



The

Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and

• • • Local News.





The Rockwood Review.

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Greetings.

Wish you a Happy New Year.

The Xmas service conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hammond was greatly improved by a quartette of good Kingston people, who braved the gale blowing to add to the pleasure of the inmates. Miss Bassam, Miss Mooney, Mr. W. Bassam and Mr. J. Shea sang the quartette, "Softly the Night is Stealing," very sweetly. The septette of stringed instruments added greatly to the effect of the music rendered.

Miss Ethel Bamford, a most promising graduate of the Rockwood Training School has just left for Charlottetown, P.E.I., where she will assume the duties of Head Nurse and Matron of the Hospital for the Insane. We prophesy for Miss Bamford a most successful career as she is possessed of all the qualifications necessary to make an ideal officer. Rockwood stock is booming, and its officials are so much in demand that it is becoming a difficult matter to keep the vacancies filled.

The announcement made in the Review to the effect that the Farce "Who is Who" was in preparation was a mistake. We apologize and suggest that it is probably the "Baby Elephant," or "The Slippery Day Stairs." It is many years since these time honored classics were produced here. What is the matter with Billy Shea?

THE REVIEW feels called upon to enter a protest, and Billy Shea will in future omit the song "Hearts of Oak" if he wishes to please the editorial staff of THE REVIEW. We have no fault to find with Mr. Shea's rendition of this soul stirring piece—in fact he meets our ideas of the proper method of singing this song in every particular—and his get up, from the sailor's cap to the spring of his trousers, is in the most correct taste. We can even forgive him his blonde curls (real hair) and his rosy cheeks—but what we do object to is the repeated calling of our attention to the fact that we have Hearts of Oak. We know it, we have heard it remarked several times before, and if we can read between the lines, judging by the persistency with which this sentiment is slung at us, there are some doubting Thomases in our midst. No Billy, our loyalty is all right and we could struggle along for a year or more without singing either Hearts of Oak or the Maple Leaf Foever, without losing one jot of our loyalty either to ourselves or our country. We are given to waving the old flag just a little too much, and are becoming almost as weak in this respect as our neighbors to the South. This is the time of the year when Peace on Earth Good will towards Men makes first-class motto. Too much lip loyalty rather mars its effect and tends to bigotry.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Carey have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Mrs. C. K. Clarke is still confined to her room, but is slowly convalescing.

Mr. C. M. Clarke has been adding to his athletic reputation, and in his first appearance with the New York Athletic Hockey team against Yale is said to have carried consternation into the ranks of the Sons of Eli. Kingston was well represented, no less than three of the players, O'Donnell, Carruthers and Clarke being on the team. It will be many years yet before Americans can attain the greatest proficiency in hockey as players of the highest type must be trained from childhood.

Pine Grosbeaks have invaded Ontario in immense numbers this winter and a Great Horned Owl has taken up his residence in the Rockwood grounds. It is to be hoped the man behind the gun will leave this bird alone.

We had a delightful visit from Mr. C. W. Nash, naturalist lately.

Mr. Thos. McCammon's child (Harold) has quite recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

At last the Attendants of Rockwood have received an increase of wages and are correspondingly happy. It was a most satisfactory Xmas present, and although the amount of increase is not large, it is a step in the right direction and perhaps an indication of better things to follow.

Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke returned from a month's holiday in the West on Dec. 12th.

The members of the Editorial staff of THE REVIEW are not honored very frequently with invitations to public dinners, but when they go to such functions they never fail to take notes of the way in which these affairs are conducted. What is most striking in Kingston is the seriousness with which the post prandial speech is regarded it is treated with more gravity than a Sunday sermon, and as for length, well, there are few discourses with twelve headings longer. Geography, history and loyalty are the chief jokes, particularly loyalty and history. There used to be an impression abroad that after dinner speeches should be short, sparkling and witty. We protest against the new custom unless plum pudding is omitted from the Menu. We cannot stand two such solid articles as plum pudding and ponderous lectures in one evening.

Miss Reilly has been appointed Supervisor in place of Miss Ethel Bamford, resigned.

The ice "took" on Dec. 19th. On the 22nd December a south wind of considerable vigor proved that the ice was a "mistake."

Snow-birds, nuthatches, downy woodpeckers, pine siskins, goldfinches and chickadees are all with us in numbers, and crows are plentiful.

The goose question reached a practical solution in Portsmouth a week before Xmas. The harvest was almost as great as that of the wheat crop in Manitoba.

