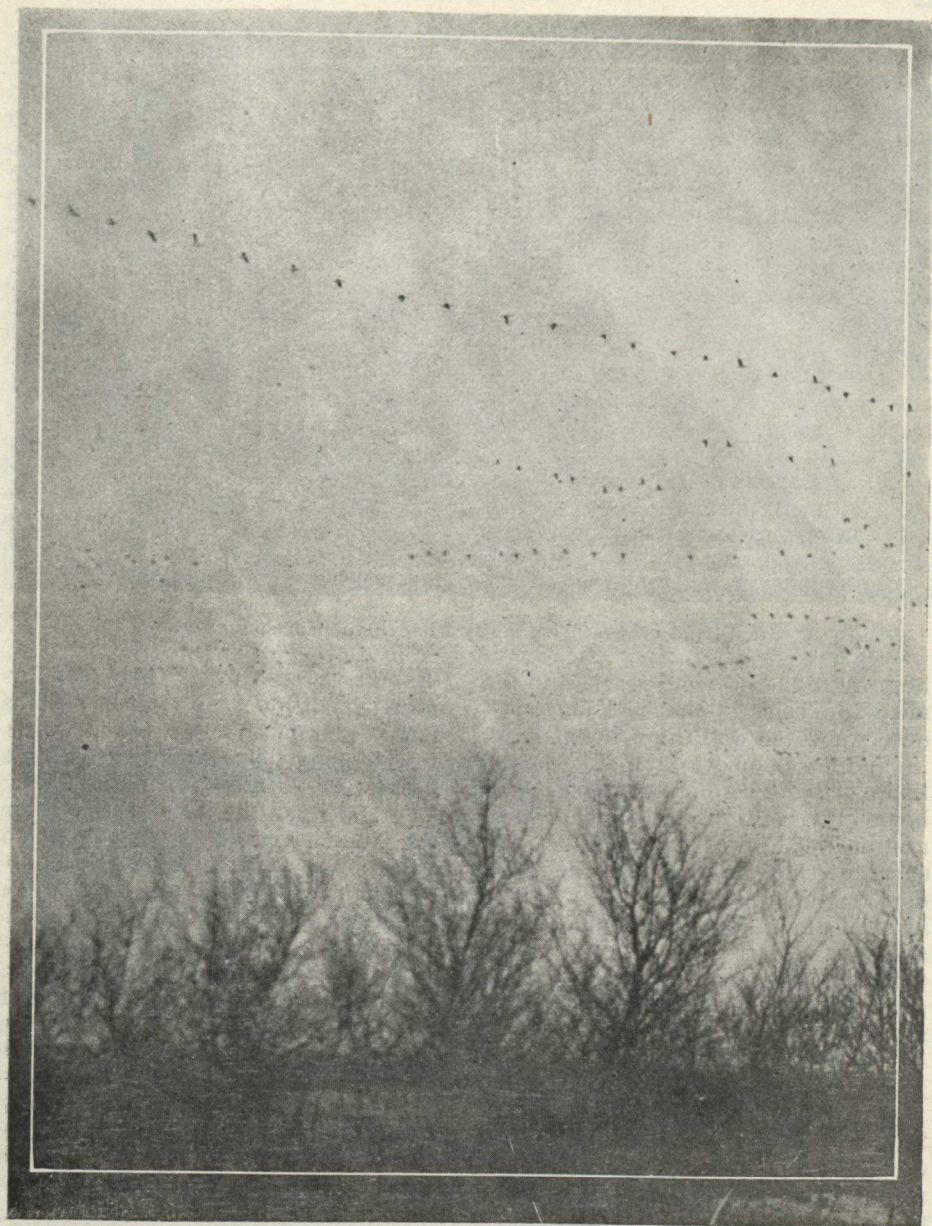




The goose legions drag their long lines southwards against the drab sky

they must. Scarcely less freezable than the winter residents are the mallard, Canada goose, snow goose, whistling swan, rough-legged hawk or even the little horned lark. But these chaps face the spectre of starvation; not cold alone could turn them from

the North, their home-land. It is the white snow mantle that sends the last horned lark swirling off southward from the plowed fields, and the big, mouse-loving rough-legged hawk posts off through the evening. Mere cold both would scorn; but the weed-seeds