

Imperial Press

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GAME PRESERVING

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when hunting was the chief amusement of the English aristocracy. The country squire prided himself on his thoroughbred hunters and hounds, and the care with which his game was preserved for the pleasure of himself and his friends. This tradition was handed down from generations long dead. When England was as yet partly unclaimed wilderness, hunting was in fact a sport fit for kings; for it takes as much bravery to risk death by the hungry jaws of a pack of wolves or a fierce wild boar as in the form of an arrow or the stroke of a battle-axe. But this time did not last very long. The life of the noble was too precious to be risked in this fashion; and so, when governing power became more valuable to the land than mere brute strength, hunting gradually came to be more or less of a farce, with all the danger taken out of it. There was just enough risk in riding to hounds to make it the most popular of all sports; and just enough skill was required to shoot pheasants or hares to make the business a little more serious than play.

As time wore on, therefore, the preserving of game became a serious matter for the English aristocrat; for the land was becoming thickly populated, and manifestly, if everyone were allowed to shoot game there would be none left to shoot in a little while, and then where would his sport be? He still clung to the idea that there was somehow more amusement in shooting at a live creature than in aiming at a mark, and that the former occupation was more essentially that of a gentleman. The feelings of the animal were not considered. Compassion for the victim was held to be womanish and unmanly. All such sentiment was put utterly out of the question.

We have, therefore, two factors in the situation—disregard for the sufferings of animals, and a conviction that their slaughter was a business peculiarly fine and manly. Mark the effect of this on the public sentiment of England. In the first place, game laws had to be passed, making it unlawful to kill, trap, or snare animals of the varieties desired to be preserved. This was not all. Forests had to be kept for the purpose of affording this game its natural home, in the case of animals such as the deer or wild boar. Early in English history the result of preserving can be seen, for as far back as the time of William the Conqueror the destruction of poor folk's huts for the making of the "new forest" roused anger and bitterness among the English peasantry. There was said to be a curse upon the forest, of which the death of William Rufus while hunting there was alleged to be a result. That was one of the first effects of the belief that the sport of hunting was more valuable than the welfare of living beings. The poor, who kill animals for food only, were driven from their homes and into towns in order that nobles might have the "sport" of prolonging the death of the animal by chasing it in the orthodox fashion.

This tradition continued unbroken for almost a thousand years. Within the memory of persons now living, men have been imprisoned for shooting or snaring a hare to feed their starving families. The landlord's sport was worth so much to him that it was in his eyes a crime that the poor tenant should interfere with it even in a case of life and death. He was so possessed with the idea of the impor-

tance of preserving game to be shot by himself and his friends that he left the care of his tenants to middlemen whose only interest was to make as much as they could out of both parties. He paid more attention to thoroughbred animals than to the condition of his peasantry; it was more important in his eyes to be a good shot than a good landlord. It is a curious fact that any sort of unnecessary cruelty seems to prevent the whole nature of a man sooner or later. This does not apply to the causing of suffering for a good purpose. The successful surgeon is often a most tender-hearted man, unwilling to inflict a single needless pang; the soldier is at his best when he never spends a life needlessly, and spares suffering whenever it is safe to do so. But when a man begins to lose sight of the useful end to be achieved—when the vivisectionist becomes interested in his work for its own sake, or the soldier is possessed of the lust of battle for the mere sake of killing—then that man begins to degenerate. The aristocracy which made sport an end in itself—that is, took delight in the mere killing of harmless animals—made their estates a byword and reproach. Laws were passed forbidding the farmer to kill the hares that ravaged his crops; today in parts of California the farmer is denied the right to protect his crop which is being ravaged by the deer, going in bands of 50 to 100, and almost totally destroying everything before them. It is not yet the time of year when the sportsman cares to leave the city to chase the deer and the farmer must therefore sit up at night, after his hard day's work, to scare the animals away.

THEIR DESCENT TRACED FROM ADAM

Popular interest in Albert Judson Fisher's unique love story, "A Daughter of Adam," in the Ladies' Home Journal for August, has been increased tenfold since it became known that the genealogical part of the story is not fiction but fact. Not only is the marvelous line of descent, traced through 121 generations from Adam and Eve, absolutely genuine, but also the family names of the characters are the names of real people, for the line is actually that of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith Sargent of Chicago, and Mrs. Sargent was formerly Miss Francis Moore, of Warren, Rhode Island. Even stranger still is the fact that, as shown in the story, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent had the same ancestors eight generations back.

TALKING against lynching seems to have resulted in increasing, instead of diminishing it, which is another proof that anything can be popularized if given enough advertising.

Solid qualities of integrity, of thoroughness, should outweigh in a girl's estimate of a man mere superficial cleverness and brilliancy.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

THERE was a lively time on the Buffalo Exposition Midway when the shows tried to open on Sundays in defiance of the police. The police won.

A Pleasureville, Pa. woman in an attempt to frighten away burglars shot her sister in the back. A pistol in the hands of an inexperienced person is about as deadly as one supposed not to be loaded.

The thirty Chicago retail merchants who have combined to run a big department store evidently believe that the department store has come to stay.

Late reports indicate that many who went to the Klondike for gold found starvation.

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 Imperial, California,
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 See us when you want to buy anything
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 in knowing how to reach
Coming this way?
 Then you are interested
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THE Imperial Settlement,
IN THE New River Country
Take the S. P. train
to Flowing Wells....
 At this point you get first class accommodations at the McCAULEY HOUSE. G. W. McCaulley, the proprietor, runs a regular stage line from that place to Imperial, leaving Flowing Wells at 7:30 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, returning the following days.
 Special teams and rigs are also kept in readiness for any other day, and will take you to any part of the country.
 The only direct route to the Carriso Creek oil fields west of Flowing Wells. This stage line is equipped with rigs and teams that are unexcelled.

Distances From Imperial to

Flowing Wells.....	28 miles
Blue Lake.....	8 miles
Cameron Lake Camp.....	16 miles
Monument 220.....	16 1/4 miles
Salton River.....	20 1/4 miles
West Mesa.....	27 1/4 miles
East Mesa.....	28 3/8 miles
Alamo Mocho.....	30 3/4 miles
Gardener's.....	36 3/4 miles
Seven Wells.....	43 3/4 miles
Salton Crossing.....	47 1/2 miles
Cook's Wells.....	51 1/8 miles
Dos Alamos.....	59 3/4 miles
Hanlon's.....	65 3/4 miles

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