Capt. Fenwick had capital ice for skaters and curlers on December 19th.

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The poultry market has been in a congested state for weeks and the slovenly way in which birds for sale are dressed is remarkable. If farmers were alive to their own interests they would see that the fowls placed on the market are carefully prepared and dressed. They would get higher prices and find even a readier sale for their poultry than at present. It is all very well to know how to make a tough old hen look tender, but it is even better to be able to make a spring chicken absolutely irresistible.

The following conversation heard at one of the patients socials a few evenings ago, pretty well illustrates the fact that all of the clever people are not outside of the Hospital walls. First Patient—I hear that Mr. (Principal) Grant is rapidly recovering. Second Patient—No, you're mistaken, Grant has been dead for several years. First Patient—Oh, no—you are the one mistaken, I, fear you are confounding PRECEDENTS with PRINCIPLES.

A boy once wished for a Xmas tree
And his Paw gave him one for a treat,
And a tree toad tooted from out the tree top
A treatise on treating raw peat,
The boy was annoyed at the tale of the toad
And was angry too at his Paw
And he went for that toad with a goad, that had growed
On the road where the crow cusses caw.

A middle aged stoker
Married Jane Anne De Boker,
He crept up by stealth,
And hoping to choke her
Made her swallow the poker,
But the iron just toned up her health.

Harper's Weekly objects very decidedly to boys who happen to have been born in Canada playing on New York Hockey teams. America for the Americans is the motto. What humbugs these American sports are at any rate—they are quite willing to write elaborate editorials proving Canadians to be true Americans, when they win events for them against other countries, but when the victims are the blue blooded Yale students—how different the tune. If the Americans wish to learn the game of hockey it is very evident they must be taught by Canadians, because it has taken our lads a generation to develop this magnificent sport, and here children skate in the "hockey style" from the earliest years. It goes almost without saying that every hockey player of eminence in the United States was born in Canada. It is a fact, dreadful for the American sporting dilettanti to contemplate, but we can assure him that we are more than willing to welcome the lads back to our country, which does not recognize Canadian birth as a social defect. Uncle Sam is always the biggest thing on earth, even the biggest "baby," when sport is concerned.

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The Beechgroves in their first practice match against the Ramblers showed that even against much older and experienced players they were able to more than hold their own. If the ice had been hard, the score would have been larger. The match resulted Beechgroves 7; Ramblers 3. The Beechgrove line up was as follows: Forwards—H. M. Clarke; W. Potter, H. S. Clarke, E. McCaugherty, Cover Point, Fred. Hatrick, Point, G. Platt, Goal, J. Scally.

Now that people are willing to attack anything from prohibition to anarchy, by means of legislation, what is the matter with getting up an agitation against southerly winds in winter? They are decidedly unpopular—not to say unpleasant.

Dr. C. Y. Ford, of the Danville Sanitarium paid us a flying visit at Xmas time.

Mrs. Ashcroft, Lady Principal of the Mackay Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Montreal. Mrs. Terrill of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville and Miss Nellis, Matron of the Victoria Asylum, Cobourg, were guests of Mrs. Forster, recently.

Rockwood will again be represented in South Africa. Farmer Ross has sold his horse to the Imperial authorities.

The hunting season is over and yet Mr. Thos. McGuire has failed to produce either venison, ducks or partridge as promised. We begin to believe that cold storage in the back townships is a failure.

The elections for Portsmouth are now in order and we have decided on a local ticket if there is any difficulty in finding candidates.

Billy Shea would of course be Mayor, with power to select his Aldermen from No. 9 Ward. There is enough money and common sense in that locality to run several villages larger than Portsmouth. As we have the population there is no reason why Rockwood and the Penitentiary should not have representation. Between the two institutions it is highly probable, enough clever men could be found to turn the dry bones of Hatter's Bay inside out in a week. The old burg needs either something of that kind or an avalanche. Perhaps the avalanche would be preferable.

Mr. J. S. Lockie of Toronto is visiting her sister Mrs. Clarke of Rockwood House.

The illness of Mr. Thos. Long is greatly regretted. Thomas has been such a favorite for many years that his kindly face is missed from about the grounds, and we are sure that the flowers which have been his constant care will more than miss him.

Three violins and a cello add greatly to the volume of the tone during the Church service, and the absence of the bass singers is not so much noticed. Who are the bass singers anyway? Echo answers "Who."

