mittee on January twenty-ninth. In answer to a direct question put
to him by Congressman Harrison, this prominent and expert milliner
gave utterance to the following remarkably frank and truthful state-
ment: "It is my opinion that if Congress prohibited the importation
of aigrettes, that would do away with (the trade of) aigrettes in this
country, absolutely."

The greatest opportunity that has ever come to the American
people to deliver a crushing death blow to that portion of the millinery
trade which has fattened and waxed rich on the bloody trophies torn
from the quivering bodies of parent birds, slaughtered while engaged
in the care of their young, now lies clear before us.

Let every man, woman and child who really cares for the decent
things of life write or telegraph at once to their Representatives in
Congress and demand in the name of humanity, righteousness and
justice that they cast their votes for this bill which will make the
United States the leader of all the powers of the world in the matter of
bird protection.

THE HUMBLE ANNALS OF A BACKYARD:
BY WALTER A. DYER

JUST as every mother deems her own babe a marvel, calling your
attention insistently to his fists, his grimaces, his tooth, and all
the commonplace evidences of ordinary development, so we
watched with joy and wonder the growth of our first garden, and felt
surprised and hurt that the outer world should not clamor for admittance.
It was a simple amateurish garden, with dahlias at one end
and a wealth of dwarf nasturtiums along the front. Within were the
newly set strawberry plants, string beans, tomatoes, lettuce and
golden bantam corn. The soil was poor, but by dint of much culti-
vating and care we made the garden a reasonable success, and Dame
Nature helped us.

I think it was the appearance of the young corn blades that
brought us the greatest joy. Down in the stony, ashy earth we had
placed the seed, six in a hill, and patted them down with a hoe.
Every morning before breakfast we went out to see what had hap-
pened in the night. And one night was the wonder wrought. I saw
them first—little, light green spears thrusting through the brown
earth, where dry kernels had been planted, and I knew that Hiawatha
had wrestled with Mondamin in the night. Then, with the early and
the later rains came the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the
ear. And still the workaday world went on about us as though noth-
ing had happened.
HUMBLE ANNALS OF A BACKYARD

That is the way it is with all the wonders of our backyard; of them the world neither knows nor cares. And yet I know that there are other backyards—hundreds, thousands of them—all over our land, where someone is watching the annual miracle. Not all the people in the world are out on the street, where shop windows flaunt their vulgar display. Some there are still among the flowers, helping things to grow, and incidentally ministering to the welfare of their own souls.

It is easy enough to become acquainted with faces on the street, but if you would know real folks, if you would make real friends, find your way into the little backyards where the corn is growing and the souls of men and women are not hidden behind masks of artificiality or buried beneath the complexities of life. Quiet, simple souls, some of them, that would be unobserved on the street; souls that are still childlike enough to marvel at the sprouting of the corn; souls that linger under the apple trees because they are weary of the glare of the pavements; souls that rejoice in humble garden successes, because, perhaps, they have failed in the marts of trade; souls that have learned to find peace and contentment hiding among the weeds.

I should like to pass into such backyards and meet such souls. I am sure I would like them better than the men and women in the street. For now that I have a backyard of my own, where corn sprouts, where tomatoes swell and redden, where morning-glories bloom and fade, I think I could understand better those other souls whose joys are like unto these.

But I have my own yard to care for yet a little while. My garden is too poor a one to be left while I go gadding. I must needs hoe my corn and stake my tomatoes, and trim my hedge, and shave my lawn. Perhaps when it is all done, and there is nothing more to be attempted, then I shall have nothing to do but go preaching in all the backyards of our town and showing my neighbors how to cultivate their gardens and their souls. Until then I can only shout a greeting over the fence and wish luck and joy to all the brotherhood of backyard gardeners.