

We propose to attach to each hunting license sold a coupon with columns designating at the top the name of each variety of game or fur bearing animal. At the expiration of the license, the purchaser will return to his local county clerk the coupon with the number of each variety taken during the year placed in the column provided for that variety, before another license will be issued to the applicant. These coupons, in turn, to be forwarded to the Conservation Commission by the county clerks.

With this system in force, at the close of the hunting season we will be in possession of information of a most interesting nature which we have no doubt will astonish the most careful students of our game. We believe it will show that our fur bearing animals are producing many thousands of dollars worth of fur and that our game valued alone in dollars and cents will astonish every citizen that reads the report. We believe that the sportsmen will cooperate with us most heartily in securing this information, as it has always been a question that they have wanted solved. We have consulted with several of them as to the practicability of our scheme and they have all acquiesced in the wisdom of securing this information. They also state that it will be no trouble to the hunter to fill out the coupon at the close of the season, for hunters as a rule keep track of their kill just for their own information.

We believe this information will be of great value to our Department of Agriculture in the compiling of the statistics of the state, also our State University will be in possession of information that they have long sought to obtain. It is interesting to know that Wisconsin will be the first state in the Union to obtain this information if our next legislature passes the law legalizing the coupon.

The time is past when we can afford to permit this department to be run in a haphazard manner. It needs the very best supervision that is possible in every branch of its activities, and the more information we can obtain the more intelligently we will be able to administer to its needs.

The following poem written by Dr. Hornaday, director of the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens of New York City, so vividly illustrates the picture of future generations of boys, whose red blood calls them to the GREAT OUTDOOR SPORT, that we print it with our report, as a warning of the responsibility we owe to future generations:

ROBBED

Oh, where is the game, Daddy, where is the game,
That you hunted when you were a boy?
You've told me a lot of the game that you shot,
No wonder such sport gave you joy.
I'm old enough now to handle a gun,
Let me be a sportsman, too.
I'd like my fair run of clean outdoor fun,
And I want to shoot just like you.

But where are the birds, Daddy, where are the birds?
I can't put them up anywhere.
You had your good sport with the wild flocks and herds,
And surely you saved me my share.

And where is the big game that roamed around here,
When grandfather came here with you?
I don't see one antelope, bison or deer,
Didn't grandfather save me a few?

Why don't you speak up, Dad, and show me some game?
Now, why do you look far away?
Your face is all red with what looks like shame,
Is there nothing at all you can say?
What! The game is all gone! There is no hunting, now!
No game birds to shoot, nor to see!
Then take back your gun: I'll go back to the plow,
But oh, Daddy, how could you rob me!