Mr. E. Gilmonr is spending a few days in Goderich.

Miss Carpenter and Miss G. Kelly are recent additions to the Rockwood Staff of Nurses.

ADVENT DAYS.

The centuries grow old ; one after one
The circle rounds into the perfect orb,
Forging the silver links that backward run
Along the twilight slopes of hoary time,
(Which the past darkness cannot quite absorb),
To that first day of Eden's rosy prime,
When stars and seraphs, and the crystal spheres,
In the pure ether turning, sang the world's first morn.
In music still the slow-revolving years
Turn in their silver chain, unheard of men,
Bringing the birthday of the world again,—
Bringing the infant Christ which should be born.

Once more bright angels gather in the sky,
And the dull ear of night awakes to hear
The far-off sound of heavenly pinions furled,
And glad hosannas singing sweet and clear—
Peace, peace on Earth—glory to God on high,
In the new birth-song of the ransomed world.
Oh day sublime ! to which all other days
Flow down convergent since earth's days began,
And all their separate and scattered rays,
Down the vast space, unmeasured of the sun—
The twilight of the ages—merge in one,
To kindle in these later alien skies
The white lamp of that earlier paradise !

—K. S. McL.

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The First [and Last] Appearance of Mr. Roslin Le Beau.

By DR. T. L. PHIPSON.

Author of "Voice and Violin," "Famous Violinists and Fine Violins," "Scenes from the Reign of Louis XVI." etc.

Roslin Le Beau began to play the violin when he was very young and became, in course of time, an exceedingly good player. His father procured for him the best of professors and give him a very fine instrument, in case he should ever require to take up music as a profession. However, he never did require it, for his kind old father left him over £600 a year, and whilst still a very young man Roslin held an excellent position in society.

The Le Beau family came over to England with the Huguenots at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. in 1685, which caused a large number of Protestants to fly to Great Britain, where they became naturalised British subjects; so that Mr. Roslin le Beau was everywhere well received in society. He was, indeed, a persona grata in the best circles on account of his really beautiful playing. Many persons declared that they preferred him to Joachim the "king" of violinists, as some papers call him, on which our friend Roslin smiled and said he must, then, surely be the "Emperor," since he was preferred to the "King" by persons of very good taste and judgment; but others still continued to prefer Joachim.

In spite of all this, living, as he

did, in a remote country town, Mr Roslin le Beau had little opportunity for displaying his talents, except at home, or in some small social afternoons or evenings among his acquaintances. Some of these gatherings were, doubtless exceedingly pleasant, and they induced him to keep up his practice. He played, among other pieces, a difficult Concerto by De Beriot, which invariably aroused the enthusiasm of his hearers. He was grand, also, in Vieuxtemps's splendid "Fantasie Caprice;" and sometimes he indulged in music written for the violin by the older masters, such as Bach, Rust, Tartini and Viotti, especially the latter.

But there came a time when he thought he must make his appearance in some large public concert in order that the world might know what violin playing really was in the hands of an "Emperor"—an Emperor playing upon the "king of instruments"—and he took rooms in London for a year.

Mr. Roslin le Beau had no sooner arrived in the Metropolis than a strange fancy seized upon him and fascinated his mind; he felt that he should like to make himself a name as a street musician.

In conversation with his friend, Henry Hopkins, a young barrister who played a little upon the banjo he said.

"My dear Henry. just fancy for a moment what an enormous audience I could command, and without going to any expense for the hire of a room, not to speak of printers and agents."

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"But," said Hopkins, "remember what a fool your cousin, Mary Moll, made of herself when she dressed as a gypsy and went about scraping her fiddle at the doors of some of her neighbors—no one paid the slightest attention to her at the first four houses, and, at the fifth, she was recognized by the housemaid and laughed at!"

"Oh! but I should not disguise myself," rejoined Roslin; "in London I am not known to anyone, even by sight. And for that matter," he added, "I do not object to my name, or my position in society being known. All I wish is to achieve notoriety as a violinist, and I can do that better in the street than in the concert room where, besides the 'king,' I should have a lot of 'queens,' or beautiful 'princesses,' to compete with. In the street—in the neighborhood of Hyde Park or Albert Hall, for instance, I could draw thousands, whilst in an ordinary concert room I could scarcely count upon hundreds."

There seemed something practical in these suggestions, and it was not long before Mr. Hopkins was entirely of his friend's opinion.

