERST, N. S., Mass. incident occurred at Port B. yesterday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Gideon T. Carter, aged about 60, a son of the late Mr. Carter, was instantly killed by a fall from a tree in the woods less than their home sawing down which fell, and striking the back and killing him. Carter was a son of the late Mr. Carter. His wife who survives a daughter of the late Mr. Carter, and a son, who resided in Point De Bute, N. B. is estimated. Besides Mr. Carter, the following grown children, Charles, with the Rhode Island, and Howard with the engineering company, R. Mass., and Harry at home, are Grace and Jennie and Mrs. John Blackie N. B.

The death of Mary H. of the late Patrick Harris, about 8 o'clock last evening, 102 Winter street, was one of the oldest in the town, coming here from years ago. She was 80 years of age. A brother, William, and a daughter, C. R., and a daughter, home, survive. The funeral will be held on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

PILES

DR. CHASE'S OIL