Open Season Threatens the Extinction of Deer: Hunters Permitted by New Law to Kill Does as Well as Bucks—Quail Still Protected, but Fight for End of Restrictions Is in Prospect

By REMSEN CRAWFORD.

In the good old days when Baby Bunting was a joy, there was the happy assurance that "daddy's gone hunting," it must have been cheerful to the parentless. It might return with something better than a jack rabbit for supper, and, best of all, it might return with a brace of some famous game wardens for violating the New York State protective law.

Telling tales of adventure and narratives of adventure ahed which once enlivened the winter evenings, the tellers of these stories are now, for the most part, legends. In the remote back numbers of the sportmen's periodicals published today, but barely compiled the admission that their field has been materially narrowed by the legislative limitations which have been placed upon the field of hunting our native or wild animals in this country. Essentially, a hunting story of today has quite as much to do with "open" and "closed" seasons and with when and where to shoot as it has to do with the thrill and exhilaration of the hunt.

To illustrate the point, a story which was told by an enthusiastic hunter in the not too distant past was not unamusing:

"A beautiful morning," he said, "talking up his story after the style of the old-fashioned writers in the sportsmen's periodicals, it was a time on a crest of a hill in a great field of broom sage, and watched the doves from his horse's brier patch. The other dog had his point on a hill a mile or so off. Ah, there was the oven of quail, and no doubt about it. Briskly, Tm and I mounted, priming our guns impulsively as we started toward the doves. Just a few feet from Old Bob's nose the quail was flushed. A thundering whir—bang, bang, I shot twice in rapid succession and saw two doves fall. Bob was away to their task of retrieving, and I looked around at Bob, wondering why I hadn't been seen. I mounted, stood up beside the fellow with the butt of his gun to the ground and a little book in his hand.

"'Why didn't you shoot?' said I.

"'I didn't want to,' it was said, 'but I wanted to know whether it was lawful to kill quail in these parts, and how many the law would allow.'"

All of which goes to show that if you would go a-hunting nowadays you would better read law. But even this learned and broad-sound obsolete—is indispensably bound up in the State and Federal statute.

In the last twelve months forty-four States in the Union have had sessions of their Legislatures, and forty-one of these forty-four Legislatures passed additional laws for the protection of wild life. The details of these enactments are tables of every hotel and restaurant in the United States.

When hunters of sportmen, the "hot bird" "in now as illegal as the "cold bird," and the reason for this is that in gambles and table games where have been too common to attempt to check this habit at any time may have thus been ceased to aim and take up their abode in what are known as "wild game farms." which may be served on

Mallard Docks at Oakland, Cal.