It was, therefore, decided that Roslin should make his first appearance somewhere near the Marble Arch that day fortnight, and he forthwith practised up a few pieces for the occasion.

It was during the height of the London season, 186—, and, having duly obtained a magistrate's license, he took his violin and opened his concert with Bach's "Chaconne," and the same composer's difficult Sonata in C flat

minor, after which he gave part of De Beriot's Concertos, a Fantasia by Artot; and one upon a favorite air of Balfe, winding up with a "Tarantella," which would have caused the most rheumatic of Neapolitan lazzaroni to have danced till he was dead!

His success was immense and instantaneous. From the very first stroke of his bow the people felt that they were in the presence of an artist of no ordinary ability. Many open carriages pulled up for their occupants to listen; strollers in the Park came and formed a circle, eight or ten deep, around him; even nursemaids, with children in perambulators, and soldiers came up to listen.

The applause at the end of each performance was loud and enthusiastic. Roslin never felt so proud in his life. Some of the bystanders handed him a sixpence, or even a shilling, and others gave him a few coppers wrapped up in a piece of paper. So that, besides the applause, which was all he really cared for, his pockets were swollen out, in less than two hours, with coin to the amount of between six and seven pounds sterling.

As he retired, flushed with joy at the success for which he had been longing for several years, he was accosted by a police constable on duty in the Park.

"You are Mr. Roslin le Beau, I believe?"

"Yes," replied the violinist.

"You must, please, come with me to the station at Marylebone."

"Dear me," exclaimed Roslin, "what is the matter?"

"You will hear all about it at the station," replied the constable.

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On their arrival, the superintendent said that there was a warrant out against him for perjury; that he must be detained in custody, and taken before a magistrate in the morning. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon.

* * * *

With great difficulty Roslin was able to bail himself out in the sum of £100, and, without losing a moment he went with his friend, Mr. Hopkins, to a very learned lawyer whom he induced to take up his case.

It appeared, however, at this consultation, that there was little hope of gaining his cause, that he would certainly lose, and that the judge would probably give him fifteen months, or perhaps two years' penal servitude, at least.

"It is clear," said the lawyer, "that when you applied for a license as a street musician, you swore that you had no other means of livelihood—we cannot deny that—and they have found out who you are, and all about you. You have committed wilful and direct perjury by signing the paper presented to you, and nothing on earth can save you from the consequences."

"By Heaven!" muttered Roslin, "I never read the paper before I signed it."

The result of all this was that Mr. Roslin le Beau sacrificed his bail. He rushed off and hid himself in Bordeaux, where he happened to have an acquaintance, a partner in a mercantile house.

That was Roslin's first (and last) appearance in public as a violinist, and it cost him a good deal more than a hundred pounds.

VAGABIES OF LATE AUTUMN SEASON.

Those engaged in rural occupations must perforce adjust their efforts to the ever varying elemental condition and have to take into their consideration possibilities as well as probabilities, yet during the month of November just ended some farmers that we wot off (this refers to the Georgian Bay district of Ontario, and County of North Simcoe, where the writer of these lines chanced to be visiting at the time spoken of) too confidently assumed that there would be no lasting snowfall until the beginning of December and continuing at the very desirable work of fall plowing, bemoaning the probable loss of their *Ruta Baga* crop, many acres of which esculent are now covered (as is reported) with 12 or 14 inches of snow, and grim winter—to all appearance—firmly established.

The main migrations of water fowl from the Northern regions were not much noticed until near full moon of 25th November, just previous to which date vast flights of "whistle wing" ducks were noticed in nocturnal movement south eastward, but extensive groups of "honking" wild geese had been noticed overhead just out of rifle range moving towards Lake Simcoe, a week previous to the migration of their smaller web-footed congeners; returning to Brant County on the 9th inst., we found the ground bare of snow and we told that plowing had been going on until 30th November, but on Monday, the 9th December, a Nor' Easter set in covering the district with five inches of "the

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beautiful," and accompanying the aerial phenomena were vast* flocks of snow buntings, scattered or concentrating in gleeful manoeuvres about the whitened stubble-fields. The boy trappers of the locality were speedily on the move and near Hatchly, a large white eagle was reported, of as being seen among some big lumber piles near the station; the so styled eagle proved to be on more careful scrutiny a fine snowy owl, which after being ineffectively shot at a number of times, managed to find safe refuge in a neighboring cedar swamp. The trappers keeping on the warpath, soon came up with evidence of minks having recently "passed by," and a wood chopper, spoke of having just seen Mr. Mink passing along the rivulet's edge with a fish nearly as large as a herring in his month. Two good sized specimens of the dark furred quadruped were soon afterwards in the trappers' possession.

