

reward for the faithful toiler in the master's vineyard, then that old servant as he bows heavy laden before the throne, will lose his burden, and passing through "the gates ajar" will wake in the dawn of a brighter day. In many of our institutions of learning, arbor day has been incorporated into the course of study, and every year upon a certain day, trees are planted, and the necessity of preserving them is instilled into the mind of the student. A few days ago I read an article in the *Atlanta Daily Journal* commenting upon a recent visit of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, "the highest peak east of the Rockies." The Secretary criticised severely the denuding of the forest for "commercial and mistaken agricultural purposes," and complimented the effort to obtain from the Government an appropriation for a forest reserve. Mr. Wilson made the startling disclosure that while the north and the west had more than 70,000,000 acres of forest reserve, the south had none. But one move begets another, and the day is not far distant when the trees, as well as the birds will be better protected in this Southern land. North Carolina though the first Southern State to forge to the front will find others as energetic as she, that will follow closely in her wake.

It is a noble undertaking for some tree and bird-loving spirit, though a tedious journey over a rough unbeaten path, and one upon which few foot prints have yet been made.

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### **A Late September Horizon at Cairo, Ills., Including a Brief Visit to "The Point."**

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While visiting in the Southern Section of the state last fall, it was the writer's privilege to spend a single hour on "The Point."

To those who are unfamiliar with the topography of Illinois, let it be stated that the above expression applies strictly to that low flat, alluvial tract of land, situated at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and extending southeasterly

from Cairo for a mile or more. It is the southernmost point reachable in our State.

Its peculiar position renders it unique in some respects, situated, as it is, at the sharp angular meeting place of two great rivers, as well as migration thoroughfares, which latter fact alone would readily suggest to our minds interesting possibilities in the way of birds.

This statement doubtless would hold true of it during the height of the season of migration and otherwise, perhaps, if a much longer time could have been given to it as a locality.

But, as it was, my investigations failed to yield the hoped for results and withal were somewhat disappointing. So, therefore, what little value there is in these notes really has more to do with what was not seen than what was actually recorded. Elimination, in this instant cuts something of a figure.

Still, after all, a hurried inspection of any given locality, however promising at first sight, with worked out results that afterward are uncompromisingly poor, as they almost proved to be in this case, is hardly a fit test of its actual capabilities at all times.

It is so here at home, one day ever varying with another, and consequently why should it not be so in places with which we are less familiar? Then again, as all of us, are equally aware, and who have given much attention to the movements of birds, the hours of the day have everything to do in the determination of important results.

Arriving at Cairo on the evening of September 28, it was learned with regret that no convenient connection with the north bound train over the "Big Four" could be made until 3 P. M. of the day following. So, to improve the spare time, thus thrown upon my hands a number of Cairo bird-horizons were proposed, and, among other places, "The Point," as it is locally called, was selected to be visited. During the night we experienced a heavy shower and although subsiding, it had left its threatening effects in the sky when the morning came on. I had seen one flock of Ducks and another of Geese (?) going southward during the early A. M., over Ohio, and had heard the clear-cut notes of the Carolina Wren in the little park fac-

ing the Halliday House. The outlook seemed in a measure promising.

But, sadly enough, the rain came down again, serving well in dampening my budding spirits, as well as very conscientiously holding me in check for the balance of the forenoon—the result being that the greater part of my plans were forced to be abandoned. But the bottom-lands, heretofore alluded to, were still kept in mind with the full determination to visit them if possible.

In describing further in detail this piece of low ground it is well to remark that it is subjected periodically to the rises or overflows of the two great rivers which, when confined within their banks, serves to form its boundaries on two sides. In its present condition it is therefore practically worthless, aside from the little pasturage it affords during the time the waters are down.

A thick and scarcely unbroken stand of cottonwood appears to cover its surface, beneath which is a rank and almost impenetrable growth of ragweed—save where the cow-paths, roadways and small clearings have been made—much of which impressed me as being unusually tall, arguing well, as I thought, for the fertility of the soil. Here and there a honey locust has sprung up, breaking in a slight degree the distinctive feature of tree growth given to it by the cottonwood. Along the river-front there are some willows, among which the black (*S. nigra*) seemed to be the prevailing form.

A meandering roadway perhaps originally a cow-path, leads from the R. R. track on the Levy to the river, where a government signal-light has been placed. This was selected for my throughfare.

Upon leaving the R. R. the first bird to force his acquaintance upon me was the Jay, who of course, as usual, did not lose much time in making himself known. But one of these noisy chaps, however was seen.

Two Bronzed Grackles were met with shortly after this and, from their actions, led me to conjecture the reason for the sparsity of bird life in this otherwise promising place, and due, as I afterwards supposed, to the abundance of colored-

gunners, though none seemed to be out on that occasion. Hurrying forward, as my time seemed to be limited, three Flickers were encountered, perhaps equally as shy as the Grackles. A Red-shouldered Hawk calls in the distance, and a Ruby-throated Hummer dodges suddenly into view, only to be off in an instant before it was barely possible to count three, much less to accurately determine its sex. After that I fell in with an old acquaintance in the form of the Tufted Tit; and again the clear spirited notes of the Carolina Wren greet me this time from out the weedy cover. Among the willows at the river one solitary Yellow Warbler was seen.

On the return trip I felt myself rather fortunate in noting the occurrence of a single Olive-backed Thrush; and, on two later occasions, distinguished very clearly, to my satisfaction, the chipping call, or, social-note, of the Cardinal.

Result fourteen birds, representing ten species only three of which might be termed transient, the remainder sedentary or permanent resident forms.

Later there were observed near the city, from the car window, the train making quite a detour about its outskirts, two Turkey Buzzards and three Red-shouldered Hawks, thereby bringing up the entire Cairo Horizon to the following.—

Ducks (sp.?) one flock of about	12	
Geese (?) one flock of about	24	
Turkey Buzzard	2	
Red-shouldered Hawk	4	
Flicker	3	
Ruby-throated Hummingbird	1	
Blue Jay	1	
Bronzed Grackle	2	
Cardinal	2	
Carolina Wren	2	
Yellow Warbler	1	
Tufted Titmouse	1	
Olive-backed Thurst	1	
	Total	56 individuals

with a possible representation of 13 species.

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