

General Notes

BIRD-KILLING CATS WILL BE KILLED.

The following interesting clipping has come to our desk:

Cats with a fondness for birds are in danger, for Governor Whitman has signed a bill providing for their destruction. "Any person over the age of twenty-one years," reads the law, "who is a holder of a valid hunting and trapping license, may, and it shall be the duty of a game protector or other peace officer, to humanely destroy a cat at large found hunting or killing any bird protected by law or with a dead bird of any species protected by law in its possession; and no action for damages shall be maintained for such killing."

Cat bills of many varieties have, in the past, been presented to different state legislatures. Some have called for bells on cats, some for collars and licenses, but the present law is the first to be passed in any state. Its promoters have framed it with the idea of attacking, not the well-fed and cared-for house pet, but the wandering, hunting, or homeless cat, which has become so great a menace to our wild-bird life.

Figures gathered by the Conservation Commission indicate that common cats cause more destruction among insectivorous and game birds than any other agency. The present law is intended to encourage all persons, who are sufficiently responsible to carry a gun, to aid in checking the numbers of bird-hunting and bird-killing cats. The new law goes into effect immediately.

NOTES FROM LAKE COUNTY.

OCURRENCE OF NORTHERN PHALAROPE.—While out on the breakwater, September 29, where of late years I have discovered a number of rare species, I found my first Phalarope swimming along close to the stones, and feeding from the algae growing thereon. I kept just above the bird while he swam along and fed until we reached the lighthouse at the end. The bird was in fall plumage, but still had a strong wash of rufous on sides of neck.

ARCTIC THREE-TOED WOODPECKER.—While walking through the cemetery on October 31 (1918) I found a fine male bird of this species working on a live hemlock and not six feet above the ground when first discovered. I had approached within ten feet of the tree, but stopped upon hearing the strong taps of a woodpecker and a rather unfamiliar "chick-chick" as the bird worked on the other side. He finally moved around to my side of the tree, and while trying to place his identity from the first indistinct side view, he suddenly looked square in my direction and I was dumfounded