A neighbor keeps in a big box cage in his poultry house a specimen of the big horned owl, which he has had in captivity since last July; for some time after the bird's capture the same was confined by a small chain to its leg, fastened to a fence, and the raptore occasionally killed a chicken and after feeding to repletion had a habit of stowing away the overplus of chicken flesh under the dense shade of some rankly-growing burdock leaves as a ready improvised cold storage convenience—A Barnardo boy, on looking at the owl said, "if this is a

*1500 Buntings in one flock was the estimate of a reliable observer.

Cat Owl, he must be a Sir Thomas methinks—but isn't his plumage well touched off, he must be a pedigree bird full blooded Plymouth Rock, probably." The owner states that strix is given too "hooting" in his most sensational style, at about the same "spooky" hour as Mr. Chanticleer seems impelled to herald the near morning twilight; and the poultry on their perch by perches, show thrilling symptoms of dread as if the intonations of the day of doom were rending the air. The owl janitor also keeps a pet racoon, not yet quite full grown, and this pet is frequently regaled with a tin saucerful of new milk and the spectators tell that procyon dips his paws in the delectable fluid and then sucks them (bear fashion) repeating the process until the dish is empty; hence the appropriate scientific name Pr. "lotor." The owl is also said to hoot at certain seemingly trusting times or when weather changes are impending.

W. YATES

A maid with a duster
Made a great fluster
Of dusting a bust in the hall
And when it was dusted
The bust it was husted
And the bust became dust
after all.

A mother to her son did utter
"Go my son and shut the shutter"
"The shutter's shut "the youth did
mutter
"And I can't shut her any shutter"

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CHRISTMAS AT ROCKWOOD.

Xmas weather was all that it should have been—a little of everything that goes to make up a perfect winter's day—a proper amount of sunshine—not too much snow—a reasonable temperature and everything else to match. On Xmas eve it looked as if nearly every patient had been provided for, but on Xmas morning presents still kept arriving and when to these were added the gifts purchased with money provided by good people who did not neglect the friendly ones—no one was forgotten. A formal tree was dispensed with and the gifts quietly distributed in the wards—an arrangement which gets over the confusion likely to develop when the six hundred parcels are handed out at one time. Nothing happened to mar the success of the day. The dinner was a bountiful one in which turkey and plum pudding of course, played the important part at one end of the forks and spoons and the patients at the other. To the smokers cigars were distributed afterwards, and caudies, nuts and oranges were given to everybody. It would puzzle even the head of an extraordinary large family to make the arrangements for the Xmas celebration of a household containing seven hundred, and yet that is the annual problem at Rockwood. Six hundred patients and about a hundred employees make up the list.

At night the large Amusement Hall, lighted most brilliantly by electricity, contained an audience of five hundred and fifty and a particularly selected programme

was presented. The orchestra under the leadership of Mr Arbuckle proved a great success, and the preponderance of strings over brass is a decided improvement, enabling the performers to give the delicate shadings so necessary to instrumental as well as other music. Miss Pugh was particularly clever in her recitation and held the attention of the audience until the end of her selection.

Mr. W. Woods was enthusiastically encored in his coon song and the encore proved even better than the original. Of course, Mr. Billy Shea was just as great a favorite as ever with the crowd and made a decided hit with his encore, "Any old place to hang my hat, is home sweet home for me."

Master Charlie Offord was very happy in his rendition of the Xmas Hymn.

Dr. Clarke and Miss Clarke played a dainty classical selection and Miss Margery Clarke a piano solo—but the enthusiasm reached its height when the ever popular Rev. Father Macdonald sang "O Holy Night." Father Macdonald is beloved by all creeds and all classes in Portsmouth, and is well entitled to his popularity. The first part of the programme was ended by selections from "Princess Chic" by the Orchestra. The music of this delightful Comic Opera is always pleasing.

The Farce, "How to Tame a Mother-in-Law" ended the performance. Many people are interested in this question and the solution proposed seemed to answer admirably in this instance at least.

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The performers who took part were—T. McCammon, Billy Shea, J. Davidson, W. Woods, Miss O'Rourke and Miss Convery. There was not a "stick" in the troupe and nothing funnier has been produced by the Dramatic Troupe. It would be invidious to praise any particular actor when all did so admirably. Not a hitch occurred and the stage looked particularly pretty with its brilliant lighting and effective scenery. Altogether the Xmas of 1901 at Rockwood was a decided success.

Mr. James Stuart held a most successful raffle for a gramophone a short time since. James claims that the winner was a lucky man and made an excellent investment.

The curling fever seems to have struck Kingston with a good deal of intensity and we are pleased to notice that the Granites have been adopted for all matches. This is a distinct advance for while irons have their advantages, for all round fun the Granite is infinitely preferable. Certainly the game is less like hard work when Granites are used and is livelier, although it must be admitted that the possibilities of "flukes" are also greater. That means more happiness for the fellows who make them. We never make them here, so the element is never considered by us here.

Rockwood Staff has once more been called upon and Mr. Ed. Gilmour receives the appointment of Chief Attendant in the Eastern Hospital, Brockville. Mr. Gilmour is sure to make a success of this position and his promotion is well deserved.

The Relation of Sparrows to Agriculture.

IMPORTANCE OF SPARROWS.

The native sparrows are the most abundant and widely distributed of the small birds inhabiting the rural districts of the United States. Wherever there are farms these characteristic little birds may be found nesting in orchard, berry patch, vineyard, or hedge-row, enlivening the shrubbery from dooryard to outlying field with their songs, or in winter rising from the ground and fluttering from bush to bush before one who invades their haunts. As a group they are constantly present on cultivated land, although many of them retire to the South during the winter and their places are taken by other species from the North.

Sparrows are well known, and have figured frequently in ornithological literature, but the position they occupy in relation to agriculture has heretofore received only casual consideration. It is evident that a group of birds so abundant, so widely distributed, and in such constant association with farms and gardens must play an important part in rural economy; and that a thorough investigation of their food habits should be useful. The results of such an investigation are embodied in the present paper and amply demonstrate the value of these birds to the agriculturist—a value greater than that of any other group of birds whose economic status has thus far been investigated. The native sparrows contrast markedly in this respect with the introduced English spar-

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row, the pernicious habits of which have formed the subject of a special report,* and are briefly treated in this bulletin for purposes of comparison. This naturalized sparrow is a pest wherever it is found, while the native sparrows are well worthy of protection and encouragement.

CONSTITUENTS OF FOOD.

The great bulk of the food of sparrows and other small passerine (or perching) birds consists of fruit, seeds, and insects. The fruit may be wild berries taken from the shrubs or trees of economic importance, with little economic result whether the bird eats much or little; or it may be cultivated fruit, in which case, of course, it is desirable to know the amount destroyed.

The seed element is of particular interest only when it shows destruction of grain or weeds. Injury to grain or fruit by birds is usually the most prominent and often the only fact of economic ornithology possessed by the layman; yet comparatively few birds harm either of these crops, while many species render important service to agriculture by destroying weed seed. As has been aptly said, a weed is a plant out of place. Certain plants seem to have formed a habit of constantly getting out of place and installing themselves in cultivated ground, but whether actually among crops or in adjacent waste land, from which they can spread to cultivated soil, they are always a menace. In the garden they occupy the room allotted to useful

plants, and appropriate their light, water, and food. Any check on these noxious interlopers, a million of which can spring up on a single acre, will not only lessen nature's chance of populating the soil with worse than useless species, but will enable the farmer to attain greater success with cultivated crops. The hoe and cultivator will do much to eradicate them, but some will always succeed in ripening a multitude of seeds to sprout the following season. Certain garden weeds produce an incredible number of seeds. A single plant of one of these species, as purslane for instance, may mature as many as 100,000 seeds in a season, and these, if unchecked, would produce in a few years a number of weeds utterly beyond comprehension. The habits of some of the common weeds are considered in connection with the discussion of the value of birds as weed destroyers.

The animal food of the smaller land birds consists of insects and spiders. The insects belong for the most part to the orders Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths), Orthoptera (grasshoppers, locusts, and crickets), Diptera (flies), Hemiptera (bugs), Coleoptera (beetles), and Hymenoptera (ants, bees, and wasps). Lepidoptera, Orthoptera, and Coleoptera furnish the bulk of the insect food of birds. The lepidopterous food is taken almost entirely in the larval condition, and comprises smooth caterpillars belonging largely to the family Noctuidae, which includes cutworms, army worms, and their allies.

*The English Sparrow in North America, Bull. No. 1, Div. Ornith. and Mamm., 1889.